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THE BAYONET-POKER

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

As I sit by my Christmas fire I now and then give it a poke with a bayonet. It is an old-fashioned British bayonet which has seen worse days. I picked it up in a little shop in Birmingham for two shillings. I was attracted to it as I am to all reformed characters. The hardened old sinner, having had enough of war, was a candidate for a peaceful position. I was glad to have a hand in his reformation.

To transform a sword into a pruning-hook is a matter for a skilled smith, but to change a bayonet into a poker is within the capacity of the least mechanical. All that is needed is to cause the bayonet to forsake the murderous rifle-barrel and cleave to a short wooden handle. Henceforth its function is not to thrust itself into the vitals of men, but to encourage combustion on winter nights.

The bayonet-poker fits into the philosophy of Christmas, at least into the way I find it easy to philosophize. It seems a better symbol of what is happening than the harps of gold and the other beautiful things of which the hymn-writers sing, but which ordinary people have never seen. The golden harps were made for no other purpose than to produce celestial harmony. They suggest a scene in which peace and good will come magically and reign undisturbed. Everything is exquisitely fitted for high uses. It is not so with the bayonet that was, and the poker that is. For it peace and good will are afterthoughts. They are not even remotely suggested in its original constitution. And yet, for all that, it serves excellently as an instrument of domestic felicity.

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The difficulty with the Christmas message is not in getting itself proclaimed, but in getting itself believed; that is, in any practicable fashion. Every one recognizes the eminent desirability of establishing more amicable relations between the members of the human family. But is this amiable desire likely to be fulfilled in this inherently bellicose world?

The argument against Christmas has taken a menacingly scientific form. A deluge of cold water in the form of unwelcome facts has been thrown upon our enthusiasm for humanity.

"Peace on earth," it is said, "is against Nature. It flies in the face of the processes of evolution. You have only to look about you to see that everything has been made for a quite different purpose. For ages Mother Nature has been keeping house in her own free-and-easy fashion, gradually improving her family by killing off the weaker members, and giving them as food to the strong. It is a plan that has worked well — for the strong. When we interrogate Nature as to the 'reason why' of her most marvelous contrivances, her answer has a grim simplicity. We are like little Red Riding-Hood when she drew back the bed-curtains and saw the wolfish countenance. — 'What is your great mouth made for, grandmother?' — 'To eat you with, my dear.'

"To eat, while avoiding the unpleasant alternative of being eaten, is a motive that goes far and explains much. The haps and mishaps of the hungry make up natural history. The eye of the eagle is developed that it may see its prey from afar

its wings are strong that it may pounce upon it, its beak and talons are sharpened that it may tear it in pieces. By right of these superiorities, the eagle reigns as king among birds.

"The wings of the eagle, the sinews of the tiger, the brain of the man, are primarily weapons. Each creature seizes the one that it finds at hand, and uses it for offense and defense. The weapon is improved by use. The brain of the man has proved a better weapon than beak or talons, and so it has come to pass that man is lord of creation. He is able to devour at will creatures who once were his rivals.

"By using his brain, he has sought out many inventions. The sum-total of these inventions we call by the imposing name Civilization. It is a marvelously tempered weapon, in the hands of the strong races. Alas, for the backward peoples who fall beneath it! One device after another has been added for the extermination of the slow-witted.

"Even religion itself assumes to the anthropologist a sinister aspect. The strong nations have always been religious. Their religion has helped them in their struggle for the mastery. There are many unpleasant episodes in history. Spiritual wealth, like material wealth, is often predatory.

"In the book of Judges there is a curious glimpse into a certain kind of religiousness. A man of Mt. Ephraim named Micah had engaged a young Levite from Bethlehem-Judah as his spiritual adviser. He promised him a modest salary: ten shekels of silver annually, and a suit of clothes and his board. 'And the Levite was content to dwell with the man, and the young man was as one of his sons. And Micah consecrated the Levite, and the young man became his priest, and was in the house of Micah. Then said Micah, Now know I that the Lord will do me good, seeing I have a Levite to my priest.'

"This pleasant relation continued till a freebooting party of Danites appeared.

They had discovered a bit of country where the inhabitants 'dwelt in security, after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure; for there was none in the land, possessing authority that might put them to shame in any thing, and they were far from the Zidonians.' It was just the opportunity for expansion which the children of Dan had been waiting for, so they marched merrily against the unprotected valley. On the way they seized Micah's priest. 'And they said unto him, Hold thy peace, lay thine hand upon thy mouth, and go with us, and be to us a father and a priest: is it better for thee to be priest unto the house of one man, or to be priest unto a tribe and a family in Israel? And the priest's heart was glad, and he took the ephod, and the teraphim, and the graven image, and went in the midst of the people.'

"Of course, Micah did n't like it, and called out, 'Ye have taken away my gods which I made and the priest, and are gone away, and what have I more?' The Danites answered after the manner of the strong, 'Let not thy voice be heard among us, lest angry fellows fall upon you and thou lose thy life, with the lives of thy household. And the children of Dan went their way: and when Micah saw that they were too strong for him, he turned and went back unto his house.'

"Is not that the way of the world? The strong get what they want and the weak have to make the best of it. Micah, when he turned back from a hopeless conflict, was a philosopher, and the young Levite when he went forward was a pietist. Both the philosophy and the piety were by-products of the activity of the children of Dan. They sadly needed the priest to sanctify the deeds of the morrow when they took that which Micah had made, and the priest which he had, and came unto Laish unto a people quiet and secure; and smote them with the edge of the sword; and they burnt the city with fire. And there was no deliverer, because it was far from Zidon and they had

no dealings with any man; and it was in the valley that lieth by Beth-rehob.'

"The wild doings in the little valley that lieth by Beth-rehob have been repeated endlessly. Whittier describes the traditional alliance between Religion and sanguinary Power:—

Feet red from war fields trod the church aisles
holy,
With trembling reverence, and the oppressor
there
Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,
Crushed human hearts beneath the knee of
prayer.

"When we inquire too curiously about the origin of the things which we hold most precious, we come to suspect that we are little better than the receivers of stolen goods. How could it be otherwise with the descendants of a long line of freebooters? How are we to uphold the family fortunes if we forsake the means by which they were obtained? Are we not fated by our very constitutions to continue a predatory life?"

There are lovers of peace and of justice to whom such considerations appeal with tragic force. They feel that moral ideals have arisen only to mock us, and to put us into hopeless antagonism to the world in which we live. In the rude play of force, many things have been developed that are useful in our struggle for existence. But one faculty has developed that is destined to be our undoing—it is Conscience. Natural history does not give any satisfactory account of it. It runs counter to our other tendencies. It makes us miserable just when we are getting the advantage of others. Now, getting the advantage of others we had understood was the whole of the exciting game of life. To plot for this has marvelously sharpened human wit. But Conscience, just at the critical moment, cries, "For shame!" It is an awkward situation. Not only the rules of the game, but the game itself, are called in question.

As a consequence, many conscientious persons lose all the zest of living. The existing world seems to them brutal, its

order, tyranny; its morality, organized selfishness; its accepted religion, a shallow conventionality. In such a world as this, the good man stands like a gladiator who has suddenly become a Christian. He is overwhelmed with horror at the bloody sports, yet he is forced into the arena and must fight. That is his business, and he cannot rise above it.

I cannot, myself, take such a gloomy view of the interesting little planet on which I happen to find myself. I take great comfort in the thought that the world is still unfinished, and that what we see lying around us is not the completed product, but only the raw material. And this consolation rises into positive cheer when I learn that there is a chance for us to take a hand in the creative work. It matters very little at this stage of the proceedings whether things are good or bad. The question for us is, What is the best use to which we can put them? We are not to be bullied by facts. If we don't like them as they are, we may remould them nearer to our heart's desire. At least we may try.

Here is my bayonet. A scientific gentleman, seeing it lying on my hearth, might construct a very pretty theory about its owner. A bayonet is made to stab with. It evidently implies a stabber. To this I could only answer, "My dear sir, do not look at the bayonet, look at me. Do I strike you as a person who would be likely to run you through, just because I happen to have the conveniences to do it with? Sit down by the fire and we will talk it over, and you will see that you have nothing to fear. What the Birmingham manufacturer designed this bit of steel for was his affair, not mine. When it comes to design, two can play at that game. What I use this for, you shall presently see."

Now, here we have the gist of the matter. Most of the gloomy prognostications which distress us arise from the habit of attributing to the thing a power for good or evil which belongs only to the person. It is one of the earliest forms of su-

perstition. The anthropologist calls it "fetichism," when he finds it among primitive peoples. When the same notion is propounded by advanced thinkers, we call it "advanced thought." We attribute to the Thing a malignant purpose and an irresistible potency, and we crouch before it as if it were our master. When the Thing is set going, we observe its direction with awestruck resignation, just as people once drew omens from the flight of birds. What are we that we should interfere with the Tendencies of Things?

The author of *The Wisdom of Solomon* gives a vivid picture of the terror of the Egyptians when they were "shut up in their houses, the prisoners of darkness, and fettered with the bonds of a long night, they lay there exiled from eternal providence." Everything seemed to them to have a malign purpose. "Whether it were a whistling wind, or a melodious noise of birds among the spreading branches, or a pleasing fall of water running violently, or a terrible sound of stones cast down, or a running that could not be seen of skipping beasts, or a roaring voice of most savage wild beasts, or a rebounding echo from the hollow mountains; these things made them swoon for fear. For," says the author, "fear is nothing else than a betraying of the succours that reason offers."

We have pretty generally risen above the primitive forms of this superstition. We do not fear that a rock or tree will go out of its way to harm us. We are not troubled by the suspicion that some busybody of a planet is only waiting its chance to do us an ill turn. We are inclined to take the dark of the moon with equanimity.

But when it comes to moral questions we are still dominated by the idea of the fatalistic power of inanimate things. We cannot think it possible to be just or good, not to speak of being cheerful, without looking at some physical fact and saying humbly, "By your leave." We personify our tools and machines,

and the occult symbols of trade, and then as abject idolaters we bow down before the work of our own hands. We are awestruck at their power, and magnify the mystery of their existence. We only pray that they may not turn us out of house and home, because of some blunder in our ritual observance. That they will make it very uncomfortable for us, we take for granted. We have resigned ourselves to that long ago. They are so very complicated that they will make no allowance for us, and will not permit us to live simply as we would like. We are really very plain people, and easily flurried and worried by superfluities. We could get along very nicely and, we are sure, quite healthfully, if it were not for our Things. They set the pace for us, and we have to keep up.

We long for peace on earth, but of course we can't have it. Look at our warships and our forts and our great guns. They are getting bigger every year. No sooner do we begin to have an amiable feeling toward our neighbors than some one invents a more ingenious way by which we may slaughter them. The march of invention is irresistible, and we are being swept along toward a great catastrophe.

We should like very much to do business according to the Golden Rule. It strikes us as being the only decent method of procedure. We have no ill feeling toward our competitors. We should be pleased to see them prosper. We have a strong preference for fair play. But of course we can't have it, because the Corporations, those impersonal products of modern civilization, won't allow it. We must not meddle with them, for if we do we might break some of the laws of political economy, and in that case nobody knows what might happen.

We have a great desire for good government. We should be gratified if we could believe that the men who pave our streets, and build our schoolhouses, and administer our public funds, are well qualified for their several positions. But we can-

not, in a democracy, expect to have expert service. The tendency of politics is to develop a Machine. The Machine is not constructed to serve us. Its purpose is simply to keep itself going. When it once begins to move, it is only prudent in us to keep out of the way. It would be tragical to have it run over us.

So, in certain moods, we sit and grumble over our formidable fetiches. Like all idolaters, we sometimes turn iconoclasts. In a short-lived fit of anger we smash the Machine. Having accomplished this feat, we feel a little foolish, for we don't know what to do next.

The hope of the world does not lie in this direction. The fortunate fact is that there are those who are neither idolaters nor iconoclasts. They do not worship Things, nor fear them, nor despise them, — they simply use them.

In the Book of Baruch there is inserted a letter purporting to be from Jeremiah to the Hebrew captives in Babylon. The prophet discourses on the absurdity of the worship of inanimate things, and incidentally draws on his experience in gardening. An idol, he says, is "like to a white thorn in an orchard that every bird sitteth upon." It is as powerless, he says, to take the initiative "as a scarecrow in a garden of cucumbers that keepeth nothing." In his opinion, one wide-awake man in the cucumber patch is worth all the scarecrows that were ever constructed. "Better therefore is the just man that hath no idols."

What brave air we breathe when we join the company of the just men who have freed themselves from idolatry! Listen to Governor Bradford as he enumerates the threatening facts which the Pilgrims to New England faced. He mentions all the difficulties which they foresaw, and then adds, "It was answered that all great and honorable actions were accompanied with great difficulties, and must be enterprised with answerable courages."

What fine spiritual audacity! Not courage, if you please, but courages.

There is much virtue in the plural. It was as much as to say, "All our eggs are not in one basket. We are likely to meet more than one kind of danger. What of it? We have more than one kind of courage. It is well to be prepared for emergencies."

It was the same spirit which made William Penn speak of his colony on the banks of the Delaware as the "Holy Experiment." In his testimony to George Fox, he says, "He was an original and no man's copy. He had not learned what he said by study. Nor were they notional nor speculative, but sensible and practical, the setting up of the Kingdom of God in men's hearts, and the way of it was his work. His authority was inward and not outward, and he got it and kept it by the love of God. He was a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making."

In the presence of men of such moral originality, ethical problems take on a new and exciting aspect. What is to happen next? You cannot find out by noting the trend of events. A peep into a resourceful mind would be more to the purpose. That mind perceives possibilities beyond the ken of a duller intelligence.

I should like to have some competent person give us a History of Moral Progress as a part of the History of Invention. I know there is a distrust of Invention on the part of many good people who are so enamored of the ideal of a simple life that they are suspicious of civilization. The text from Ecclesiastes, "God made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions," has been used to discourage any budding Edisons of the spiritual realm. Dear old Alexander Cruden inserted in his Concordance a delicious definition of invention as here used: "Inventions: New ways of making one's self more wise and happy than God made us."

It is astonishing how many people share this fear that, if they exert their minds too much, they may become better than the Lord intended them to be. A

new way of being good, or of doing good, terrifies them. Nevertheless moral progress follows the same lines as all other progress. First there is a conscious need. Necessity is the mother of invention. Then comes the patient search for the ways and means through which the want may be satisfied. Ages may elapse before an ideal may be realized. Numberless attempts must be made, the lessons of the successive failures must be learned. It is in the ability to draw the right inference from failure that inventive genius is seen.

"It would be madness and inconsistency," said Lord Bacon, "to suppose that things which have never yet been performed can be performed without using some hitherto untried means." The inventor is not discouraged by past failures, but he is careful not to repeat them slavishly. He may be compelled to use the same elements, but he is always trying some new combination. If he must fail once more, he sees to it that it shall be in a slightly different way. He has learned in twenty ways how the thing cannot be done. This information is very useful to him, and he does not begrudge the labor by which it has been obtained. All this is an excellent preparation for the twenty-first attempt, which may possibly reveal the way it *can* be done. When thousands of good heads are working upon a problem in this fashion, something happens.

For several generations the physical sciences have offered the most inviting field for inventive genius. Here have been seen the triumphs of the experimental method. There are, however, evidences that many of the best intellects are turning to the fascinating field of morals. Indeed, the very success of physical research makes this inevitable.

When in 1783 the brothers Montgolfier ascended a mile above the earth in a balloon there was a thrill of excitement, as the spectators felt that the story of Dædalus had been taken from the world of romance into the world of fact. But, after all, the invention went only a little

way in the direction of the navigation of the air. It is one thing to float, and another thing to steer a craft toward a desired haven. The balloon having been invented, the next and more difficult task was to make it dirigible. It was the same problem that had puzzled the inventors of primitive times who had discovered that, by making use of a proper log, they could be carried from place to place on the water. What the landing place should be was, however, a matter beyond their control. They had to trust to the current, which was occasionally favorable to them. In the first exhilaration over their discovery they were doubtless thankful enough to go down stream, even when their business called them up stream. At least they had the pleasant sensation of getting on. They were obeying the law of progress. The uneasy radical who wanted to progress in a predetermined direction must have seemed like a visionary. But the desire to go up stream and across stream and beyond seas persisted, and the log became a boat, and paddles and oars and rudder and sail and screw-propeller were invented in answer to the ever-increasing demand.

But the problem of the dirigibility of a boat, or of a balloon, is simplicity itself compared with the amazing complexity of the problems involved in producing a dirigible civilization. It falls under Bacon's category of "things which never yet have been performed." Heretofore civilizations have floated on the cosmic atmosphere. They have been carried about by mysterious currents till they could float no longer. Then their wreckage has furnished materials for history.

But all the time human ingenuity has been at work attacking the great problem. Thousands of little inventions have been made, by which we gain temporary control of some of the processes. We are coming to have a consciousness of human society as a whole, and of the possibility of directing its progress. It is not enough to satisfy the modern intellect to devise plans by which we may become more

rich or more powerful. We must also tax our ingenuity to find ways for the equitable division of the wealth and the just use of power. We are no longer satisfied with increase in the vast unwieldy bulk of our possessions, — we eagerly seek to direct them to definite ends. Even here in America we are beginning to feel that "progress" is not an end in itself. Whether it is desirable or not, depends on the direction of it. Our glee over the census reports is chastened. We are not so certain that it is a clear gain to have a million people live where a few thousand lived before. We insist on asking, How do they live? Are they happier, healthier, wiser? As a city becomes bigger, does it become a better place in which to rear children? If it does not, must not civic ambition seek to remedy the defect?

The author of Ecclesiastes made the gloomy comment upon the civilization of his own day: "I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill." In so far as that is true to-day, things are working badly. It is quite within our power to remedy such an absurd situation. We have to devise more efficient means for securing fair play, and for enforcing the rules of the game. We want to develop a better breed of men. In order to do so, we must make this the first consideration. In proportion as the end is clearly conceived and ardently desired, will the effective means be discovered and employed.

Why has the reign of peace and good will upon earth been so long delayed?
We grow impatient to hear the bells

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand.

The answer must be that "the valiant man and free" must, like every one else, learn his business before he can expect to have any measure of success. The kindlier hand must be skilled by long practice before it can direct the vast social mechanism.

The Fury in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* described the predicament in which the world has long found itself:—

The good want power but to weep barren tears.
The powerful goodness want; worse need for them.

The wise want love, and those who love want wisdom;

And all best things are thus confused to ill.

This is discouraging to the unimaginative mind, but the very confusion is a challenge to human intelligence. Here are all the materials for a more beautiful world. All that is needed is to find the proper combination. Goodness alone will not do the work. Goodness grown strong and wise by much experience, is, as the man on the street would say, "quite a different proposition." Why not try it?

We may not live to see any dramatic entrance of the world upon "the thousand years of peace," but we are living in a time when men are rapidly learning the art of doing peacefully many things which once were done with infinite strife and confusion. We live in a time when intelligence is applied to the work of love. The children of light are less content than they once were to be outranked in sagacity by the children of this world. The result is that many things which once were the dreams of saints and sages have come within the field of practical business and practical politics. They are a part of the day's work. A person of active temperament may prefer to live in this stirring period, rather than to have his birth postponed to the millennium.

THE POOR

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND

"... So if there are fairies," said Richard, "why should n't there be a Santa Claus? It's no harder to be Santa Claus than fairies."

"But there are not *truly* fairies," Evelyn protested.

"You can't be sure," said the boy. "Ellen has seen them in Ireland; and Olsen, one of the sailors on the yacht, has seen them in Norway; and last summer one of our half-breeds at the camp told me that he had seen wood-fairies and a *loup-garou*."

"What is that?"

"I could not make out 'xactly, because this packer, René, spoke such funny French, quite different from ours. I think it was some very dangerous animal that you could n't kill, no matter how much you shot it. But I believe in fairies most because Uncle Dick told me so, and he never tells lies to amuse children."

"Do you s'pose that he would tell us about them now?" asked the little girl wistfully.

"I don't know," said Richard. "Chundra Khan told me that he was feeling very ill. This blizzard brings out your fever when you've lived for a long time in India."

Evelyn walked to the window and pressed her face against the glass. In the garden below, the fine powdery snow was swirling in beautiful curving drifts across the paths and around the strawed shrubs and big marble urns. One could dimly see the gray outlines of the stable and garage.

"It is very dull for Christmas Eve," said Evelyn.

Richard looked up from the wonderful cathedral which he was building on the

floor. At the same moment there came into the room a pretty French governess, who threw up her hands at sight of his edifice.

"Oh, *lala la!*" she cried. "*Que tu es habile, chéri!* But Chundra Khan has come to ask if you would not like to go and see his master?"

"Good!" cried Richard, springing to his feet. "Come on, Evelyn; perhaps he will tell us about the fairies."

The two children hurried from the play-room, down the heavily carpeted hall and broad marble stairway, through an antechamber, to one of the guest suites of the palatial house. Outside the door was a very tall Hindu with an ascetic, benevolent face beneath a snowy turban.

"Good afternoon, Chundra Khan," said Richard.

"*Hazrat salamat,*" said the man, with a kindly smile and the salutation of his caste. He opened the door, and the children entered a cheerful morning-room where a big-framed man with a gaunt, swarthy face was resting on a *chaise-longue*.

"How do you do, my dears," he said, in a deep voice.

The two children greeted him politely. "We were just talking of you, Uncle Dick," said Richard. "I was telling Evelyn that you said that there were fairies."

"Yes," said Uncle Dick, "that is true. There are fairies."

Richard glanced triumphantly at the little girl, who did not appear to be convinced. Uncle Dick, watching them both from under his bushy eyebrows, looked for a moment intently at the boy, then turned to his servant.

"Get the ball," he said in Hindustani. Chundra Khan slipped from the room and returned immediately with some object wrapped in a black scarf. At a nod from his master he drew up a tabourette and placed upon it a little hollowed cup of ebony in which there rested a crystal globe the size of a tennis-ball.

"Look into this ball, my dears," said Uncle Dick, "and you will see a fairy picture."

Chundra Khan stepped softly to the window and lowered the dark shade. The luminous shadows deepened in the glowing heart of the crystal sphere. The children leaned forward, gazing into its depths. They had looked but a few moments when Richard's eyes suddenly lightened and he pushed his face nearer to the globe.

"How pretty," he said. "Do you see them, Evelyn?"

"See what?" asked the little girl.

"A lot of brown people bathing in a river. There are flights and flights of wide steps, and the people keep going up and down. Most of them have turbans like Chundra Khan. How thin they are —"

"Benares, perhaps," muttered Uncle Dick, and Chundra Khan nodded with his kindly smile.

"I don't see a thing!" said Evelyn sharply. She pushed Richard's head aside with her own, and the boy readily gave her his place.

"Now it's gone," he said. "No, here it comes again — No, it's something else — how pretty! — it's all green — trees, trees, trees, all blowing in the wind, with blue sky behind, and big white, fluffy clouds — Why, there's a waterfall — it's getting more clear, and the spray makes a rainbow — Look, Evelyn —" he drew back his head.

"Where?" cried the little girl. "I can't see a thing;" her voice was petulant. "Where do you look?"

But Richard was staring fixedly at something across the room.

"What do you see, my boy?" asked

his uncle who was watching him intently.

"It's very odd. I thought I saw Chundra Khan pointing out the window, but there is Chundra Khan behind you. Or, perhaps, it was n't Chundra Khan; but I am sure there was somebody." He looked into the globe.

Uncle Dick glanced at the Hindu.

"Apparently the lad can see for himself," he said in Hindustani. "Did you make him a telescope?"

"There was no need, Sahib. He can use his Kâmic sight. I have made one for the little girl, but she is less gifted."

"I see a lady walking under some palm trees," said Richard. "Now it's getting milky —"

Again Evelyn pushed him away, stared for a moment, then got up suddenly and walked to the window without a word.

"Put the ball away, Chundra Khan," said Uncle Dick.

Richard, with an uncomfortable sense that Evelyn was hurt and angry, walked over to where she stood in the big bay-window looking up Fifth Avenue. The fierce gusty wind was driving the fine snow in frantic eddies; serried drifts were heaping themselves across street and sidewalk; the Park opposite was a swimming void of pearly gray.

"It's good weather for Santa Claus, Evelyn," said Richard.

The little girl sniffed. "I don't believe those beggars opposite think so," she answered.

"Where? Oh, there in the niche of the wall?"

Evelyn shrugged and walked away, but Richard stood with his eyes fastened on the snow-bound waifs across the street. There was a woman with two children, one on either side, huddled beneath her scanty cape. In front of them lay a huge bundle which, apparently, they had been carrying, until forced to stop and rest. An eddy of wind had drifted the snow in over them until they were turned into a shapeless mound.

An automobile ploughed, panting,

through the drifts. A gentleman, his fur-lined overcoat buttoned to his ears, valiantly breasted the savage gusts of wind. At his heels leaped two Irish terriers, who swam joyously through the deep drifts and snapped at the swirling snowflakes. They discovered the crouching figures and set up a furious barking. The gentleman looked around, but did not stop.

Richard turned slowly to his uncle.

"Those people must be very tired to sit in that cold place," he remarked.

"Poor people are often tired, Richard."

"They must be very cold."

"That is also one of the penalties of being poor."

"Perhaps they are hungry."

"That goes with the other two," said Uncle Dick.

"Oh, they are used to it," said Evelyn scornfully.

"It does not seem fair," said Richard, "for people to be sitting cold and hungry and tired on Christmas Eve in front of houses like this." He looked at his uncle and his face grew crimson. "Uncle Dick—?"

"Yes, Richard?"

"Will you lend me twenty dollars until to-morrow?"

"Certainly. Chundra Khan, get twenty dollars from my pocket-book."

The Hindu walked into the other room and returned with a roll of bills.

"Thank you, Uncle Dick," said Richard. "Aunt Eliza gives me a twenty-dollar gold piece every Christmas. I was going to buy a dachshund pup, but this is more important. Will you do me a favor, Chundra Khan?"

"With pleasure, Sahib."

"Take this money across the street and give it to that woman and wish her a merry Christmas. Don't forget to wish her a merry Christmas, Chundra Khan. That is more important than the money."

"*Bahut achcha*, Protector of the Poor, I will not forget."

Richard walked slowly to the window. Uncle Dick glanced at the Hindu.

"He has the Sight, and he has the pure, unselfish heart," said he in Hindustani. "He is nearly ready for his Guru."

"In my poor opinion he is ready now, Sahib," said Chundra Khan.

When Richard sat down to his supper he looked curiously at the creamy milk and the appetizing broth of chicken and rice.

"I wonder what it is like to be very hungry," he thought to himself, "and to know that you are going to be hungrier every minute and that there is nothing to eat." His imagination was unequal to the problem, and as a means toward its solution he decided to try going without his supper. He got up from his chair.

"I shall not eat anything to-night, Mademoiselle," said he.

At first the governess thought that it was only a whim, but when she discovered that the boy's mind was resolved, there was a conflict of two wills, and to her amazement the French woman discovered that of her charge to be the stronger.

"But you must eat, *chéri*!" she cried. "You will be ill."

She plied him with arguments and entreaties, but the boy was obdurate. The governess became alarmed. One does not permit experiments of such a kind upon the health of the sole heir to a hundred million dollars. Also she was puzzled, for Richard had never proved disobedient.

"I will not be ill, Mademoiselle," he answered wearily, "and I do not mean to be *entêté*. It is only that I have been thinking a great deal about the poor, and that there are a good many to-night who will have to go to bed hungry because there is nothing to eat, and I wish to see how it feels."

Later in the evening Richard went to the window of one of the drawing-rooms in the front of the house. "Do not turn on the lights, James," he said to the footman. With his face against the pane, he stared out into the night. It had stopped

snowing, the sky had cleared, but the wind was blowing gustily. Where the avenue was cut by a side street a blast of wind swirled the powdery snow about an arc-light. Two battered-looking men with shovels lurched past and melted into the gloom. Their cowering shoulders showed the chill striking to the core, and at the corner they seemed to shrink when met by the freezing gale from the river. "They are very cold," thought Richard; "perhaps they are hungry too." A third figure came lurching out of the darkness. Directly opposite he paused and shook his fist at the house, then shambled on. "I wonder why he did that," thought Richard, and turned away with a heavy heart.

He made a brave effort at cheerfulness when he hung up his stocking before going to bed, but it was a failure. "It was the sight of those poor," thought the governess to herself. "He is so sensitive, *cher petit gosse*." She had brought him some milk and begged him to drink it before going to sleep; when he had courteously but firmly declined to do so, she left the pitcher on his little bedstand and wished him good-night. After she had gone, Richard lay awake, thinking. "It gives you a queer feeling in your stomach to go without supper," he thought. "How awful it must be when you have not had any luncheon either; but there must be a great many of the poor that way. Perhaps they are cold — hungry and cold. I s'pose that makes it worse." It occurred to him that he would see for himself. "I want to know exactly how they feel," he thought, "so that when I'm grown up and rich I won't forget." He pulled the light fleecy blankets from off him and threw them on the floor. The cold-air ventilator of his room was open, and in a few minutes, as he was getting drowsy, a shudder brought him back to wakefulness. "It keeps you from sleeping to be cold," he thought; "it's worse than the hunger part." Presently he shivered off into a semi-consciousness only to wake with a start. "It's like

trying to sleep standing up," he thought. "It does n't seem to rest you when you're cold. So this is the way they feel. I'm glad to know. How awful it must be to be poor — and then of course you're dirty too, and that must be the worst of all."

The cold air was circulating through his room. His teeth chattered a little. "I s'pose you're apt to catch cold — but so are the poor. I s'pose it's foolish," — he drew in his limbs and thought longingly of the warm blankets within reach of his hand, — "but I'll do it this one night if it kills me." He lay a shuddering little heap while the drowsiness fought against the chill which began to bite deeper. "If you've felt it yourself you're not so apt to forget what it's like."

Fantastic ideas began to swim through his head; he half roused, tense, but with mind confused. The delicious feeling of sleepy comfort and warmth was entirely lacking. "I believe I'd rather stay awake altogether — how deep the snow is!" Again his thoughts were becoming confused, when a most extraordinary thing occurred.

For the horrid sensation of shivering tension disappeared, and there came in its place a feeling of bodily lightness. It seemed to him that he was rising from the bed — and then he discovered that he was wide awake and standing in the middle of the room. Something brushed his elbow, and he looked around to see Chundra Khan smiling down upon him. The room was lit by a soft, delicious glow.

"How very odd! What has happened, Chundra Khan?" asked Richard.

"We are going for a journey, Little Brother," said the Hindu. As he spoke the door of the room opened and Made-moiselle came in. It did not strike Richard as strange that he should have seen her *before* she had opened the door, but it did strike him as *very* strange when she walked to his bed without paying the slightest heed to the Hindu or himself.

"Dear little heart," he heard her whisper in French. "He would suffer like the poor." She gathered up the blankets and began to spread them softly on the bed.

"But I am here, Mademoiselle!" cried Richard.

"And you are there also, Little Brother," said Chundra Khan, in his rich voice. "There is your heavy body asleep in the bed — what we call in India your *Sthula Sharira*. That which you are in now is a much nicer body, your *Kâmic* body. It cannot be hurt nor suffer from heat and cold and hunger, and it is so fine that nothing can stop it."

"Ah," said Richard, "I know that body. It is the one we go around in when we dream. Then this is a dream."

"No, Little Brother, this is no dream. This is much more real than all that happens in that uncomfortable heavy body. It is when you are in that body that you cannot always remember the things which have happened when you were in this one. Now let us go."

Chundra Khan took his hand, and they moved toward the wall. There was a feeling as of pushing through thick vapor, and Richard looked down and saw the street directly under him. Yet, although startled and giddy, he felt no actual fear of falling. A sense of lightness in this wonderful new body seemed to hold him up.

Chundra Khan looked at him and smiled. "That is right, Little Brother," he said. "People who are not used to this body often expect to fall, and the result is that they *do* fall. They are not hurt, of course, but they are badly frightened and rush back into their heavy bodies, and then awake and think that they have dreamed of falling."

The air about them was full of moving shapes, but most of these were vague and misty and wrapped in a vapor of constantly changing colors. Some were moving fast, but most were floating idly here and there. Richard asked what they were.

"The greater part of them are people whose heavy bodies are asleep, and these are their light bodies, but too wrapped up in their own thoughts to notice what is going on about them. Now, Little Brother, we are free to go where we choose. No land is too far for us to visit, nothing is hidden from our eyes. We can go to any part of this earth, or, if you had rather, I will take you to the beautiful and wonderful country where people go when they are set free from their earth-bodies and remain until they are fit for the heaven-world, which we Hindus call *Devachan*."

They had settled slowly to the ground, and were now standing on the sidewalk near the spot where Richard had seen the poor woman in the afternoon.

The snow was swirling all about them, but they could not feel the wind nor was there the slightest sense of cold. Richard looked down the long straight wind-swept avenue, with its double row of lights and its stately line of palaces, then glanced at the little niche in the wall which had sheltered the woman and children.

"Some other night, Chundra Khan," said he, "perhaps you will take me there, but to-night I want to see — the poor."

"So be it, Little Brother. Then let us go."

They rose rapidly from the ground until well clear of the housetops, then moved swiftly toward the East Side of the city. Once they passed close over the top of the tall chimney of a power-house, and for an instant Richard looked straight down and saw the lurid glare of the flame as it licked up and swirled about him. He shrank away in terror.

"You must be of good heart, Little Brother," cautioned the Hindu. "Nothing can hurt you, but if you become terrified there is danger that you may find yourself back in your heavy body."

After that the boy was careful, though several times frightened; once when some dark body with an evil face swept down upon them from the heights. At a stern word from Chundra Khan it flew into a

thousand fragments and dissipated in a cloud of vapor.

They reached the district of tenements, — tall, drab buildings where the poor are herded. In front of one of these they halted, poised in mid-air outside its gray walls.

"Here are the poor," said Chundra Khan, "nested like vermin. Think of the room inside, Little Brother; try to look beyond the walls themselves and you will find that they melt away."

Richard looked, focusing his eyes beyond the wall, which suddenly faded, leaving open to his vision a bare, dirty room packed with people. To the boy's clairvoyant sight the room itself appeared to hold an atmosphere of thick, viscid slime, which oozed sluggishly about the person of any who moved. There were bearded men and squalid women, and children with pitiful bones and the faces of meagre demons. Some of the folk were asleep, others huddled close together. A bottle passed from hand to hand. All about the place there hovered brutal shapes with faces of indescribable wickedness, gloating on the misery of those within. Richard drew back with a shudder, and the drab outer wall sprang into form again.

"Those are not the poor, Chundra Khan!" he cried. "That is a pack of devils."

"Poverty makes devils of the weak, Little Brother."

"But what could you do for such creatures?"

"Love in time redeems us all, Little Protector of the Poor."

They dropped a story lower. "Here are some poor of another kind," said Chundra Khan. "A glorious heaven-world waits for such as these."

Again Richard focused his eyes to look beyond the wall. He saw another bare room and three children asleep in a bed. They were huddled close, and the smallest, who was in the middle, breathed hoarsely and at times coughed. A gaunt man was fumbling with numb fingers at

three little stockings which hung at the foot of the bed. His ragged overcoat was spread over the children, and at times a shiver shook his bony frame. In a corner of the room stood a snow-shovel.

"This man," said Chundra Khan, "is one of the ten thousand who were turned out of work by the hard times. It was he whom you saw look up and shake his fist as he passed the window."

"Why did he do that, Chundra Khan?"

"Because, Little Brother," — the Hindu's voice was very gentle, — "it was by your father's order that the works were closed where he earned a living for himself and his children."

Richard shuddered. The man drew from his ragged pocket a little china doll, looked at it, and smiled. He dropped it into the larger stocking, but it slipped through a hole in the heel, fell to the floor, and broke in two. He snatched up the fragments with a hoarse little cry, held them in his huge hand, and stared at them stupidly. "Broke!" Richard heard him mutter in a husky voice. "Broke in two!" The tattered sleeve was drawn across the deep-set eyes. For a moment he seemed quite overcome by the catastrophe, then with a piece of string he tied up the hole in the stocking and dropped in the broken fragments. Into the second stocking he put a little rubber ball, into the third a pocket knife. After that he took from his pocket six caramels. One of these he half raised to his mouth, and a sudden wolfish flame glowed in his eyes.

"He has had nothing to eat since morning," said Chundra Khan. "He bought these trifles for his children and he could not wait his turn on the 'bread line' because the youngest child was sick and in need of broth."

One of the children began to speak. "Cold, daddy," it muttered. The father started guiltily, dropped the candies into the stockings, then slipped off his coat and spread it on the bed. He ripped a piece of ragged carpet from the floor, wrapped it about his head and shoul-

ders, crouched in a corner, and his chin dropped upon his chest.

"It is too awful—too awful, Chundra Khan!" moaned Richard.

"Listen," said the Hindu.

There rose suddenly on the flaws of the gusty wind the pealing of chimes. From all parts of the city the church bells took up the joyous medley and carried it to the cold, glittering sky. But gradually, when the clamor had almost reached its height, there swelled another sound before which these mortal noises dwindled and were lost. It rumbled deep and throbbing, and Richard, in sudden awe, looked up at Chundra Khan.

The Hindu was standing with bowed head.

"A Saviour of the World," said he. "This is his night."

From the uttermost depths of the heaven above, and up from the heart of the very earth, there breathed the deepening chorus of a mighty chant. With it came flooding in from each unfathomable dimension of space a glorious, radiant light, multi-colored, all-illuminating, which shone through the walls of the houses until the entire world glowed like some wondrous, translucent body.

Grander and grander rolled the celestial anthem; brighter and brighter blazed the lovely harmony of colors. Then slowly the music throbbed away. The radiance faded in pulsing waves. The winter's night rested again upon the city.

"Where now, Little Brother?" asked the Hindu.

They had visited many quarters, seen more misery than the child's full heart could hold, while his soul had drawn back quivering from horrors which his Kama-Manas revealed to him with age-old understanding.

"We must find my father, Chundra Khan!" he moaned. "We must find my father! He is rich—he cannot know of all this suffering—or if he knows he cannot understand. We must make him understand. We must make him see

it as it is, as we see it, as the poor themselves see it. Let us find my father."

The Hindu smiled. "But you forget, Little Protector of the Poor, that in your light body your father could neither see you nor hear your voice. How could you hope to make him understand?"

"I do not know, Chundra Khan—but I want to try."

For an instant Chundra Khan seemed to hesitate; then he said, "Come, Little Brother, we will find your father."

They rose lightly until well above the housetops, then wafted westward over the city. The Hudson River, flowing black and cold between its snow-covered banks, was almost under them when they came dropping down from the heights to stand before the gate of an exquisite little palace standing in a tiny garden on the upper Riverside Drive.

"Your father is here," said the Hindu. "Let us go in. Nobody can see us in our Kâmic bodies, but neither can they hear us, nor feel the touch of our hands, so your task will not be easy, Little Brother of my Soul."

They entered, drifting gently through the stone walls, which gave before them like a cloud of steam. As they did so, Richard became suddenly conscious of a terrible depression. The keen, clear atmosphere of the outer world was replaced by some viscid and oppressive element in which the boy felt himself helplessly entangled. His faculties, which had been so sharp and clear, seemed dulled and clouded. He saw vaguely, and as though he were looking through swirls of multi-colored smoke, that there was a supper-party in progress; he heard in a muffled way the thick chatter of men's and women's voices, the dull tinkle of wine-glasses, with the clink of silver on porcelain. The persons of the people at the table were vague and ill-defined, some being more distinct than others. Fortunately for him, his untrained faculties could not perceive many of the objects which were visible to Chandra Khan, but he was nearly overcome by a terrible

sensation of repulsion which was almost fear.

"What is it, Chundra Khan?" he gasped, speaking with difficulty. "What is this horrid stuff around us? I can scarcely move or speak or think."

"It is what we Hindus call *kāma-mani* matter, little Brother, and is given off from the minds of these people who are eating and drinking here," answered the Hindu. "You will have to fight your way through it as best you can. In this light world of ours, thoughts take form and color, but these thoughts are such shifting, selfish, unshaped things as to be only a bog of desires. Shall we leave this place?"

"No," said the boy. "I think that my father is over there. I must try to speak to him."

He fought his way across the room. Now and then a vague, unpleasant figure drifted before him, and once an evil, leering face was thrust into his; but the boy, although badly frightened, did not flinch. "Get out of my way!" he commanded fiercely; "you are only a thought, and an ugly one at that!"

His feet dragged heavily, and the oozing, lurid air-slime stifled him, but he struggled on. In a sudden clearing of the atmosphere, he saw the room more plainly: there were bunches of mistletoe and garlands of holly here and there; in the middle of the table was a bowl of gardenias, and as he looked at it he suddenly caught sight of his father's face directly opposite. With infinite labor, Richard dragged himself around the table until at last he stood by his father's side.

"Father!" he gasped, in the soundless voice of his other world, "father — it is I — Richard!"

Vague as the man's face appeared through its swimming mass of colored vapor, Richard could see that it held no consciousness of his presence. He tried again to speak, but his words seemed to be caught and entangled in the turbid atmosphere. He was dimly conscious that

an orchestra was playing in an alcove behind him; also that his father was talking to a woman on his left who appeared to be the hostess.

Summoning all of his strength, the boy made another effort. "Father!" he cried, "I want to tell you about the poor! The poor! Can't you hear me, daddy? It is Richard! Richard!"

For an instant he thought that his message had been received, for his father slightly moved his head. But the woman spoke to him and he looked at her with a laugh, and then the fog seemed to close in again, and with it came the sensation of a crowd of people pressing in from every side. Richard felt as though he were being shoved and pushed this way and that by dim, vague forms which swirled and eddied in fumes of constantly changing, muddy colors. Sometimes these crowding figures dissolved before his eyes to mix with the turbid atmosphere. Others would stare for a moment into his face with empty eyes, babbling in foolish voices. A few writhed past, laughing vacantly, as an echo laughs. Some glared red and angry with blotched faces and swollen veins; yet, repulsive as was the whole stirring horde, Richard felt no fear of it, but rather an utter disregard which was scarcely even contempt. In some vague way he seemed to realize that these shapes had no personalities of their own, but were merely reflections of the selfish, greedy, silly thoughts and words and feelings of the people at the supper-table.

But, whatever they were, they interfered with what he had set himself to do, and with a fierce determination he pushed himself against his father's elbow.

"Father! father!" he cried, "do not listen to all of this chatter! Think of the poor, father! It is Christmas night! Think of the men who have no work! Think of their little children who are hungry!"

His face was close to his father's, and for a moment it seemed to Richard that he had made himself heard. A sudden

light shone from his father's eyes, and he stared straight in front of him. Then the woman at his side leaned toward him and asked some question, and Richard heard him give a short laugh and answer, "The poor." At this the woman seemed to protest, pouring out a torrent of words while a lurid, angry color eddied about her.

"The poor!" shrieked Richard. "The poor, father! The poor!" But even as he spoke, he felt the sudden tug of some violent force which was dragging him bodily away. Stronger and stronger it grew, this terrific power which he felt instinctively to be tearing him from his world of lightness and clear thought, drawing him back even in the moment of his victory, as he could tell from the growing light which kindled in his father's eyes.

"The poor, father! The poor!" he shrieked, and as he did so a sense of heaviness, of distance, surged through him with the shock of a physical pain. It was as though he were entangled in the toils of some great mesh which gave beneath his struggles, but would not let go. His voice, even his mind, was smothered in the limitations of the heavy body, and as he fought to overcome this rapidly growing heaviness he seemed to see a smile of triumph in the gleaming eyes of the woman.

"Chundra Khan!" he cried. "Chundra Khan — I'm going — I'm going. Help — Help! Chundra Khan!"

Richard suddenly awoke. His governess was leaning over his bed.

"*Chéri*," she was saying softly, "it is only a nightmare."

The boy roused himself and looked about the room.

"Where is Chundra Khan? Ah, then it was this. I am back in my heavy body. You brought me back, Mademoiselle! Oh, why did you do it? Why could n't you have waited? Another moment, just another little moment, and think what it would have meant to the poor!" He burst into tears.

His governess kept him in bed the fol-

lowing day, and there he examined his Christmas presents with polite but listless interest. The doctor came and pronounced him quite well, but forbade any more experiments in the matter of diet. At noon his father looked in to see him.

"Merry Christmas, old chap," said he.

"Merry Christmas, father," said Richard.

"Santa Claus treat you pretty well?"

"Father," said Richard, "last night when you were at supper in that house on the Riverside Drive —"

"Eh — what? What's that?"

"I was there," said Richard calmly. "It was really this morning — about three o'clock, I should think; but when you have been out all night you don't think about it's being morning, do you, daddy?"

"But, my boy — what are you talking about? You have not been out of this room."

Richard made a little gesture with his hand. "I was in my light body," said he, "but I was there. It was a little house of gray stone with a garden in front of it. There were bunches of mistletoe in the dining-room and a basin full of gardenias in the middle of the table, and some musicians in the alcove who were playing so loud that you had to shout. I could not see the people very well because the air was so thick with selfish thoughts —"

The eyes of the millionaire were starting from his head. He started to speak, then checked himself to listen.

"I was trying to tell you about the poor, father — the men whom you laid off from work. Oh, daddy, if you only knew!" The tears gushed from Richard's eyes. "Take them back!" he sobbed. "Take them back, daddy dear."

"I have never denied it, Dick," said the millionaire, "but I have got to believe in it after this. The thought of what it would cost to take back all of this labor suggested Richard, and my mental image was so strong that in some way it impressed itself on the boy's brain.

He is a sensitive little chap. But the most extraordinary part of it is that he received, not only the thought itself, but also a picture of all of my immediate surroundings, — the room, the music, the flowers on the table — even the location of the house itself!"

"That is very interesting," said Uncle Dick dryly.

"Interesting! It's uncanny! It sends the shivers down my spine! In the boy's mind it was mixed up with a lot of dream stuff about Chundra Khan, and the poor starving in attics, and celestial music, and I don't know what! But the part which concerned myself was absolutely correct!"

"Then why not the rest of it?"

The millionaire shrugged his shoulders. "That's too deep for a practical business man. But I will acknowledge that there may have been some reason which we cannot explain behind it all. I do not believe that such things happen for nothing, do you?"

"I certainly do not."

"Nor I. We will not say anything about this. People would laugh, or think that I had gone a little mad. But the men come back to work. There is some reason for my having impressed all that was in my mind upon the mind of my son!"

"Perhaps," said Uncle Dick, in his dry voice, "it was the other way about."

But Chundra Khan said nothing.

THE NEW VIEW OF CHARITY

BY EDWARD T. DEVINE

IN our midst are the waste products of civilization. Here are orphans and neglected children, sick and disabled men and women, friendless and homeless aged, physically and morally handicapped persons, insane and feeble-minded, inebriates and vagrants, deserted families, stranded wrecks of humanity: some very forlorn and of forbidding appearance, some very attractive and personally above reproach. What are we to do with these families, these individuals, these aged infirm, these innocent children? Family affection has supplied one part of the answer; and the state, from the elementary obligation to maintain order, has supplied another part; but there has remained a large part for charity. The orphan asylum, the foster home, the reformatory, the cruelty society, the hospital, dispensary, and day-nursery, the relief society, fresh-air agency, wood-yard, sewing bureau, are the answer which the community has made, and wisely made, VOL. 102 — NO. 6

to this immediate imperative question thrust upon us by the very existence of obvious and undeniable suffering and misery. It is the old view that distress should be relieved. We need have no quarrel with that view. The world's advance is "spiral, on a flat," like that of the inebriate or the worm, and we do well to

Cherish the promise of its good intents
And warn it, not one instinct to efface
Ere reason ripens for the vacant place.

It is difficult to understand the reasoning process of the carping critic who admits, when driven into a corner, the soundness of the view that distress is to be relieved, and yet has only patronizing and grudging approval, or perhaps open sarcasm, for the people who give their money and their time to this necessary work. It is indeed something to have attained clearly to this old view. Old as humanity, permanent as the hills, beautiful as the rarest quality of the human

soul, is this instinct to help others who are in trouble. Courtesy is but one form of it. Consideration for others demands charity in a case of need, as it demands politeness in the parlor, and loyalty on a field of battle or in the presence of calumny against a friend.

I do not condemn charitable foundations, relief-funds, agencies for the relief of suffering. Not only do I not condemn them; I withhold from them no meed of praise. It has been my duty to help to create them, to aid in securing their perpetuation and endowment, to bring them to the favorable attention of the giving public, to withstand attacks upon them, to interpret their spirit, and to justify their ends. And this I have done, not as an unwelcome duty, but with pleasure and satisfaction, for I have looked upon them as necessary and beneficial; and on the whole, as compared with municipal enterprises, or business enterprises, or religious enterprises, or educational enterprises, they are exceedingly well managed institutions.

Nevertheless, I have been devoting much time these past few years to trying to develop, and to coöperating with others to develop, a somewhat different view of charity from that which is represented by our existing charitable institutions. It is their original purpose to relieve distress — one in one way, and another in another; one for one kind of distress, and another for another kind; one to deal with a particular class, and another to promote coöperation among diverse charities and to prevent overlapping; one to improve the condition of the poor, and another to organize charity; but one and all, whatever higher vision may have animated the founders, and whatever experiments in various directions may have been made here and there, are mainly engaged in relieving distress, in helping individuals to find a way out of distress; and doing this increasingly in such a way, and with such safeguards, as to prevent, if possible, their falling again into a dependent condition. This has been

organized charity at its best. This was Robert M. Hartley's permanent improvement of the condition of the poor. This was Josephine Shaw Lowell's treatment of character, through investigation, coöperation, and personal service. For this the Widows' Society, and the United Hebrew Charities, and the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, and the other relief agencies, in their greatest efficiency, have striven. It is an altogether noble conception. And yet, as I have just said, we have been engaged in making clear the outlines of another view. We have rounded another corner. We have seen that, although consistent with the modern social spirit, it is not a complete expression of it; and we have discovered that the relief of distress, however intelligent, and the prevention of dependence in the individual case by personal influence, and the most thorough inquiry into the causes of individual need, do not exhaust the benign aspects of that charity in whose name we work and plan for the common good.

This newer view upon which we have been placing emphasis is, in a word, that there are social as well as individual causes of misery, of dependence, of poverty, and of crime. We have learned to look to bad housing conditions, dark and unsanitary tenements, indecent halls and yards, insufficiency of room to live in, to play in, to grow in — we have learned to call these, even as we called drink and dishonesty, causes of distress. We have learned to look to conditions directly affecting health: infection in water, in milk, in food, in the dust of the streets, in wall-paper, and the unfumigated cracks and crevices of our flats and apartments, in neglected plumbing and the very air that we have contaminated, and to call these also causes of poverty, through the undermining of health and vigor. We have learned to look to our schools, and to ask, in the name of charity as well as of education, whether they are training for that efficiency which will prevent poverty, and for the strengthening of character.

We have learned to look our public servants squarely between the eyes — mayor, commissioner, warden, policeman, and all the rest — and demand, not yet always successfully, such return for their wages as will mean a lessening of the need for charity. We have learned from the specialists in one field the evils of child-labor; and from those in another the consequences of long hours in women's work; and from those in another the connection between unprotected machinery and unpoliced railways, on the one hand, and widowhood, orphanage, and their resulting dependence on the other. We have learned that there is a vital relation between the standard of living, determined not by any one family, but by the community group to which one belongs, demanding a certain minimum income to maintain that standard in decency and comfort, and the decisions which must be reached by relief societies and charitable individuals who assume responsibility for the relief of distress.

Such, then, are some of the elements in the newer view of charity which has been occupying our attention: housing, preventable disease, inefficiency resulting from defective education, corrupt and inefficient government, child-labor, excessive and unreasonable toil by women, industrial accidents, a low standard of living. They are all social rather than individual. It is for this reason that we have all but transformed our charitable societies into agencies to investigate and improve social conditions; that the Sage Foundation is established and endowed for this identical purpose; that the New York Charity Organization Society has created a special department, freed from all responsibility for charity in the ordinary sense, to do what it can in the same direction; that numerous committees and associations are established to work at one or another bad condition which they choose for their special attack; and that the progressive charitable society — whatever its name or particular function may have been — necessarily, under the

pressure of an awakening social conscience, has become, in addition, a society for the development of accurate knowledge as to what our social conditions really are.

Dealing always with the family at the margin, with those who have no surplus savings, or energy, or efficiency, to protect them from the immediate consequences of bad conditions, the charitable societies come first to a realization of what those conditions are. An illness, an accident, a failure in justice, may be a regrettable incident in the lives of others, but among the poor it is the quick stroke of fate, meaning disaster and dependence. At the margin there are few complications. In their nakedness, in their true character, these effects of bad conditions are written swiftly into the records of the societies that have to do with destitution. Too long, many of us must confess in contrition, our work was done perfunctorily, with no vision of the essential causes, the social causes; but now we have seen, and the sum-total of our impressions — that is the new view of charity; that is, for us, the incarnation of the social spirit. It is our belief, not that the creation of a favorable environment will of itself transform character, but that the normal man, who is now crushed, will, under favorable conditions, rise unaided, and that poverty and destitution will know him no more. The tragedy of our present situation is that people whose original endowment is quite as good as the average are overborne by adverse conditions, conditions which individually they cannot control and of which they are the victims. The improvement of social conditions is a policy to be advocated, and carried through, in the interests of the normal man. It is by no means exclusively the concern of charity, though charity speaks from knowledge gained by its neglect. How much of poverty would disappear with the destruction of bad social conditions we do not know, for we do not know how many of those who fail are victims of bad condi-

tions, and how many are in some way deficient. To find that out, we shall need to correct the conditions which we know to be injurious, and then discover how much of our present need for charity remains.

The programme of social work to which this newer view of charity logically brings us is, first of all, a health-programme. It calls for a department of school hygiene, to discover and correct the physical defects of school children. After a new reformatory for boys had been in operation a few months, the superintendent called in a dentist, who reported that one hundred and sixty boys had seriously defective teeth. In response to an inquiry as to how many boys there were in the institution when the examination was made, the superintendent replied, one hundred and sixty. No doubt nearly all these boys had been in the public schools. Possibly the criminal bacillus, if they have one, could not have been discovered by thorough physical examination in the school, but the decay in the teeth could have been discovered, and should have been discovered and corrected.

The programme of social work calls for safe and decent homes, with light and air, better tenements for those who stay in the cities, country homes for all who can afford to seek them and have the good sense to do it. It demands that we deal with congestion, whether we rely upon philanthropic investment by large sums in the outlying suburbs, or upon legal limitation of the number of factories that may be operated in the industrially congested districts, or upon both combined, and other remedies.

The social programme calls, and calls loudly, for playgrounds and parks. It demands the conquest of infectious disease. The shortening of life, the resulting burden of dependence and suffering, the loss of income, the increased expenses which are still due to diseases which are the result of social neglect, account for a large part of our charitable tasks. That is not, however, the whole of the indictment.

For every family which preventable disease brings to the actual point of asking for charity, there are scores who are brought in that direction, brought to a loss of savings, brought to a lower standard of living, brought to hardship and privation, brought to less desirable rooms in a meaner neighborhood, brought to the loss of chances for educating their children, brought through many stages on a downward journey, even if they escape the last bitter degradation of an appeal to charity and a potter's field. The social programme is a health-programme — not to save the money of the charitable, but to save the life and vigor, the economic independence, and the prosperity, of the normal man. If we could but eliminate this one "bad condition," deaths and illness from the diseases now universally classed as preventable, we should keep many a family from the margin. The charitable societies know this, because they deal with them there at the margin, where they have come because of social neglect.

The social programme calls for the total and immediate abolition of child labor in mine and factory, in store and office, in messenger and newspaper service, in tenement home, and wherever else the employment of children becomes their exploitation. Quite possibly, even on the farms, especially where there is anything like gang-labor, there are such temptations; but, certainly, in all industrial and mining operations, child-labor means physical, mental, and moral destruction; and in the interests of the normal man, the workingman of the next generation, we wish to protect his childhood, that it may not be sacrificed to the convenience and profit of the employer, or the greed and ignorance of the parent, or the economic advantage of the buyer of his wares.

The social spirit insists upon honest and efficient government. Such work, if I may choose my illustrations from my own city of New York, as the State Charities Aid Association has long done for the protection and improvement of

the public hospitals and institutions; such work as the Tenement House Committee has done for eight years in reference to tenement-house legislation and its enforcement; such work as the Public Education Association is doing, and such greatly increased work as it ought to do, in connection with the system of public schools; such work as the Bureau of Municipal Research has undertaken in developing the facts about the actual work of our municipal departments, and as the City Club is doing, and is likely to do, to increase the efficiency of municipal government — these are parts of a comprehensive social programme, to the absence of which, in the past, charity bears mournful testimony; to the imperative need for which, charitable societies are perhaps now most alive, one interesting indication of this being the extent to which these several kinds of civic work have drawn upon the personnel of the charitable societies for their executives and assistants.

The programme of social work which I have outlined, rather by illustration and suggestion than completely, offers an alternative — the only tolerable alternative — to socialism. I do not suggest that this is its chief attraction; but to those who in their hearts fear socialism, who think that they discern in the sky portentous signs of a coming storm, I would suggest that their wise course is not to seek the services of an "accelerator of public opinion," or to put forth elaborate and weighty rejoinders to the theories of a past generation, but rather, in sincerity and singleness of purpose, with the financial resources at their command, and with the energy and sound judgment which they would bring to bear upon a difficult business problem, to coöperate in the removal of those adverse conditions in our present industrial and social system upon which all that is in the least convincing in the socialist's indictment depends.

Our indictment against particular social conditions is no less severe than that of the socialist. We have our evidence,

we are willing that it should be subjected to the laws of evidence. We can prove that unsanitary tenements are numerous, that they are injurious and unnecessary. We can show that accidents and disease are more common than is reasonable, in view of the discoveries of science and the demonstrations of preventive hygiene. We can show children doing the work of men, and it needs no physiologist to demonstrate that it is uneconomic, uncharitable, and inhuman. We can show conditions in courts and jails and prisons that in themselves will account for the persistence of crime. And we can convince any men and women of brains, of wealth, of influence, and of latent power for the common welfare, that upon none of these things do their welfare and their success depend. These things of which we complain yield profits, but they are the profits of exploitation and greed, not the profits of business enterprise and commercial honor. No industry essential to the common good rests upon child-labor, unrequited accidents, an indecent standard of living. The plane of competition may be drawn above the line of those conditions which mean misery and degradation. If it were not so, we should all become socialists; but it is so. Those who have faith in the wholesomeness of modern industry, who believe that when the thieves and cheats have been hounded out of business, business can still go on; that when the sharp practices, some of which are more severely condemned now than they were a few years ago, are eliminated, the general aspect of business will be virtually unchanged, — in other words that it is now fundamentally sound and honest, — should surely, eagerly, and from conviction, help to gauge these adverse conditions, to understand them and to change them. The programme of social work is their work, rather than the work of those who wish to see the whole structure changed.

If now we may take one more perilous step — around another corner — it will bring us again to the individual who

is in trouble; the constant object of vision in the older view of charity. We come back, let us hope, with a clearer insight because our eyes have been for a time on more distant views.

With the eye of prophecy, we see our applicant for charity in an environment freed from the burdens of bad housing and over-crowding, of preventable disease, of child-labor, and excessive toil for women; in an environment in which there is well-distributed and regular employment, with a reasonable amount of leisure, a protected childhood, a rational standard of living, well-regulated factories, well-regulated homes and well-regulated communal life, — no utopian millennium at all, just the conditions which we now, on the basis of our own experience and knowledge, may assert without sentimentality or exaggeration to be entirely practicable for all mankind. Would there remain any field for charity and for what we call social work? Certainly there would. The field that would remain is precisely that which charity in all these past years, reversing the natural order, wrongly conceiving what was the next step ahead, has sought to occupy. Precisely the admirable plan outlined by Richard C. Cabot, in an address before the New York School of Philanthropy in 1906, would then be applicable.¹

We have said that the programme of social work, the changing of adverse social conditions, is essentially a programme in the interest of the normal man, and that, if these bad conditions could be removed, the man who is not by nature or by inheritance a dependent would rise from the misery into which extraordinary misfortune and social neglect have brought him. This is the lesson of Simon N. Patten's *New Basis of Civilization*. "When a social worker," he says, "accepts this creed, he soon finds that regeneration is prevented,

not by defects in personality, but by defects in the environment, and that the subjective tests of character to which he has been accustomed must be replaced by objective standards which test the environment. We need not work for regeneration; it will of itself flow from sources we neither create nor control. But we do need to work for the removal of external conditions which by suppressing and distorting human nature give to vice the power that virtue should possess."

A little earlier Dr. Patten had expressed this faith in other words: "The depraved man is not the natural man; for in him the natural is suppressed beneath a crushing load of misfortunes, superstitions, and ill-fitting social conditions." "It is, without doubt," he says, "more difficult than was once believed to lift a man with normal faculties to a higher plane of existence; but it is far easier than we have thought to raise a man below the general level of humanity up to it. There are no differences between him and his normal neighbors which cannot be rapidly obliterated. He does not lack their blood, but their health, their vigor, their good fortune, their culture, and their environment."

It is obvious that in all this Dr. Patten is thinking of normal persons, normal, that is to say, in all except these external things which he has enumerated and which we have previously been considering as involved in the adverse social conditions which we wish to change. It is equally obvious that Dr. Cabot, in his definition of social work as the study of character under adversity, is not thinking of such persons, but of those who are really deficient in character. He considers that one hundred families reported by a relief society, in which there was practically no mental or moral deficiency, were not, properly-speaking, cases for a social worker at all; that disease, which has caused two-thirds of the destitution in those families, is the concern of the physician; and that a low wage, which

¹ "Social Work: The Diagnosis and Treatment of Character in Difficulties." By RICHARD C. CABOT: *Charities and the Commons*, November 2, 1907.

was responsible for the other third, is a matter resting between capital and labor, organized or unorganized. "The social worker, I maintain," says Dr. Cabot, "should be chiefly an educator, a nurturer, stimulator, developer, and director of human souls, particularly in that group of persons whose character or temperament has brought them into some sort of trouble."

When our programme of social work shall have been carried into effect, when the environment is transformed by the abolition of the bad conditions which now undermine health and destroy life, which make rational domestic life impossible and embitter the working hours, then social work will be what Dr. Cabot describes it to be. We can then study the individual, and shall know that any difficulties which he may still have, come from bad inheritance which we may be able to help him to overcome, from faults of character which we may find some way to correct. In the mean time we cannot safely assume any such deficiency. The chances are against it. The chances are that we shall frequently find only such hygienic and economic causes of distress as Dr. Cabot rules out of court. Until we establish justice among men, until we insure the opportunity for an independent, normal life for all normal men, we need not be surprised, when we set ourselves up as experts in the diagnosis and treatment of character, if we find queer things in its distribution among men.

The new view, then, to which we would come, the right view, is but a glimpse at the end of all these vistas, a glimpse not of the individual alone, nor of the social conditions alone, but of the relation between them in the field of social work; of the place for individual diagnosis and treatment in an environment which has measurably approached our ideal. There is room for difference of opinion as to whether the emphasis should be placed on the individual or on the environment. It has been my inclination to throw the

emphasis on the improvement of conditions, because it has seemed to me a waste of effort to try to improve the character of those who are not deficient in character, to work at retail at what is essentially a wholesale transaction, to bail with a spoon when we may open the sluiceways, to rely on isolated personal effort with individuals to accomplish what it can never accomplish, what can be accomplished only by the resources of legislation, of taxation, of large expenditure, or by changes in our educational system, or in our penal system, or in our taxing system, or even in our industrial system. And yet, after all, our environment has already changed in many respects for the better. Notwithstanding our blunders and neglect, we are doing better; and the incontrovertible proof lies in our diminishing death-rate. Social conditions need to be changed in many ways, but they are better than they were.

Strictly from the social point of view, we should give far more attention to the individual — an attention of a different kind. Man, from the standpoint of anthropology, as a thinking and working animal, may be studied, as we study housing and bacteria. We should have in our charitable societies a psychological diagnosis of applicants. District agents and visitors should become and be recognized as experts, as some of them already are, in the understanding and management of the weaknesses and perversions of character. Some families are normal except for their misfortunes and their environment, and that is one of the very things to discover. Others are deficient, and a quick discovery of such deficiencies would lead to an earlier course of such treatment as might give greatest hope of removing them. Still others are not merely deficient, but defective, that is, they have some incurable defect, and more prompt recognition of this would also be advantageous.

This view then — this return, if the reader prefers, to a very old view —

brings our applicant again into the centre of vision; brings him, however, at least potentially freed from the crushing burden of an adverse environment, brings him as one entitled to our compassion because of some deficiency of mind or body, some definite thing for us to do, something which the man in trouble cannot do for himself even though he may have every chance from childhood.

The social worker who, with a conscience void of offense because he has done what he can to create such social conditions as will give every man a just and reasonable chance, assuming that in such an environment every normal man will be expected to determine for himself what he will do with his opportunity, comes at last to the individual of deficient strength, and finds here his chance for personal service, for professional service. He is in the position of the physician who has contributed something also to preventive medicine. I be-

hold charity, gracious, clear-eyed, free-handed, warm of heart, seeking out these helpless children of men to do them good. She has traveled a long journey in her search for the remedies for the specific evils which have brought her grievous burdens, but this last burden, a legacy from the slowly remediable mistakes of the past, is not grievous. If men need help because only of what they cannot do, and no longer ask aid because of the harm their brothers do, whether in malice or in ignorance, then to give that help is no burden, but a delight.

This view of charity is, I grant, the oldest of all views, the view of the ancient Hebrew, that charity and justice are one; the view of the Apostle that charity abideth, with faith and hope, and is greater than they; greater for this reason, above all, that, wherever she journeys and whatever her achievements, she never loses sight of the individual man, woman, or child.

GOD'S HOUR-GLASS

BY R. VALANTINE HECKSCHER

MAN is the Hour-glass of God!

And grain by grain his being flows

Out of the globe of surface shows

Into the globe below the sod!

Clear of the sunken sands of strife,

God turns below the body's bowl —

And so upturns Man's crystal soul

Brimmed with the golden grains of life!

RACES IN THE UNITED STATES

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

THE population of Europe may, in a rough way, be divided into an East and a West. The contrast between the two may be best illustrated, perhaps, in geological terms. Everywhere these populations have been laid down originally in more or less distinct strata. In the Balkan States and Austria-Hungary, this stratification is recent and still distinct; while in western Europe the several layers have become metamorphosed by the fusing heat of nationality and the pressure of civilization. But in both instances these populations are what the geologist would term sedimentary. In the United States, an entirely distinct formation occurs; which, in continuation of our geological figure, may best be characterized by the term *eruptive*. We have to do, not with the slow processes of growth by deposit or accretion, but with violent and volcanic dislocation. We are called upon to survey a lava-flow of population, suddenly cast forth from Europe and spread indiscriminately over a new continent. In Europe the populations have grown up from the soil. They are still imbedded in it, a part of it. They are the product of their immediate environments: dark in the southern half, blonde at the north, stunted where the conditions are harsh, well developed where the land is fat. Even as between city and country, conditions have been so long fixed that one may trace the results in the physical traits of the inhabitants. It was my endeavor some years ago, in *The Races of Europe*, to describe these conditions in detail. But in America the people, one may almost say, have dropped from the sky. They are in the land, but not yet an integral part of it. The population product is artificial and exotic. It is as yet unrelated to its phys-

ical environment. A human phenomenon unique in the history of the world is the result.

Judged solely from the standpoint of numbers, the phenomenon of American immigration is stupendous. We have become so accustomed to it in the United States that we often lose sight of its numerical magnitude. About 25,000,000 people have come to the United States from all over Europe since 1820. This is about equal to the entire population of the United Kingdom only fifty years ago, at the time of our Civil War. It is, again, more than the population of all Italy in the time of Garibaldi. Otherwise stated, this army of people would populate, as it stands to-day, all that most densely settled section of the United States north of Maryland and east of the Great Lakes, — all New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, in fact.

This horde of immigrants has mainly come since the Irish potato famine of the middle of the last century. The rapid increase year by year has taken the form, not of a steady growth, but of an intermittent flow. First came the people of the British Isles after the downfall of Napoleon, 2000 in 1815 and 35,000 in 1819. Thereafter the numbers remain about 75,000 yearly, until the Irish famine, when, in 1852, 368,000 immigrants from the British Isles landed on our shores. These were succeeded by the Germans, largely moved at first by the political events of 1848. By 1854 a million and a half Teutons, mainly from northern Germany, had settled in America. So many were there that ambitious plans for the foundation of a German state in the new country were actually set on foot. The later German

immigrants were recruited largely from the Rhine provinces, and have settled further to the northwest, in Wisconsin and Iowa; the earliest wave having come from northern Germany to Ohio, Indiana, and Missouri. The Swedes began to come after the Civil War. Their immigration culminated in 1882 with the influx of about 50,000 in that year. More recent still are the Italians, beginning with a modest 20,000 in 1876, rising to over 200,000 arrivals in 1888, and constituting an army of 300,000 in the single year of 1907: and accompanying the Italian has come the great horde of Slavs, Huns, and Jews.

Wave has followed wave, each higher than the last, — the ebb and flow being dependent upon economic conditions in large measure. It is the last great wave, ebbing since last fall, which has most alarmed us in America. This gathered force on the revival of prosperity about 1897, but it did not attain full measure until 1900. Since that year over six million people have landed on our shores. — one-quarter of the total immigration since the beginning. The newcomers of these eight years alone would repopulate all the five older New England States as they stand to-day; or, if properly disseminated over the newer parts of the country, they would serve to populate no less than nineteen states of the Union as they stand. The new-comers of the last eight years could, if suitably seated in the land, elect thirty-eight out of the present ninety-two Senators of the United States. Is it any wonder that thoughtful political students stand somewhat aghast? In the last of these eight years — 1907 — there were one and one quarter million arrivals. This number would entirely populate both New Hampshire and Maine, two of our oldest states, with an aggregate territory approximately equal to Ireland and Wales. The arrivals of this one year would found a state with more inhabitants than any one of twenty-one of our other existing commonwealths which could be named.

Fortunately, the commercial depression of 1908 has for the moment put a stop to this inflow. Some considerable emigration back to Europe has in fact ensued. But this can be nothing more than a breathing space. On the resumption of prosperity, the tide will rise higher than before. Each immigrant, staying or returning, will influence his friends, his entire village; and so it will be, until an economic equilibrium has been finally established between one continent where labor is dearer than land, and the other where land is worth more than labor; between governments where freedom, in theory at least, takes precedence over privilege, and states where vested political and social rights are still paramount.

It is not alone the rapid increase in our immigration which merits attention. It is also the radical change in its character, in the source from whence it comes. Whereas, until about twenty years ago, our immigrants were drawn from the Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic populations of north-western Europe, they have swarmed over here in rapidly growing proportions since that time from Mediterranean, Slavic, and Oriental sources. A quarter of a century ago, two-thirds of our immigration was truly Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon in origin. At the present time, less than one-sixth comes from this source. The British Isles, Germany, Scandinavia, and Canada unitedly sent us 90 per cent of our immigrants in the decade to 1870; 82.8 per cent in 1870-80; 75.6 per cent in 1880-90; and only 41.8 per cent in 1890-1900. Since then, the proportion has been very much smaller still. Germany used to contribute one-third of our new-comers. In 1907 it sent barely one-seventh. On the other hand, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, which produced about 1 per cent of the total in 1860-70, jointly contributed 50.1 per cent in 1890-1900. Of the million and a quarter arrivals in 1907, almost 900,000 came from these three countries alone. I have been at some pains to reclassify the immigration for 1907, in conformity with

the racial groupings of the *Races of Europe*; disregarding, that is to say, mere linguistic affiliations, and dividing on the basis of physical types. The total of about one and one-quarter million arrivals was distributed as follows: —

330,000 Mediterranean Race (one-quarter)
 194,000 Alpine Race (one-sixth)
 330,000 Slavic " (one-quarter)
 194,000 Teutonic " (one-sixth)
 146,000 Jewish (mainly Rus. } (one-eighth)
 sian) }

In that year, 330,000 South Italians took the place of the 250,000 Germans who came in 1882, when the Teutonic immigration was at its flood. One and one-half million Italians have come since 1900; over one million Russians; and a million and a half natives of Austria-Hungary. We have even tapped the political sinks of Europe, and are now drawing large numbers of Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians. No people is too mean or lowly to seek an asylum on our shores.

The net result of this immigration has been to produce a congeries of human beings, unparalleled for ethnic diversity anywhere else on the face of the earth. The most complex populations of Europe, such as those of the British Isles, Northern France, or even the Balkan States, seem ethnically pure by contrast. In some of these places the soothing hand of time has softened the racial contrasts. There are certain water holes, of course, like Gibraltar, Singapore, or Hong Kong, to which every type of human animal is attracted, and a notably mongrel population is the result. But for ethnic diversity on a large scale, the United States is certainly unique.

Our people have been diverse in origin from the start to a greater degree than is ordinarily supposed. Virginia and New England, to be sure, were for a long time Anglo-Saxon undefiled; but in the other colonies there was much intermixture, such as the German in Pennsylvania, the Swedish along the Delaware, the Dutch in New

York, and the Scotch Highlander and Huguenot in the Carolinas. Little centres of foreign inoculation in the early days are discoverable everywhere. On a vacation trip recently, in the extreme northeastern corner of Pennsylvania, my wife and a friend remarked the frequency of French names of persons, and then of villages, of French physical types, and of French cookery. On inquiry it turned out that many settlements had been made by French, migrating after the battle of Waterloo. Their descendants still give a Gallic tone to the district. Many such colonies could be named, — the Dutch along the lake shore of western Michigan, the Germans in Texas, and the Swiss villages in Wisconsin, — none of them recent, but constituting long-established and permanent elements in the population.

Concerning New York City, Father Jognes states that the Director-General told him of eighteen languages spoken there in 1644. For the entire thirteen colonies at the time of the Revolution, we have it on good authority that one-fifth of the population could not speak English; and that one-half at least was not Anglo-Saxon by descent. Upon such a stock, it is little wonder that the grafting of these twenty-five million immigrants promises to produce an extraordinary human product.

For over half a century more than one-seventh of our aggregate population has been of actually foreign birth. This proportion of actual foreigners of all sorts varies greatly, however, as between the different states. In Minnesota and New York, for example, at the present time, the foreign-born, as we denote them statistically, constitute about a fourth of the whole population; in Massachusetts, the proportion is about one-third; occasionally, as in North Dakota in 1890, it approaches one-half (42 per cent). It is in the cities, of course, that this proportion of actual foreigners rises highest. In New York City there are over two million people born in Europe, who

have come there hoping to better their lots in life. Boston has an even higher proportion of actual foreigners, but the relatively larger numbers of those speaking English, such as the Irish, renders the phenomenon less striking. Nevertheless, within a few blocks, in a colony of 28,000 people, there are no less than twenty-five distinct nationalities. In this entire district, once the fashionable quarter of Boston, out of the 28,000 inhabitants, only 1500 in 1895 had parents born in the United States.

The full measure of our ethnic diversity is revealed only when one aggregates the actually foreign-born with their children born in America, — totalizing, as we call it, the foreign-born and the native-born of foreign parentage. This group thus includes only the first generation of American descent. Oftentimes even the second generation may remain ethnically as undefiled as the first; but our positive statistical data carry us no further. This group of foreign-born with its children constitutes to-day upwards of one-third of our total population; and, excluding the negroes, it equals almost one-half (46 per cent) of the whole white population. This is for the country as a whole. Considered by states or cities, the proportion is, of course, much higher. Baltimore, one of our purest American cities, had 40 per cent of foreigners with their children in 1900. In Boston, the proportion leaps to 70 per cent; in New York to 80 per cent; and it reaches a maximum in Milwaukee, with 86 per cent thus constituted. Imagine an English city of the size of Edinburgh with only about one person in eight English by descent through only a modest two generations. To this condition must be added the probability that not over one-half of that remnant of a rear-guard can trace its descent on American soil as far back as a third generation. Were we to eliminate these foreigners and their children from our city populations, it has been estimated that Chicago, with to-day a population of over two millions, would

dwindle to a city of not much over one hundred thousand inhabitants.

One may select great industries practically given over to foreigners. Over ninety per cent of the tailors of New York City are Jews, mainly Russian and Polish. In Massachusetts, the centre of our staple cotton manufacture, out of ninety-eight thousand employees, one finds that only thirty-nine hundred, or about four per cent, are native-born Americans; and most of those are of Irish or Scotch-Irish descent two generations back. All of our day labor, once Irish, is now Italian; our fruit-venders, once Italian, are now becoming Greek; and our coal mines, once manned by peoples from the British Isles, are now worked by Hungarians, Poles, Slovaks, or Finns.

A special study of the linguistic conditions in Chicago well illustrates our racial heterogeneity. Among the people of that great city, — the second in size in the United States, — fourteen languages are spoken by groups of not less than ten thousand persons each. Newspapers are regularly published in ten languages; and church services are conducted in twenty different tongues. Measured by the size of its foreign linguistic colonies, Chicago is the second Bohemian city in the world, the third Swedish, the fourth Polish, and the fifth German (New York being the fourth). There is one large factory in Chicago employing over four thousand people, representing twenty-four distinct nationalities. Rules of the establishment are regularly printed in eight languages. In one block in New York, where friends of mine are engaged in college settlement work, there are fourteen hundred people of twenty distinct nationalities. There are more than two-thirds as many native-born Irish in Boston as in the capital city, Dublin. With their children, mainly of pure Irish blood, they make Boston indubitably the leading Irish city in the world. New York is a larger Italian city to-day than Rome, having five hundred thousand Italian colonists. It contains no less than eight hundred thousand

Jews, mainly from Russia. Thus it is also the foremost Jewish city in the world. Pittsburg, the centre of our iron and steel industry, is another tower of Babel. It is said to contain more of that out-of-the-way people, the Servians, than the capital of Servia itself.

Such being the ethnic diversity of our population, the primary and fundamental physical question is, whether these racial groups are to coalesce to form ultimately a more or less uniform American type; or whether they are to continue their separate existences within the confines of one political unit. Will the progress of time bring about intermixture of these diverse types? or will they remain separate, distinct, and perhaps discordant, elements for an indefinite period, like the warring nationalities of Austria-Hungary and the Balkan States? An answer may best be pursued by a serial discussion, first, of those factors which tend to favor intermixture, and thereafter, of those forces which operate to prevent it.

The extreme and ever-increasing mobility of our American population is evidently a solvent force from which powerful results may well be expected in the course of time. This is rendered peculiarly potent by the usual concomitant, that this mobility is largely confined to the male sex. The census of 1900 showed that nearly one-quarter of our native-born whites were then living in other states than those of their birth. Kansas and Oklahoma are probably the most extreme examples of such colonization. Almost their entire population has been transplanted, often many times, moving by stages from state to state. The last census showed that only 53 per cent of the population of the former commonwealth were actually natives of Kansas. An analysis of the membership of its legislature, some years ago, revealed that only 9 per cent were born within the confines of the state. Even in the staid commonwealth of Iowa, only about one-third of the American-born population is native to the state.

Restlessness has always been characteristic of our original stock. Even the farmers, in other countries more or less yoked to the soil, are here still on the move: traveling first westward, and now southward, seeking new outlets for their activities. And from the same rural class also is drawn the steady influx to the great cities and industrial centres, which is so marked a feature of our time. Rural New England has been depopulated by this two-fold migration, westward and cityward, leaving almost whole counties in which the inhabitants to-day number less than a century ago. By the same process during the ten years prior to 1890, the little state of Vermont parted with more than one-half of her population by emigration; Maine sent forth one-third, and other states as far away as Virginia and Ohio, parted with almost as many. It has been estimated of the city of Boston, an industrial centre of over half a million inhabitants, that the old, native-born Bostonians of twenty years ago now number less than sixty-four thousand.

Our immigrants at first do not feel the full measure of this American restlessness. The great inflowing streams of human beings at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, like rivers reaching the ocean, tend to deposit their sediment at once on touching our shores. At the outset the foreigners are immobile elements of population, congesting the slums of the great cities. But with the men particularly, — the Jews alone excepted, — the end is not there. As among the Italians, Greeks, and Scandinavians, they are apt to return shortly to the fatherland and then to come back, this time with a wider appreciation of their real opportunities. After this second arrival, they scatter far more widely. Instead of bunching near the steamship landing-stages, they range afield. With their children this mobility may become even more marked. Cheap railroad fares, the demand for harvest labor in the west, the contract labor on railways and irrigation works, all tend to stimulate this

movement. It is the mobility of our older Anglo-Saxon population which has kept the nation unified over a vast and highly varied area until the present time; and it will be such mobility, kept alive by the exigencies of our changing economic life, which will help to stir up and mix together the various ingredients of our population as they arrive in future.

A second influence making for racial intermixture is the ever-present inequality of the sexes among these foreigners. This is most apparent when they first arrive, about 70 per cent of them being males. Few nationalities in these days bring hither whole families, as did the Anglo-Saxon and German people a generation ago. The Bohemians, indeed, seem to do so, as well as many of the immigrants practically driven out from Europe by political persecution. Thus, in 1905, Russia sent fifty thousand women-folk, — more than came from England, Sweden, and Germany combined; and Austria-Hungary sent seventy-eight thousand, or thrice the number of women contributed by England, Ireland, and Germany. But of the main body, the large majority are men. This vanguard of males tends generally to be followed by more women later, after an initial period of trial and exploration. Among the Italians the proportion of men to women, once six to one, has now fallen to about three to one. Having established themselves in America, what are these men to do for wives? In all classes matrimony is man's natural estate. These migrant males may write home or go home and find brides among their own people; or they may seek their wives in America. This, probably, the majority of them do; and, of course, the large majority naturally prefer to marry within their own colony of fellow countrymen. But suppose, in the first place, this colony is predominantly male, or constitutes a small outpost, isolated among a population alien or semi-alien to its members; what is to be done except to choose a wife where one is to be had?

An odd consequence of the ambition of these foreign-born men to rise, tending inevitably to break down racial barriers, is that they covet an American-born wife. The woman always is the conservative element in society, and tends to cling to old ways long after they have been discarded by the men. The result is that, in the intermixture of various peoples, it is commonly the man who marries *up* in the social scale. Being the active agent, he inclines to choose from a social station higher than his own. There were in the United States, in 1900, about fifteen million people born of foreign-born parents, wholly or in part. About five million of these had one parent foreign-born and one native-born, that is to say with one parent drawn from the second generation of the immigrant stream. And in two-thirds of these mixed marriages, it was the father who was foreign-born, the mother being native-born. This law has been verified by many concrete investigations, as well as by means of general statistical data. It is the same law which, contrary to general belief, leads most of the infrequent marriages across the color line to take the form of a negro husband and a white wife.

For certain states, as Michigan for instance, registration statistics are reliable. These again show that over two-thirds of the mixed marriages have foreign-born grooms and native-born brides. At the United Hebrew Charities in New York City many thousand cases of destitution among foreign-born women arise from the desertion of the wife with her old-fashioned European ways by the husband who has out-distanced her in adaptation to the new life. This law is well borne out in the growing intermarriage between the Irish and the Italians. The Irish, from their longer residence in America, are obviously of a higher social grade. The ambitious young Italian fruit-vender, or the Jewish merchant who has "made good," being denied a wife among his own people (there being too few to go around), then woos and wins an Hibernian bride.

Religion in this instance is no bar, both being Catholics.

In a similar fashion, in New England, where Germans are scarce and where Irish abound, it is usually the German man who marries into an Irish family. The same thing seems to be true even in New York, where the German colony is very large. When intermarriage between the two peoples occurs, six times out of seven it is the Irish woman who bears the children. In this connection, the important rôle in ethnic intermixture played by the Irish women deserves mention. One reason is surely their relative abundance. In our Boston foreign colony, with every other nationality largely represented by men, there is a surplus of fifteen hundred Irish females. But a second reason, also, is the superior adaptability and spirit of comradeship of the Irish woman. The Irish everywhere are good "mixers." Thus endowed, with her democratic spirit and lack of notion of caste, the Irish or Irish-American woman bids fair to be a potent physical mediator between the other peoples of the earth. One may picture this process of racial intermixture going further, especially in those parts of the country where the more ambitious native-born males have emigrated to the West or to the large cities. The incoming foreigners, steadily working upward in the economic and social scale, and the stranded, downward-tending American families, perhaps themselves of Irish or Scotch-Irish descent, may in time meet on an even plane.

The subtle effects of change of environment, religious, linguistic, political and social, is another powerful influence in breaking down ethnic barriers. The spirit of the new surroundings, in fact, is so different as to prove too powerfully disintegrating an influence. In the moral and religious fields this is plainly noticeable and often pathetic in its results. The religious bonds are often entirely snapped. This is discernible among the Jews everywhere. As one observer put it

to me, "Religion is supplanted by socialism and the yellow journal." Large numbers, more often of the young men, break loose entirely and become agnostics or free-thinkers. The Bohemians are notorious in this regard. This is accompanied by a breakdown of patriarchal authority in the family; and with it, in the close contacts of city life, the barriers of religion against intermarriage visibly weaken.

Differences of language are also less powerful dividing influences than one would think, especially in the great cities. One not infrequently hears of bride and groom not being on speaking terms with one another. A friend of mine tells me of a pathetic instance of a Czech-German marriage, in which the man rather late in life painfully acquired some knowledge of German, but as he grew old it slipped away from him; so that, at last, the aged couple were driven to the use of signs for daily intercourse.

Despite the best efforts of parents to keep alive an acquaintance with the mother tongue, it tends to disappear in the second generation. To be sure, at the present time, no less than about one in every sixteen of our entire population, according to the Census of 1900, cannot even speak the English language. Such ignorance of English of course tends more strongly to persist in isolated rural communities. The Pennsylvania German who, after over two hundred years of residence in America, can say, "*Ich habe mein Haus ge-painted and ge-white-washed,*" is a case in point. It is averred that, in some of the Polish colonies in Texas, even the Negroes speak Polish; as Swedish is used in Minnesota and the Dakotas, German in the long-standing Swiss colonies in Wisconsin, and French among the French Canadians in New England. On Cape Cod in Massachusetts, many rural schools are forced to have a separate room for the non-English-speaking pupils. But the desire, and even the economic necessity of learning English, is overwhelming in its potency.

In the transitional period of acquiring English, the dependence of the parents upon the children entirely reverses the customary relationship. Even young children, having learned to speak English in the public schools, are indispensable go-betweens for all intercourse with the public; and as a result they relegate the parents to a subordinate position before the world. Census enumerators and college-settlement workers agree in citing instances where the old people are commanded to "shut up," not to interfere in official conversations; or in the familiar admonition "not to speak until spoken to." The decadence of family authority and coherence due to this cause is indubitable. Thus it comes about that, already in the second generation, the barriers of language and religion against ethnic intermixture are everywhere breaking down. The English tongue readily comes into service; but, unfortunately, in respect of religion the traditional props and safeguards are knocked from under, without as yet, in too many instances, suitable substitutes of any sort being provided. From this fact arises the insistence of the problem of criminality among the descendants of our foreign-born. This is a topic of vital importance, but somewhat foreign to the immediate subject of this paper.

Among the influences tending to hinder ethnic intermixture, there remains to be mentioned the effect of concentration or segregation of the immigrants in compact colonies, which remain to all intents and purposes as truly outposts of the mother civilization as was Carthage or Treves. This phenomenon of concentration of our foreign-born, not only in the large cities but in the northeastern quarter of the United States, has become increasingly noticeable with the descending scale of nationality among the more recent immigrants. The Teutonic peoples have scattered widely, taking up land in the West. They have indeed populated the wilderness. But the Mediterranean, Slavic and Oriental peoples heap up in

the great cities; and with the exception of settlers in Chicago, seldom penetrate far inland. Literally four-fifths of all our foreign-born citizens now abide in the twelve principal cities of the country, which are mainly in the East. We thought it a menace in 1890 that 40 per cent of our immigrants were to be found in the North Atlantic States. But in the decade to 1900, four-fifths of the new-comers were settled there; the result being, in the latter year, not 40 but actually 80 per cent of the foreign-born of the United States residing in this already densely populated area. Four-fifths of the foreign-born of New York State, and two-thirds of those in Illinois, are now packed into the large towns.

To be sure, this phenomenon of urban congestion is not confined to the foreigner. Within a nineteen-mile radius of the City Hall in New York dwells 51 per cent of the population of the great state of New York together with 58 per cent of the population of the adjoining state of New Jersey. But the consequences of congestion are more serious among the foreign-born, heaped up as they are in the slums and purlieus. On the other hand, in the middle and far West the proportion of actual foreign-born has been steadily declining since 1890. Cities like Cincinnati or Milwaukee, once largely German, have now become Americanized. In the second and third generations, not recruited as actively as before by constant arrivals, the parent stock has become visibly diluted; and in the rural northwest, as the older Scandinavians die off, their places are being supplied by their American-born descendants, with an admixture, but to a lesser degree than before, of raw recruits from the old countries.

This phenomenon of concentration obviously tends to promote the survival of racial stocks in purity. In a dense colony of ten or fifty thousand Italians or Russian Jews, there need be little contact with other nationalities. The English language may intrude, and the old established religion may lose its potency; but

so far as physical contacts are concerned, the colony may be self-sufficient. Professor Buck found in the Czech colony in Chicago that, while forty-eight thousand children had both parents Bohemian, there were only seven hundred and ninety-nine who had only one parent of that nationality. Had there been only a small colony, the number of mixed marriages would have greatly increased. Thus the Irish in New York, according to the Census of 1885, preponderantly took Irish women to wife; but in Baltimore at the same time, where the Irish colony was small, about one in eight married native-born wives.

These facts illustrate the force of the influences to be overcome in the process of racial intermixture. Call it what you please, — "consciousness of kind," or "race instinct," — there will always be, as among animals, a disposition of distinct types to keep separate and apart. Among men, however, this seldom assumes concrete form in respect of physical type. Marriage appears to be rather a matter of social concern. There is no physical antipathy between different peoples. Oftentimes the attraction of a contrasted physical type is plainly discernible. The barriers to intermarriage between ethnic groups are more often based upon differences in economic status. The Italian "Dago" is looked down upon by the Irish, as in turn the Irishman used to be characterized by the Americans as a "Mick," or "Paddy." Any such social distinctions constitute serious handicaps in the matrimonial race; but on the other hand, as they are in consequence largely artificial, they tend to disappear with the demonstration of economic and social efficiency.

Our attention heretofore has been directed to a discussion of the influences making for or against a physical merger of these diverse peoples. It may now be proper to inquire how much of this intermixture there really is. Does it afford evidence of tendencies at work, which may in time achieve momentous results? VOL. 102 — NO. 6

The first cursory view of the field would lead one to deny that the phenomenon was yet of importance. The potency of the forces tending to restrict intermarriage seems too great. But on the other hand, from such concrete statistical data as are obtainable, it would seem that a fair beginning has already been made, considering the recency of the phenomenon. The general figures of the Federal Census are valueless in this connection. Although they indicate much intermarriage of the foreign-born with the native-born of foreign parentage, the overwhelming preponderance of this is, of course, confined to the same ethnic group. The immigrant Russian Jew or young Italian is merely mating with another of the same people, born in America of parents who were direct immigrants. The bride in such a case is as truly Jewish or Italian by blood as the groom, although her social status and economic condition may be appreciably higher. But evidence of true intermixture across ethnic lines is not entirely lacking. No less than 56,000 persons are enumerated in the Federal Census as being of mixed Irish and German parentage; and of these 13,400 were in New York State alone. German-English intermarriages are about as frequent, numbering 47,600. Irish and French Canadian marriages numbered 12,300, according to the same authority. Three times out of five, it is the French-Canadian man who aspires to an Irish bride. In the Northwest, the Irish and Swedes are said to be evincing a growing fondness for one another. For the newer nationalities, the numbers are, of course, smaller.

Some idea of the prevalence of mixed marriages is afforded by the specialized census data of 1900. Take one nationality, the Italians, for example. There were 484,207, in all, in the United States. Of these nearly one-half, or 218,810, had both parents Italian. Marriages of Italian mothers and American-born fathers produced 2747; while, conformably to the law already set forth, no less than 23,076

had Italian fathers and native-born mothers. There still remained 12,523 with Italian fathers, and mothers of some other non-American nationality; and 3911 with Italian mothers, and fathers neither American nor Italian-born. Thus of the 484,000 Italian contingent, nearly one-tenth proved to be of mixed descent. For the city of Boston, special inquiry showed that 236 Italians in a colony of 7900 were of mixed parentage, with predominantly Irish tendencies.

Mixed marriages are, of course, relatively infrequent; but at all events, as in these cases, they constitute a beginning. Sometimes they occur oftener, especially in the great centres of population where all are herded together in close order. Thus in a census, made by the Federation of Churches in New York, of the oldest part of the city south of Wall and Pine streets to the Battery, out of three hundred and seven families completely canvassed, it appeared that forty-nine were characterized by mixed marriages. This proportion of one in six is certainly too high for an average; but it is nearly equalled by the rather unreliable data afforded by the mortality statistics of Old New York for 1906, showing the parentage of decedents. This gave a proportion of one to eight as of mixed descent. How many of those called mixed were only offspring of unions of first and second generations of the same people is not, however, made clear. Some good authorities, such as Dr. Maurice Fischberg, do not hesitate to affirm that, even for the Jews, as a people, there is far more intermarriage with the Gentile population than is commonly supposed. In Boston, the most frequent form of intermarriage perhaps is between Jewish men and Irish or Irish-American women.

A few general observations upon the subject of racial intermixture may now be permitted. Is the result likely to be a superior or an inferior type? Will the future American two hundred years hence be better or worse, as a physical being, because of his mongrel origin? The

greatest confusion of thinking exists upon this topic. Evidence to support both sides of the argument is to be had for the seeking.

For the continent of Europe, it is indubitable that the highly mixed populations of the British Isles, of Northern France, of the Valley of the Po, and of Southern Germany, are superior in many ways to those of outlying or inaccessible regions where greater purity of type prevails. But the mere statement of these facts carries proof of the partial weakness of the reasoning. Why should not the people of the British Isles, of Northern France, and of the Po Valley be the best in Europe? Have they not enjoyed every advantage which salubrity of climate and fertility of soil can afford? Was it not, indeed, the very existence of these advantages which rendered these garden spots of the earth very Meccas of pilgrimage? Viewed in a still larger way, is it not indeed the very beneficence of Nature in these regards which has induced, or permitted, a higher evolution of the human species in Europe than in any of the other continents? The races certainly began even. Why then are the results for Europe as a whole so superior to-day? Alfred Russel Wallace, I am sure, would have been ready with a cogent reason. What right have we to dissociate these concomitantly operative influences of race and environment, and ascribe the superiority of physical type to the effect of intermixture alone? Yet, on the other hand, does not the whole evolutionary hypothesis compel us to accept some such favorable conclusion? What leads to the survival of the fittest, unless there be the opportunity for variation of type, from which effective choice by selection may result. And yet most students of biology agree in holding that the crossing of types must not be too violently extreme. Nature proceeds in her work by short and easy stages.

At this point the opportunity for the students of heredity, like Galton, Pearson, and their fellow workers, appears.

What, for instance, is the order of transmission of physical traits as between the two parents in any union? We have seen how unevenly assorted much of the intermixture in the United States tends to be. If, as between the Irish and the Italians, who are palpably evincing a tendency to mate together, it is commonly the Italian male who seeks the Irish wife; and if, as Pearson avers, inheritance in a line through the same sex is pre-potent over inheritance from the other sex; what interesting possibilities of hereditary physical differences may result!

An interesting query suggested by the results of scientific breeding and the study of inheritance among lower forms of animal life, is this: What chance is there that, out of this forcible dislocation and abnormal intermixture of all the peoples of the civilized world, there may emerge a physical type tending to revert to an ancestral one, older than any of the present European varieties? The law seems to be well supported elsewhere, that crossing between highly evolved varieties or types tends to bring about reversion to the original stock. The greater the divergence between the crossed varieties, the more powerful does the reversionary tendency become. Many of us are familiar with the evidence: such as the reversion among sheep to the primary dark type; and the emergence of the old wild blue rock-pigeon from blending of the fan-tail and pouter or other varieties. The same law is borne out in the vegetable world, the facts being well known to fruit-growers and horticulturists. The more recently acquired characteristics, especially those which are less fundamentally useful, are sloughed off; and the ancestral features common to all varieties emerge from dormancy into prominence. Issue need not be raised, as set forth by Dr. G. A. Reid, as to whether the result of cross-breeding is always in favor of reversion, and never of progression. But interesting possibilities linked up with this law may be suggested.

All students of natural science have

accepted the primary and proven tenets of the evolutionary hypothesis, —or rather, let us say, of the law of evolution. And all alike must acknowledge the subjection of the human species to the operation of the same great natural laws applicable to all other forms of life. It would have been profoundly suggestive to have heard from Huxley on a theme like this. We are familiar, in certain isolated spots in Europe, the Dordogne in France for example, with the persistence of certain physical types without change from pre-historic times. The modern peasant is the proven direct descendant of the man of the stone age. But here is another mode of access to that primitive type, or even an older one, running back to a time before the separation of European varieties of men began. Thus, to be more specific, there can be little doubt that the primitive type of European was brunette, probably with black eyes and hair and a swarthy skin. Teutonic blondness is certainly an acquired trait, not very recent, to be sure, judged by historic standards, but as certainly not old, measured by evolutionary time. What probability is there that in the unions of rufous Irish and dark Italian types a reversion in favor of brunetteness may result? Anthropologists have waged bitter warfare for years over the live issue as to whether the first Europeans were long-headed or broad-headed; that is to say, Negroid or Asiatic in derivation. May not an interesting and valuable bit of evidence be found in the results of racial intermixture, as it is bound to occur in the United States?

A relatively unimportant, yet theoretically very interesting, detail of the subject of racial intermixture is suggested in Westermarck's brilliant *History of Human Marriage*. It is a well-known statistical law that, almost the world over, there are more boys than girls born into the world. The normal ratio of births is about one hundred and five males to one hundred females. Students have long sought the reasons for this irregularity;

but nothing has yet been proved conclusively. Westermarck brings together much evidence to show that this proportion of the sexes at birth is affected by the amount of in-breeding in any social group, the crossing of different stocks tending to increase the percentage of female births. Thus, among the French half-breeds and mulattos in America, among mixed Jewish marriages, and in South and Central America, female births may at times even overset the difference and actually preponderate over male births. The interest of this topic lies in the fact that it is unique among social phenomena in being, so far as we know, independent of the human will. It is the expression of what may truly be denominated natural law.

Westermarck's general biological reasoning is that, inasmuch as the rate of increase of any animal community is dependent upon the number of productive females, a sort of accommodation takes place in each case between the potential rate of increase of the group and its means of subsistence, or chance of survival. More females at birth is the response of Nature to an increasingly favorable environment or condition. In-and-in breeding is undoubtedly injurious to the welfare of any species. As such, according to Westermarck, it is accompanied by a decline in the proportion of females born. This is the expression of Nature's disapproval of the practice; while intermixture tends, contrariwise, to produce a relative increase of the female sex. Certain it is that an imposing array of evidence can be marshaled to give color to the hypothesis. Our suggestion at this point is that here, in the racial intermixture just now beginning in the United States, and sure to assume tremendous proportions in the course of time, will be afforded an opportunity to study man in his relation to a great natural law, in a way never before rendered possible. Statistical material is at present too meagre and vague; but one may confidently look forward to such an

improvement in this regard that an inviting field of research will be laid bare.

The significance of the rapidly increasing immigration from Europe in recent years is vastly enhanced by other social conditions in the United States. A powerful process of social selection is apparently at work among us. Racial heterogeneity, due to the direct influx of foreigners in large numbers, is aggravated by their relatively high rate of reproduction after arrival; and, in many instances, by their surprisingly sustained tenacity of life, greatly exceeding that of the native-born American. Relative submergence of the domestic Anglo-Saxon stock is strongly indicated for the future. "Race suicide," marked by a low and declining birth-rate, as is well known, is a world-wide social phenomenon of the present day. Nor is it by any means confined solely to the so-called upper classes. It is so notably a characteristic of democratic communities that it may be regarded as almost a direct concomitant of equality of opportunity among men. To this tendency, the United States is no exception; in fact, together with the Australian commonwealths, it affords one of the most striking illustrations of present-day social forces.

Owing to the absence of reliable data, it is impossible to state what the actual birth-rate of the United States as a whole may be. But for certain commonwealths the statistical information is ample and accurate. From this evidence it appears that for those communities, at least, to which the European immigrant resorts in largest numbers, the birth-rate is almost the lowest in the world. France and Ireland alone among the great nations of the earth stand lower in the scale. This relativity is shown by the following table, giving the number of births in each case per thousand of population.

Birth-Rate (approximate)

Hungary	40
Austria	37
Germany	36
Italy	35

Holland	33
England; Scotland }	30
Norway; Denmark }	
Australia; Sweden	27
Massachusetts; Michigan	25
Connecticut; Rhode Island	24
Ireland	23
France	22
New Hampshire	20 (?)

This crude birth-rate of course is subject to several technical corrections, and should not be taken at its full face value. Moreover, it may be unfair to generalize for the entire rural West and South from the data for densely populated communities. And yet, as has been observed, it is in our thickly settled eastern states that the newer type of immigrant tends to settle. Consequently, it is the birth-rate in these states, as compared with that of the new-comer, upon which racial survival will ultimately depend.

The birth-rate in the United States in the days of its Anglo-Saxon youth was one of the highest in the world. The best of authority traces the beginning of its decline to the first appearance about 1850 of immigration on a large scale. Our great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, estimated six children to a normal American family in his day. The average at the present time is slightly above two. For 1900 it is calculated that there are only about three-fourths as many children to potential mothers in America as there were forty years ago. Were the old rate of the middle of the century sustained, there would be fifteen thousand more births yearly in the state of Massachusetts than now occur. In the course of a century the proportion of our entire population consisting of children under the age of ten has fallen from one-third to one-quarter. This, for the whole United States, is equivalent to the loss of about seven million children. So alarming has this phenomenon of the falling birth-rate become in the Australian colonies that, in New South Wales, a special governmental commission has voluminously reported upon the subject. It is estimated that there has been a decline of about one-third in the fruit-

fulness of the people in fifteen years. New Zealand even complains of the lack of children to fill her schools. The facts concerning the stagnation, nay, even the retrogression, of the population of France, are too well known to need description. But in these other countries the problem is relatively simple, as compared with our own. Their populations are homogeneous, and ethnically, at least, are all subject to these social tendencies to the same degree. The danger with us lies in the fact that this low and declining birth-rate is primarily confined to the Anglo-Saxon contingent. The immigrant European horde, at all events until recently, has continued to reproduce upon our soil with well-sustained energy.

Baldly stated, the birth-rate among the foreign-born in Massachusetts is about three times that of the native-born. Childless marriages are one-third less frequent. This somewhat exaggerates the contrast because of differing conditions as to age and sex in the two classes. The difference, nevertheless, is very great. Kuczynski has made detailed investigations as to the relative fecundity of different racial groups. The fruitfulness of English-Canadian women in Massachusetts is twice that of the Massachusetts-born; of the Germans and Scandinavians, it is two and one-half times as great; of the French Canadians, it is thrice; and of the Portuguese, four times. Even among the Irish, who are characterized now-a-days everywhere by a low birth-rate, the fruitfulness of the women is fifty per cent greater than for the Massachusetts native-born. The reasons for this relatively low fecundity of the domestic stock are, of course, much the same as in Australia and in France. But with us, it is as well the "poor white" among the New England hills or in the Southern States as the town-dweller, who appears content with few children or none. The foreign immigrant marries early and children continue to come until much later in life than among the native-born. It may make all the difference between an increasing or declining popula-

tion whether the average age of marriage is twenty years or twenty-nine years.

The contrast for supremacy between the Anglo-Saxon stock and its rivals may be stated in another way. Whereas only about one-ninth of the married women among the French-Canadians, Irish, and Germans are childless, the proportion among the American-born and the English-Canadians is as high as one in five. A century ago about two per cent of barren marriages was the rule. Is it any wonder that serious students contemplate the racial future of Anglo-Saxon America with some concern? They have seen the passing of the American Indian and the buffalo; and now they query as to how long the Anglo-Saxon may be able to survive.

On the other hand, evidence is not lacking to show that in the second generation of these immigrant peoples, a sharp and considerable, nay in some cases a truly alarming, decrease in fruitfulness occurs. The crucial time among all our new-comers from Europe has always been in this second generation. The old customary ties and usages have been abruptly sundered; and new associations, restraints, and responsibilities have not yet been formed. Particularly is this true of the forces of family discipline and religion, as has already been observed. Until the coming of the Hun, the Italian, and the Slav, at least, it has been among the second generation of foreigners in America, rather than among the raw immigrants, that criminality has been most prevalent; and it is now becoming evident that it is this second generation in which the influence of democracy and of novel opportunity makes itself apparent in the sharp decline of fecundity. In some communities the Irish-Americans have a lower birth-rate even than the native-born. Dr. Engelmann, on the basis of a large practice, has shown that among the St. Louis Germans, the proportion of barren marriages is almost unprecedentedly high. Corroborative, although technically inconclusive, evidence from the Registra-

tion Reports of the State of Michigan appears in the following suggestive table, showing the nativity of parents and the number of children per marriage annually in each class.

	Children
German father; American-born mother	2.5
American-born father; German mother	2.3
German father; German mother	6.
American-born father; American-born mother	1.8

I have been at some pains to secure personal information concerning the foreign colonies in some of our large cities, notably New York. Dr. Maurice Fishberg for the Jews, and Dr. Antonio Stella for the Italians, both notable authorities, confirm the foregoing statements. Among the Italians particularly, the conditions are positively alarming. Peculiar social conditions influencing the birth-rate, and the terrific mortality induced by overcrowding, lack of sanitation, and the unaccustomed rigors of the climate, make it doubtful whether the Italian colony in New York will ever be physically self-sustaining. Thus it appears that forces are at work which may check the relatively higher rate of reproduction of the immigrants, and perhaps reduce it more nearly to the Anglo-Saxon level.

On the other hand, the vitality of these immigrants is surprisingly high in some instances, particularly where they attain an open-air rural life. The birth-rate stands high, and the mortality remains low. Such are the ideal conditions for rapid reproduction of the species. On the other hand, when overcrowded in the slums of great cities, ignorant and poverty-stricken, the infant mortality is very high, largely offsetting, it may be, the high birth-rate. The mortality rate among the Italians in New York is said to be twice as high as in Italy. Yet some of these immigrants, such as the Scandinavians, are peculiarly hardy and enduring. Perhaps the most striking instance is that of the Jews, both Russian and Polish. According to the Census of 1890, their death-rate was only one-half that of the native-

born American. For three of the most crowded wards in New York City, the death-rate of the Irish was 36 per thousand; for the Germans, 22; for natives of the United States, 45; while for the Jews it was only 17 per thousand. By actuarial computation at these relative rates, starting at birth with two groups of one thousand Jews and Americans respectively, the chances would be that the first half of the Americans would die within 47 years; while for the Jews this would not occur until after 71 years. Social selection at that rate would be bound to produce very positive results in a century or two.

At the outset, confession was made that it was too early as yet to draw positive conclusions as to the probable outcome of this great ethnic struggle for dominance and survival. The great heat and sweat of it is yet to come. Wherever the Anglo-Saxon has fared forth into new lands, his supremacy in his chosen field, whatever that may be, has been manfully upheld. India was never contemplated as a centre for settlement; but Anglo-Saxon law, order, and civilization have prevailed. In Australia, where nature has offered inducements for actual colonization, the Anglo-Saxon line is apparently assured of physical ascendancy. But the great domain of Canada, greater than one can conceive who has not traversed its northwestern empire, is subject to the same physical danger which confronts us in the United States, — actual physical submergence of the English stock by a

flood of continental European peoples. And yet, after all, is the word "danger" well considered for use in this connection? What are the English people, after all, but a highly evolved product of racial blending? To be sure, all the later crosses, the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, have been of allied Teutonic origin at least. Yet, encompassing these racial phenomena with the wide, sweeping vision of Darwin, Huxley, or Wallace, dare we deny an ultimate unity of origin to all the peoples of Europe? Our feeble attempts at ethnic analysis cannot at the best reach further back than to secondary sources. And the primary physical brotherhood of all branches of the white race, nay, even of all the races of men, must be admitted on faith, — not the faith of dogma, but the faith of scientific probability. It is only in their degree of physical and mental evolution that the races of men are different.

Great Britain has its "white man's burden" to bear in India and Africa; we have ours to bear with the American Negro and the Filipino. But an even greater responsibility with us, and with the people of Canada, is that of the "Anglo-Saxon's burden," — so to nourish, uplift, and inspire all these immigrant peoples of Europe that, in due course of time, even if the Anglo-Saxon stock be physically inundated by the engulfing flood, the torch of its civilization and ideals may still continue to illuminate the way.

ENTER "HERR KAPELLMEISTER"

BY WILLIAM E. WALTER

THE old word *Kapellmeister* sticks in Teutonic music, even if it has lost much of its original significance. Thousands of batons have beaten the air with ever-progressive energy since old Sebastian Bach used to plod along to the Thomaschule to try the new cantata he had written since breakfast. The master of His Serene Highness's little band, who accepted his dole with becoming gratitude, has grown mightily into a lordly person, whose comings and goings are followed with eager interest by a great public; whose income matches that of many a princeling, in bygone days a patron of the divine art; whose instrument is a band of a hundred fiddlers, wind-blowers, and drum-beaters; a despot in his own realm, before whom all his subjects bow in submissive obedience.

When ladies wore wide-reaching hoops and towering coiffures, when gentlemen in their tailoring rivaled birds of paradise, when coaches were hung on straps, and wonderful fiddles were being made, the Herr Kapellmeister of His Serene Highness, the Grand Duke of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel, was a man of rare versatility, untiring industry, and admirable humility. The organist in the Court Church, he wrote the music he played, toccatas, fugues, and preludes by the dozen. The choir-master, he composed most of the cantatas, masses, and anthems. The leader of His Serene Highness's orchestra, — the symphonies, overtures, suites, and chamber music heard at the evening concert were usually the offspring of his fertile brain. Between times he taught the fiddle, clavier, and harpsichord to the children of his patron, wrote music for special festive occasions, and now and then, merely to show that he was not idling, he would make a

new setting for an opera book by Metastasio.

Let us take a day of his life. In the blackness of a northern winter morning he crawls out of his warm feather-bed into the chill of an unheated room, and with his nightcap still tight over his ears, his fingers stiff with cold, he sets music to an Ode by the Court Poet in celebration of the beauties of Her Serene Highness's lap-dog, — an ancient and dilapidated beast, but a most important personage. This done, he calls his musicians and singers and rehearses it for the evening concert. Then he is off to the church to start a new cantata for next Sunday's service and rehearse it. Next come lessons, perhaps; then a bit of work on his new opera or symphony; and finally, in the evening, the great event of the day, the court concert. In the dim soft light of candles, he is seated at his harpsichord at the end of the salon. About him are his band of ten, fifteen, or, perhaps, as the occasion is particularly notable, twenty players, and his singers. The audience is Their Serene Highnesses and their court, and with nervous patience Herr Kapellmeister watches for the Serene Nod which is the signal to begin. The Nod is given, and, beating time with his right hand and filling in the accompaniment on the harpsichord with his left, Herr Kapellmeister reveals to the distinguished company his latest masterpiece, on which the ink is hardly dry. At the end, he is permitted to kiss the Graciously Serene Hand. Perhaps, if Her Serene Highness is particularly serene, he is bidden to sit at the foot of the supper table, an honor his children cherish the memory of. Then back to his feather-bed, to be out again before dawn to write by candle-light a ballet, perhaps, to be

danced in honor of the birthday of His Serene Highness's *belle amie*.

A century and a half later, the bewildered Shade of this humble servitor of art is placed in a huge, glaring concert-hall where (*vide* posters outside) Herr Einzweiuiddrei, the distinguished conductor, is to give his own peculiarly moving and temperamental reading of that monumental tone-poem, "The Family Dinner," the *dernier cri* of the Music of the Future. (We use the language of the Passionate Press Agent.) The Shade sees tier rising on tier of seats, filled with women in gay clothes and men extraordinarily sombre. There are two, three thousand of them. At one end of the hall is a vast platform on which, likewise in rising tiers of seats, are as many musicians as the Grand Duchy of Kalbsbraten-Pumpnickel had men in its army.

A door at the side of the stage opens. A hush falls on the multitude, to be followed by a thunder of welcoming applause as Herr Kapellmeister Einzweiuiddrei walks in with the haughty step of conscious greatness and takes his place on the podium. Is there a Graciously Serene Highness to give the signaling nod to begin? Were he there, he would be but one of the crowd. A new master has come, for Herr Kapellmeister Einzweiuiddrei, after accepting the welcome of the audience with dignified condescension, turns his back on it, beats a sharp rat-tat-tat on his music-stand with his baton, and then, if silence is not immediate, turns and glares at his admirers as if he would spank them all, individually and collectively. The latent threat brings quiet. Breathless ushers slam the doors in the faces of late-comers, the baton is raised, and — but why attempt to describe the effect of this tone-poem on the primitive ears of the Eighteenth-Century Shade?

And does Herr Kapellmeister Einzweiuiddrei wait anxiously for a summons to kiss the hand of a Serene Highness? He is hardly in his green-room before he is surrounded by a throng of

eager, palpitating women who are in a seventh heaven of delight does he vouchsafe them a smile and a word. And a seat at the foot of a supper-table? The whole table is his if he will but have it. And a feather-bed in a cold room? A costly fur coat, a costly automobile, and a costly apartment in a costly house, are a part of the rewards of the Shade's descendant if he will have them; but more often than not, he limits himself to the fur coat. Herr Einzweiuiddrei is usually of a thrifty and saving turn of mind, and the feather-bed tradition is still strong within him.

It is indeed a far cry from the Kapellmeister of the eighteenth century to the Kapellmeister of to-day. They have, of course, one trait in common. Both are musicians. Sometimes, alas! they may have another. Both may be composers, but with this difference: the ancient man was first a composer, and then a conductor. Force of circumstances compelled him to be a conductor, for, as all conductors were composers, how could he ever reveal to the world his works if he did not conduct them himself? But the modern man has no such excuse. He is a conductor, pure and simple, and if he composes, it is usually against the wishes of his employers. Yet, even in this respect, there remains a strong similarity between them. *Kapellmeistermusik* to-day, if different, is no better than *Kapellmeistermusik* of a hundred and fifty years ago; and what grand ducal and princely library in Europe has not reams of dead, gone, and forgotten manuscript rotting in the dust of a century and a half? As it was then, so is it now, and so, it seems, it must be hereafter; yet we who have to listen to it will often wish that Herr Einzweiuiddrei, when he composes, had the primitive ears of his ancestor in art.

Beethoven's imperious rappings of Fate did more than usher in the first movement of his Fifth Symphony. They breached a hole in the confining walls which kept the conductor a time-beating prisoner, and through it he saw a sun-

lit vista of smiling prospects, full of promise of the day when he could scorn the metronome and all it implies. Tempo was to become, in the words of a distinguished conductor of to-day, a "matter between man and his God," and the composer must grin and bear it. Formal music for formal beauty's sake had ceased with Mozart and Haydn. Conductors could not go far wrong with it, for the orchestras were small and simple, and the time strict and easy to beat. The conductor usually sat at the harpsichord, filling in the accompaniment, and now and then with his right hand indicating the changes of time. But with Beethoven came a new element, and in his music the Herr Einzweihunddrei of to-day was born.

Music was found to have a heart as well as a lovely face, and straightway a new and strange task confronted the Kapellmeister. He must not merely portray the beauty of form which had been all but self-evident, but he must reveal and interpret the emotions which lie behind it, and are now a part of it. Then came the men who discovered instrumental color, who, when they had not the tools with which to supply it, invented them, — Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner. After them came others who, finding that Mozart had exhausted the formal beauty of music, that Beethoven had drained the cups of sorrow and gladness, of despair and hope, of tragedy and comedy, that Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner had consumed all the colors that could be mixed on the orchestral palette, turned to other directions, orchestrated philosophical tracts, mystical and symbolical plays, cities, towns, and countries, to say nothing of the "Family Dinner," which is one of Herr Einzweihunddrei's specialties. With each step forward came more orchestra. With each step forward came new demands, mental and physical, on Herr Kapellmeister, until, by a process of which he and the public were almost unconscious, he was able one day to rise in his might and exclaim, "*La mu-*

sique, c'est moi!" and all the world applauded.

It may be that the glamour of romance will not keep his memory green as it has those of the Caffarellis and Farinellis, the Rubinis and Marios of the past, and as it probably will those of the de Reszkes and Carusos of the present. It may be that he will never have the adulation given to the Malibrans and Frezzolinis, the Grisis and Linds, the Pattis and Melbas of the lyric stage. It may be that he will never scale the giddy heights of fame attained now and then by a pianist like Paderewski, and a fiddler like Paganini. But one thing is certain. Whatever tradition, myth, and the obituary editor of the daily newspaper may do with him after he is dead and gone, while he is in life he is now, and probably forever will be, master of them all. Whether his field is a little obscure municipal theatre in the German provinces, or one of the great opera houses of the world; whether he is at the head of a great permanent orchestra, or is a wandering star who travels from city to city exhibiting his prowess with the baton, his word is law wherever he is, and none is so big as to dispute it. Tenor and soprano, alto and bass, and the entire army of virtuosi, bow humbly before him when he shakes his shaggy mane and glares with his omnipotent eye. Composers sit on his doorsteps, waiting to thrust their latest work into his hand. His musicians are his "children" — when his temper is unruffled; otherwise they are "shoemakers," "cattle," and *Schweinerei*. If he is subject to any one, it is to his wife; and as to the Kapellmeister's wife, some day another Daudet may come to celebrate her.

The process by which the star conductor of to-day is evolved is long and tedious. He may be no *Wunderkind* to enrapture a public with his precocity. There is no royal road to his greatness except that road which is made royal by hard labor. To be sure, when he has all but arrived, the end of the journey may be hastened by the use of certain factors

which will hardly come under the heading of "Music;" but, first of all, he must build his edifice of success on a solid foundation of musical routine, secured only by years of drudgery. The time was, and not so many years ago, when most conductors rather drifted into that branch of the art. They started their careers as virtuosi, — pianists, violinists, cellists; or they rose out of the ranks of the orchestra; or they were pushed forward by some influential composer in whose music they had become specialists; such is the history of nearly all the great men of the baton we now have with us. But conditions are changing rapidly, and the famous Herr Kapellmeister of to-morrow has been dedicated to his career in his youth, and his whole work has been directed to the single aim of making him a conductor.

His early training differs little from that of the lad who is to become a virtuoso of some instrument, except that no one instrument monopolizes his attention. The musician's beast of burden, the patient piano, he studies, of course, and he studies at least one other instrument, the violin, or 'cello, the horn, or one of the wood-winds, for some day he must play in an orchestra and get that part of his routine. Theory and composition he must study, too, and here his greatest danger lies. He may imagine himself a composer; and, while being a poor composer does not necessarily involve spoiling a good conductor, his position enables him to inflict his compositions on the public, and he is too often perniciously active in this direction. Bitter experience has taught us that a few good composers are good conductors. Bitter experience has taught us that fewer good conductors are good composers.

In course of time he has mastered the rudiments of his profession. He can give a respectable performance of a not too difficult concerto for piano. Perhaps he can do the same with the violin or whatever other instrument he has chosen to supplement the piano. He can transcribe to the piano at sight any manuscript

orchestral score, so that he will understand it fairly well if the auditor does not. He has played enough in an orchestra to know what is sufficient for his purpose of the routine of such work, and while doing so he may have been under the baton of some great man whose "readings" of the masterpieces he has duly observed and noted. Then he is ready for the next step. He will go to this same great man, or to some one else equally illustrious, to "study scores," particularly to learn the "traditions;" or he may go to several: to Herr This for Beethoven, Herr That for Brahms, and Herr Such-a-One for Wagner, each of these being a noted authority in these several composers. Perhaps he may enter a class of conducting which has been organized by a distinguished Kapellmeister who allows his pupils to practice on his orchestra every now and then. But whatever the method adopted, sooner or later he is ready for his real apprenticeship to begin.

He may preface this by hiring an orchestra in one of the large cities, and giving an interminable concert with an impossible programme of all schools and periods, just to show the metal that is in him. It is possible, nay, probable, that if he be an ambitious composer as well as a budding Kapellmeister, he will have some of his own compositions on the programme. He knows that his invited guests will be kind, when speaking to him, and if the critics in their notices are not kind, they are dolts. Now and then, at long intervals, a genius or quasi-genius appears, who gets a fairly good berth by means of his concert, but as a rule his career starts when he is appointed assistant conductor in some minor opera house. The title is euphemistic. He is really a chorus-master. He drills the chorus, coaches the singers in their parts, and presides at the piano when the real Kapellmeister is holding piano rehearsals. Now and then he may be allowed to conduct a "hurdy-gurdy" opera of the early Italian school, but no-

thing of importance is intrusted to him. The Kapellmeister will take good care of that, especially if his assistant has talent.

Let us hope that the rapidity of his rise will depend upon his talent for music and talent for work; but often, it must be admitted, it depends as much on his talent for intrigue. However that may be, we see him go up slowly, but surely, as assistant conductor through third- and second-rate opera houses, third- and second-rate orchestras and singing societies, until the happy day comes when he finds himself a Hofkapellmeister, it may be in the little grand duchy of Kalbsbraten-Pumpnickel, but Hofkapellmeister none the less. There he is at the parting of the ways. On the one hand is a life of comfortable and obscure mediocrity with a modest but certain pension for his old age. On the other hand are the glare and glitter of a career which may bring wealth and fame, and surely will involve ceaseless struggles, intrigues without end, and petticoat politics such as the British War Office has not dreamed of. Women are a powerful factor in music.

If he decides to turn his back on the humdrum, pleasant life of the little capital where he is a personage, to follow the strenuous career of a star conductor, there is much for him to do. Above all else, he must make himself known, and, to attract the attention of the omnivorous paragrapher, he must plan to be a little different from his colleagues. Novelty is the best asset he can have, after talent — and his best chance for advancement now lies in the public press. He may write music, music which requires a little larger orchestra than was ever gathered together before him. He may write books, essays, critiques, brochures, on musical and quasi-musical subjects, and, by injecting a little more acid into his opinions than others have, get the required publicity in this fashion. He may discover in his grand ducal library the music of his predecessor of the eighteenth century, and

proclaim it to the world as surpassing that of Bach or Mozart. That will certainly make talk, and there are always those who will endorse an opinion derogatory of those whose fame time has made secure. He may discover a new genius whose music is more cacophonous, therefore greater, than any ever written; and he will haunt those wonderful and fearful festivals of new music that are held in Germany every spring, where, if his enterprise is great, he will soon conduct some of it, and perhaps be the founder of his composer's cult. A poor creature is that composer-to-day who has not his cult to proclaim his genius, and it is very good business for a young conductor to father such a movement. He may even have some deftly devised *chroniques scandaleuses* told of him. The favor of a great lady still casts a romantic light over the fortunate man, and may be regarded distinctly as an asset.

And while he is doing one, two, or all of these things, he is cultivating his own individuality. He may not be entirely conscious of it, for his ambition — or obsession — has made it a habit, but he is doing it none the less. His manner before an audience, for example: temperament and constitution of mind determine it in the rough, practice makes perfect. So we have the conductor who is ascetic in manner and sparing in gesture; the conductor who rages like a Berserker; the conductor who weaves lovely arabesques in the air, with beautiful hands and expansive white cuffs; the conductor who will rouse the envy of any virtuoso in ground and lofty tumbling; the conductor of military stolidity; the conductor of rhapsodic lyricism; the conductor who uses a yard-stick for a baton; the conductor who uses none. All these peculiarities in their perfection mean work, and much of it.

Nor is his preparation for his career finished even now. There are his "readings" of the classics which, after all, are the back-bone of music. In these, our

Kapellmeister is an interpreter of either the objective or the subjective school. A sufficient definition of these adjectives in music is yet to be made, but they sound well and are much used. Perhaps the difference is that the objective conductor is more careful of the wishes of the dead-and-gone composer than his subjective brother, and sticks to the text more closely. At any rate, our conductor is one or the other, and if he does not present himself as a peculiarly authoritative interpreter of Beethoven or Brahms, Mozart or Schumann, he is sure to take some works by these masters which he turns into what are flippantly known as battle-horses. He discovers in them some hitherto undiscovered beauty or meaning, and by a twist in the tempo here, and the raising of an inner voice there, he sets the critical big-wigs talking about him, it makes no difference whether for or against, and possibly — *O terque, quaterque beatus!* — he creates a "tradition."

And now, his apprenticeship finished, all that is needed is the opportunity, and that will not be lacking. Good conductors are too few for any to go begging. He is lifted from the obscurity of the German provinces into the welcome glare of the metropolis. He is invited here and there to be "guest." London hears of him and "discovers" him. Paris follows in the footsteps of London, and then our

Herr Kapellmeister looks longingly across the stormy Atlantic to the Land of Promise and Dollars, a field that lies fallow waiting for his artistic plough, a land whose dollar is four times the value of a reichsmark, and much more plentiful. The call is sure to come, for America is curious if not artistic, and if it does not accept him at his own artistic worth, and at that which Germany has placed on him (and, strangely enough, this sometimes happens), what matters it? Who goes to barbarous, money-grubbing America except for money?

The music of Richard Strauss is not further away from the music of Karl Ditters von Dittersdorf than the Kapellmeister of to-day is from the Kapellmeister we have seen doing his daily stint of music for the Grand Duke of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel, when Ditters was held a revolutionary genius because his music melted Phaëthon's wings. The modern conductor is the superman of music. He looks down with benign contempt on all others who practice the art, for they are all his servants, — singers, executants, and composers. He has no rival, nor has he fear of one. Only one tiny speck is to be seen on his horizon. What if the time should come when we should have mechanical orchestras, one in every home, to be paid for on the installment plan?

AND SON

BY CAROLINE BRETT McLEAN

On opening his "shop" one morning, Paudeen saw the face of a little boy at the window of a room in the building opposite. A placard setting forth that the room was "To let" had been in the window for so long that Paudeen had come to think the room would never find a tenant. He had not seen the moving in, night being the favorite time for flitting in that neighborhood, but there was the little boy looking across at him, — a very little boy he must be, for only his head was visible above the sash. Paudeen did not care particularly for little boys — except just one. The little boys he knew were apt to run after him, and call him "crazy Paudeen," and throw things at him. The exception, the one he did care for, would never throw things at any one or call him names, even if he were a crippled little old cobbler reputed to be crazy because he talked to some one that nobody else ever saw, and acted as if that someone was always beside him.

He went inside now, after scrutinizing the new-comer. Shoes in various stages of dilapidation awaited his attention. But he was not yet ready to begin his day's work. A little stool stood close to his bench. The stool was empty, and to ordinary eyes it had always been empty; but Paudeen always saw it occupied by a little fair-haired boy who looked up at him as he worked, and whose hair he stroked many times an hour. He stooped over the stool now, and his hand went through the motion of hair-stroking. Paudeen really felt a curly crop of hair beneath his fingers, although there was only empty space there.

"There's a little boy moved in forinst us," he said. "There he's now at the winda, jus' yer own size about. But we won't want him round, will we? We don't

want to play wid no little boys; we're contint to be wid oursel's, are n't we?"

The little boy he talked to had never wanted to play with other little boys. He had been too little when he went away to want anything like that. It was years since he had gone away, he and his mother, when they had been scarcely a couple of hours in the new land where there was a chance for every one, and where Paudeen was to wax rich and great, and the little boy was to be "gentleman."

After the railway accident, Paudeen was not so well able to work as he had been before. But that did not matter; he had no one to work for now. He had no more dreams of becoming rich. So long as he earned enough for his everyday needs, that was all he wanted, and, crippled as he was, he still could do that.

And after a while the little boy came back to him. It was then people began to call him "crazy Paudeen." Paudeen did not care what they called him. He was very happy. His dreams of becoming rich and great did not come back with the little boy. Nothing like that mattered any more. The little boy had everything he wanted now, without the need of exertion on Paudeen's part. He had been a very, very little boy when he went away; when he came back he was bigger, five or six years old, maybe. Paudeen knew that he would never grow any older, would never outgrow the little stool he had made for him in the first days of his coming; that the curly head would never grow beyond reach of his hand as he sat at his bench, working. And this made Paudeen very happy, too.

Every morning before he started to work, Paudeen went to a box that stood in a corner over against his bench and set the contents of it out on a shelf built above

it. He proceeded to do so now. He took from the box many pairs of little shoes and laid them all out on the shelf above. Then he placed them in careful order. Looking at the array of shoes, one could see the progress of the little boy's growth. First came a pair of softest material, snowy white, into which Paudeen could scarcely insert one finger, — obviously the very first foot covering; and on down to a pair of stout little shoes such as a sturdy boy of six might wear. Into the fashioning of those little shoes Paudeen had put his utmost skill. When they were set out in order, he began his day's work.

He talked happily to the little boy beside him that day, as was his wont, but his eyes often wandered to the window opposite at which the strange little boy stood. Paudeen had never known a little boy, except the one, to be quiet so long. There was no sign of any other occupant of the room. Once Paudeen leaned forward to wipe his window-pane, so that he might see more clearly, and then restrained himself.

"We don't care nothin' for no other little boys, do we," he asked. "We're contint to be wid oursel's, are n't we? But he stands the quietest of any little fella iver I seen," he added to himself in a different tone. Somehow Paudeen was sorry because the little boy stood so very quiet.

A little after six o'clock a strange woman came along the street and went into the building opposite, and the boy's face disappeared from the window.

"Pr'aps his mother does have to go out workin' and lave him alone," Paudeen commented.

In the morning his first glance was across the street. The little boy was already at the window.

"I wonder if she laves him iv'ry day?" he said to himself. "That 'ud be hard on the little fella. I won't niver have to lave you," he said happily to the little boy who kept him company, "an' you won't niver lave me ayther, will you?" he asserted.

That day Paudeen cleaned his window on both sides. The little boy across the street watched him interestedly while he did it. It was a very narrow back street, with little traffic. Probably the little boy took as much note of Paudeen as Paudeen did of him; there was so very little else to watch.

"I ben goin' to clane that winda iv'ry day for a month," Paudeen said half apologetically to the little boy on the stool. "It half blinded me to look out o' it." He did not want to have him think that he had cleaned the window in order to see the little boy across the street more plainly.

However, before the window-cleaning was accomplished, Paudeen found himself nodding and smiling across the street quite openly. The strange little boy did not respond, a fact which disconcerted Paudeen to quite a remarkable degree, until he remembered that the opposite window was very dingy, too; perhaps the little boy had not seen him nod and smile.

Either Paudeen opened his shop earlier than usual the next day, or the stranger woman was later in starting for her work. She emerged from the building opposite as Paudeen loitered in his doorway, drinking in the comparatively fresh air of the morning. He stepped half-way across the pavement and put himself in her way.

"The little fella 'll be lonesome bein' be himsel' all day."

The woman looked at him without any surprise. She was stout and red-faced, with massive arms and shoulders, but her countenance was not unkindly.

"Then he'll just have to be lonesome," she said, with a sharpness that, however, had a note of apology in it. "It's the best I can do for him. People that you work for won't be bothered with a young 'un round. I just have to lock him in all day."

"If ye'd lave him so that he could run in an' out, I'd — I'd be havin' an eye on him," suggested Paudeen diffidently.

The woman looked at him for a moment, then without a word turned and went back into the building. In a few

minutes she reappeared, leading the little boy by the hand.

"He won't be a bit o' trouble, and there's his dinner." She thrust a newspaper-covered bundle into Paudeen's hand. "I got to hustle," she announced, "or I'll be late."

She was half-way up the street before Paudeen recovered from the amazement such swift action had thrown him into. He looked ruefully after her disappearing form. Between "havin' an' eye" on the little boy, and having to look after him all day, there was a wide difference. The little boy stood very still — he had a wonderful faculty for standing still, exhibiting neither curiosity nor strangeness.

"We'd best go in," Paudeen said at last, reluctantly.

The little boy docilely followed him in.

A tiny room where Paudeen slept and ate led off the "shop." Into this he disappeared for a moment, and when he returned the strange little boy was sitting on the stool that stood beside his bench, looking about him with big, dark, solemn eyes.

Paudeen stood still. He had received a shock. Of course, two little boys could not occupy the one seat, and the little boy who had occupied it for years was gone. Paudeen looked all about the room as if he expected to see him hiding in some corner; but no, only the strange little boy was there.

"He did n't want no other little boy in his place," Paudeen said to himself in dismay. "Mebbe if I was to ask the little fella not to sit there —"

But there was really nowhere else for the little boy to sit. Something like anger came into Paudeen's eyes as he looked at him, this stranger who had ousted the little boy who rightfully belonged there. But in a moment the anger died away.

"'T was me own fault for askin' him, an' I need n't be wantin' to blame the little fella. *He'll* come back when he goes. We niver wanted no other little

boys round, did we?" he asked, reverting to his usual habit of speaking aloud, and his voice grew all of a sudden joyous. He was almost glad now that the little boy had not stayed while this other little boy was here. It proved so conclusively the assertion he was fond of making, that they "did n't want no other little boys around."

And because the little boy to whom they belonged was not here, for the first time in years Paudeen started his day's work without setting out that row of little shoes on the shelf. But he found that, while he could temporarily sustain the little boy's absence, he could not work without that array of little shoes before his eyes. So, presently, he got up and set them out, and the strange little boy watched him with big solemn eyes.

Paudeen found that day very long. He was lonesome for the little boy who had gone. Sometimes he would forget, and his hand would go out in search of the curly head, and when his fingers encountered the soft, smooth hair of the stranger, he would come to himself with a start. He could not even make believe that this quiet little boy was the one who always sat beside him. They were so totally different. The eyes of his own little boy were the color of the sky on a summer's day, and his face was like the inside of a rose-leaf, and his mouth was always laughing. The eyes of this little boy were as dark as the darkest night, and there was no color in his face at all, and his mouth was closed in a tight little line. Paudeen tried to talk to him, but the little boy might have been dumb for all the response he made, and finally Paudeen gave it up.

Six o'clock came at last, and with it the big woman. She seemed to fill up the narrow little room with her voice and her presence.

"Dave been a good boy?" she asked.

"He has n't been no trouble at all, ma'am," said Paudeen politely. He could be polite now. It was worth having the little boy go away for the joy of his com-

ing back. In anticipation Paudeen was experiencing that joy.

The big woman laughed massively.

"I'll wager he did n't open his lips all day, that's him all over. Sometimes I tell him he has n't a tongue, and then he'll put it out for me to see."

"He did n't do no talkin'," Paudeen admitted.

"Is he yours, ma'am?" he asked after a pause. It had suddenly struck him that there seemed no point of connection between the big woman and the pale little boy.

The big woman laughed again.

"Lord, no! I had enough sense never to get married. His mother scrubbed alongside o' me for two years, and when she died I was fool enough to believe his good-for-nothing father when he said he'd pay me his board reg'lar if I took him. He paid me three weeks and then he lit out, and I can't find where he's gone to, so I just been keepin' him, but course I'll not be able to keep him all the time. Come along, Dave," she added, "we'll be goin' home."

"Poor little fella!" Paudeen said to himself as he watched their progress across the street. He was glad to see that the big woman held the tiny fingers not ungently.

But although his seat was now unoccupied, the little boy did not come back. Paudeen called to him, wandering from one room to the other. But the little boy did not hear him, and he finally went desolately to bed. In the morning the little boy would have returned.

But in the morning he was not there either.

"He need n't be mindin' so much me havin' the little fella. I was jus' sorry for him," Paudeen said, almost with a sob, as he looked about the room that was still empty.

When presently he opened the outer door, he found Dave standing there, a newspaper parcel under his arm.

"Did she lave ye here ag'in," Paudeen almost shouted, taking in the meaning of

that newspaper parcel. "I won't mind ye anny more, not all day," he added in a subsiding tone. "I don't mind havin' an eye on ye, but all day —"

Dave looked up at him with solemn eyes and was silent. In an access of wrath Paudeen started across the street. He might perhaps find the big woman still in her room. But the door was locked, and Paudeen returned to find Dave as inscrutable as ever.

"Ye can come in for to-day, but only for to-day, mind," Paudeen exclaimed. "Ye see," he added deprecatingly, before the gaze of the solemn eyes, "*he* does n't like me takin' up wid no other little boys. If it was jus' meself, I would n' mind, but *he* does n't like it. Ye would n't like to think that yer mo — some one ye liked awful well, thought more of some other little boy than they thought of you? I guess that's what he must think, goin' away like that," said Paudeen, troubled.

Paudeen did not try to talk to Dave that day, and Dave was as silent as he had been on the preceding day, but he took a greater interest in his surroundings, and once or twice left his seat to wander about the room. Paudeen took little notice of these excursions. He was thinking that those last two days had been almost as long and as lonely as had been the days before the little boy came back.

Six o'clock brought the big woman, seeming more than ever to fill up the room with her voice and her presence. It had not occurred to Paudeen that he would have any hesitation in letting her know that he would not again look after the little boy, but he found himself hesitating, and finally saying deprecatingly, —

"I was n't manin' to have the little fella all the time — jus' to have an eye on him now an' thin, ye know."

"Did you think that I'd leave my door unlocked and let him run in and out?" said the big woman, unruffled. "I'm not goin' to do that. He gives you no trouble sittin' here where you can have your eye on him all the time."

"But he — he does n't like it," Paudeen began.

"Does n't matter what he likes," cut in the big woman decisively, evidently under the impression that he was referring to Dave. "Nobody can have what they like in this world — me, nor you, nor nobody."

And to Paudeen's surprise he found that he could make no answer. The big woman's robust assertiveness overwhelmed him.

Every morning thereafter either he found Dave waiting for the door to be opened, or the big woman would fetch him across afterwards, his lunch wrapped up in newspaper. The big woman never omitted that.

Because he had talked to one nobody else could see had been primarily the reason why Paudeen was dubbed "crazy." He did not talk now, when there was a palpable somebody to talk to. He drooped over his work and was almost as silent as Dave himself. Only in the night-time, when he was alone, he found voice to entreat with tears the little boy who had gone away.

"Ye know I don't care nothin' for no other little boy. I don't want no other little boy round. She brings him," he would say over and over again. But the little boy did not come back.

As the days went on, Dave began to make himself more at home. He was still almost uniformly silent, but he would move about the shop while Paudeen worked. With unfailing regularity, Paudeen still set out on the shelf the row of little shoes, a proceeding which greatly interested Dave. As each pair was taken from the box, something that was like pleasure would cross the solemn little face. From his seat on the stool close up to Paudeen's bench, he would gaze at them for hours. But Paudeen, in his longing for the little boy who had gone away, had no thought and no eyes for the little boy who was with him.

Presently a little comfort came to him. With a view to compelling him to pay

what he owed her for Dave's keep, the big woman had been prosecuting a search for his errant father, but without success.

"I can get no trace o' him," she announced one night on her return from work. "I don't suppose I'll ever hear o' him again. I'm tryin' to get a place where I can work in, get board and lodgin' an' all. Just as soon as I get a place, Dave'll have to go to a home."

Thereafter Paudeen looked forward to the prospect of the big woman getting a place to "work in" with an even greater eagerness than she herself did. Once the strange little boy was gone entirely out of the neighborhood, the little boy who had gone away would have no further cause for resentment and would surely come back.

One day, when Dave had been coming about three weeks, Paudeen had occasion to leave him alone in the shop for a few minutes. When he returned, he found Dave sitting on the box that stood under the shelf, one of the shoes that stood last in the row beside him, the other in his hand. It was evidently his intention to put them on; his own shoes, not originally intended for him, a couple of sizes too large and in an advanced stage of dilapidation, lay on the floor where he had kicked them off; his tiny toes showed through the rents in his stocking.

He held up the shoe as Paudeen entered. "Mine," he said distinctly.

Paudeen grew very angry. He was beside the box in an instant, and catching Dave by the arm pulled him to the floor.

"No, they're not yours," he said loudly. "D'ye want iv'rything? They're not yours, they're his." His quick anger was already fading, but he repeated "They're his," very loudly several times. The little boy to whom the shoes belonged, if within hearing, might stand in need of appeasement at seeing his property thus claimed.

"I did n't mane to be rough," Paudeen said presently, apologetically, "but ye know them shoes don't belong to ye.

Put yer own on again, there's a boy." He picked up the sorry specimens. "I did n't mane to be rough wid ye," he repeated contritely.

Dave made no answer. He sat down on the stool and began to put on his shoes. Pauden went down on his knees to assist him, and when he got up, he patted the smooth little head quite in the same manner as he had been wont to pat the curly pate of the little boy who had gone away.

Then he resumed his work, but somehow he could not work. His eyes went many times from the clumsy broken shoes which covered the little feet of the boy beside him to that whole beautiful pair on the shelf, and his imagination began to run riot. Autumn would soon be here with its rains and its frosts. Those broken shoes would be no protection to the little feet. He saw them red and swollen with cold. Supposing it were the little boy who had gone away who was so badly in need of shoes, while those over there stood idle?

"There'll be no harm in seein' if they'd fit him," Pauden muttered after a long while.

They fitted beautifully, quite as if they had been made for him. Probably Dave had never had a pair of wholly new shoes in his life before. For some minutes after they were put on, he sat looking at them very gravely, then he rose and began to walk up and down the room, at first slowly and with his usual gravity, but presently with a consequential little strut; and finally he came and stood before Pauden and a smile broke over his face, a wonderful, transfiguring smile that lit up the whole solemn little countenance. After a surprised moment, Pauden smiled back responsively. Turning to the shelf, Dave said,—

"Them's mine, an' them's mine." With a tiny forefinger he pointed to each separate pair of shoes; "an' them was mine when I was a little teeny, weeny baby;" the tiny finger pointed to the first snowy white pair.

And then a wonderful thing happened. All at once the old happiness came back in a flood to Pauden. The little boy with eyes the color of the sky on a summer day and the rose-leaf face, and this pale little boy with the big dark orbs, now alight with the spirit of childhood, seemed to be one and the same, and in some way, quite inexplicable, had always been one and the same. Pauden smiled delightedly.

"Course them's all yours," he said.

That night the big woman paid him a second visit after she had taken Dave home, to report that she had got a place.

"I'll have to see about gettin' the young un into a home at once," she said.

"Ye don't need to bother about a home for him; I'm goin' to keep him," Pauden answered calmly.

"You keep him? Why, you don't make hardly enough to keep yourself with yer cobblin'."

"Cobblin'!" cried Pauden disdainfully. "D'ye think I'm goin' to be cobblin' all me life. I'll be out o' here pretty near as soon as yerself."

The big woman was frankly amazed.

"They be sayin' that yer crazy," she said hesitatingly.

Pauden laughed shrilly. "That's all they know," he cried. "What did I want to be slavin' for wid jus' meself to keep. This was all very well when I did n't want to make no money. But I'd have ye know that I was counted the cleverest shoemaker in the County Dublin, and if me body's a little twisted, me hands is as soople as iver. Davie'll be a gintleman."

"Then yer goin' to keep him?"

"Course, I'm goin' to keep him," cried Pauden, exasperated. "Ye can just lave him in the mornin' for good."

"Oh, I'm willin' to leave him," said the big woman relievedly. "If yer not able to keep him, you can put him in a home."

"If I'm not able to keep him!" scoffed Pauden after her retreating figure.

For all the old dreams had come back.

Paudeen looked disdainfully about the dark little basement room which had so long contented him. In his mind's eye, he saw shining plate-glass windows, behind which stood row upon row of the fine ordered work he knew himself capable of doing. And his name should be on those shining windows, his name and another.

In the morning when Dave came in, he found Paudeen with a little pot of black paint beside him and a brush in his hand. He had finished painting some letters on a piece of thin white board.

Holding the board at arm's length, he was gazing at it admiringly.

"What d'ye think o' that, Davie?" he chuckled.

"What is it?" asked Dave.

"I was forgettin' that ye can't read yit. Listen, and I'll tell ye what it is, — P-a-y-d-e-n, that's me, an' S-u-n, that's you. Paudeen & Son. As soon as the paint's dry I'll tack it up outside, an' when we move to a reel shop, we'll have our names on the big glass windas in goold letters a foot long. Paudeen & Son, that's me an' you, alanna."

THE LAST TWO YEARS IN ITALY

BY HOMER EDMISTON

I SHALL have to begin somewhat further back than two years, in order to make my statements intelligible to most of my readers, who are not provided by our daily press with means of keeping in touch with Italian affairs. It is obviously impossible to refer to books, or even to periodicals, for a description of the changing scene of politics and society.

Professor A. Lawrence Lowell's *Governments and Parties in Continental Europe* gives a good account of the static form of Italy's constitution, and a brief historical view of its working under the exigencies of party government. But this book, besides that it is now thirteen years old, contains little information about that most vital part of a country's history, the inter-relation of social and political forces. King and Okey's *Italy of To-day*, published in 1901, though written from the point of view of extreme English Liberalism, is on the whole a fair and accurate treatment of the subject, and gives enough of the history of the present kingdom to make the presentation complete. But even the reader of King and Okey has much to learn before he can

understand actual conditions. When they wrote, the reign of Victor Emmanuel III, a wise, laborious, and upright ruler, had only just begun. He has done much for his country, and, surely, seven years make a vast difference in the life of a country so vigorous and progressive as modern Italy. Statistics for the past few years show an astonishing growth in commerce and manufactures. Also in the higher arts of civilization, especially in literature, music, and natural science, she seems in a fair way to regain something of her ancient preëminence and renown. Relations between Church and State have greatly improved; and, in purely secular politics, important changes have taken place since the last general election in November of 1904.

I allow myself briefly to recall certain leading points in Italian history of the past thirty years. The old party of the Right, consisting originally of Conservatives whom the splendid leadership of Cavour had transformed to a sort of Constitutional Liberals, remained in power until 1876; and individual statesmen trained in his school, Ricasoli, La Mar-

mora, Lanza, and Sella, proved themselves to be his not unworthy successors. Of them, it may be said, in short, that, in hard and perilous times, and often without time for reflection or experiment, they established the new kingdom on a basis which experience has shown to be mainly sound. Even the system of local government, the faultiest part of the whole Italian constitution, is probably more to be ascribed to centrifugal tendencies due to long centuries of local autonomy, than, as is commonly done, to the political unwisdom of the founders.

The Right, under the above-mentioned leaders, manifested both the strength and the weakness that belong to conservative government in general. They were honest, able, and patriotic, and guided the newly built ship of state as none others could have done. But, like so many other conservatives, they were hopelessly out of touch with the people. In fact, they illustrated the general principle that no social class need be expected, except under pressure, to legislate wisely for another. The Right struggled long and faithfully, and at last successfully, to make receipts and expenditures balance. But in the mean time, mistaking the complaints of the tax-burdened masses for mere popular clamor, they undertook no measures of reform, nor did they try to readjust an iniquitous incidence of taxation.

When the democratic Left came into power in 1876, it in turn illustrated another principle of wide application, that the first leaders of a popular party are likely to be much more interested in place-hunting and the exploitation of offices than in looking after the interests of their constituents. Ever since, with few and brief intervals, the Left, in so far as it can be called a consistent political party, has remained in office. And for eleven years after its first accession, almost uninterruptedly, its leader, and therefore also Prime Minister of the kingdom, was Agostino Depretis, a man whose sole political qualifications were

a certain sagacity in interpreting the popular will, or rather humor, and, as it is very well put by King and Okey, "a profound knowledge of human vice and frailty."

Italy had been exhausted, morally as well as physically, by the struggle for union and independence. The Right, out of office and bereft of its great leaders, degenerated so rapidly and completely that it could offer no consistent opposition. "With Minghetti's unhappy assistance," to quote again from King and Okey, "Depretis made a coalition with a section of the Right, and created a party without a programme, that lived from hand to mouth on parliamentary manoeuvres, and nursed a shameful corruption, which ate out all that was wholesome in Italian politics. The civil service became a machine to secure a ministerial majority. Constituencies were bought with local railways and public works, with every direct or indirect form of bribery. . . . Depretis, it is true, widened the franchise and abolished some of the more odious taxes. But it is to this period that Italy still mainly owes the worst features of her later politics."

It is unnecessary for my present purpose to trace the course of events from the death of Depretis in 1887 down to the year 1904, which I have chosen as my point of departure. Francesco Crispi succeeded Depretis in the premiership, remaining in power until 1892. Recalled three years later, because it was thought that he alone could deal with the troubles in Sicily, he completely failed to meet the situation. The disastrous Abyssinian war soon followed, whether by his fault or not there is still great diversity of opinion. At any rate he had to bear the blame, and was driven from office for good and all. Short-lived ministries followed one another in quick succession, until, in 1903, Giolitti succeeded upon the death of Zanardelli.

Giovanni Giolitti, who has been Prime Minister almost ever since, is a characteristic product of the Italian public life

of to-day. He was born in Piedmont, sixty-six years ago, in the humblest condition. His boyhood and youth were passed in a struggle with poverty; but, having managed to get a scanty education, he secured a government appointment as clerk in the Treasury. Approving himself competent and laborious, he was steadily promoted until, in 1889, being of course member of Parliament, he was made Minister of the Treasury under Crispi; and having meanwhile acquired an expert knowledge of partisan tactics and the arts of electioneering, his rise to party leadership was only a matter of time; after having been made Prime Minister for the first time in May, 1892, he was driven by the Bank scandals of the following year into obscurity and even into exile. And, although there is no question of his personal honesty in this and all other matters, it would seem that this retribution was not altogether undeserved. However, he was soon back in Parliament and public office.

Of Giolitti it may be said in brief that, although a pedantic bureaucrat, as is not unnatural considering his early career, and without constructive statesmanship, he is not by any means a merely unprincipled demagogue. He has a real desire to serve his country, and his administration of the last two years proves abundantly that he has some statesmanlike qualities. But, as so often happens in such cases, his egotism was developed by his long struggle with adversity to a degree that has enabled it to overcome his patriotism. Of none of his political principles is he so sure as of his eagerness to be prime minister. To win elections and to secure his other political ends, he is not above resorting to bribery, and even to violent intimidation.

In the early autumn, then, of 1904, with Giolitti in office as Premier and Home Secretary, and Parliament not in session, the whole country was startled by the announcement that a strike, begun at Monza, had been made general at Milan, Italy's greatest industrial centre;

and that this was due to no industrial conditions, but was a protest of all laboring men against the wanton slaughter by the military of their brother workmen in the mines of Sardinia and the fields of Castelluzzo. And closer inquiry proved that the action of the soldiers was quite without cause or even excuse. The strike spread rapidly to Genoa, Turin, Venice, Florence, and Naples. There was little or no disorder; but at Milan, though not in the other cities, the newspapers had to confess, when they reappeared after five days' suspension, that trade and industry had been completely paralyzed in the mean while. The Deputies of the extreme Left, Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists, made common cause, and after they had vainly agitated for an immediate reconvention of Parliament, which had adjourned until November 25, determined to use obstructionary tactics at the coming session. And although the "evolutionary" Socialists and Radicals repudiated this part of the programme, there was no question that the others could make trouble if they wanted to. It may have been chiefly this consideration that determined Giolitti to call for a dissolution and a general election, more especially since, as prime minister, he had the election machinery in his hands. The King accepted the dissolution and decreed that the election should take place on November 6.

Giolitti had, of course, disclaimed all responsibility for the rash and criminal action of the military in the previous September, and had asseverated his intention of forbidding the military authorities to interfere in disputes between capital and labor. But it is most important to note here that it was in the report to His Majesty made at this time, and published along with the royal decree in the *Official Gazette*, that he astonished even his own party by announcing as a part of his programme for the next session the resumption by the state of the operation of the railroads, then under the control of private companies whose con-

tracts terminated June 15, 1905. Besides that the measure, which has since been carried into effect, has been thoroughly justified by success, this private management was so scandalously inefficient that the announcement was unquestionably a good electioneering move.

This election, perhaps the most important, as it was certainly the most interesting, that the kingdom has ever known, was signalized by the entrance of the Clericals into politics, I mean as a separate political factor. Pius IX, interposing his *non possumus* to every overture of Victor Emmanuel and his ministers, some of which he might greatly have profited by, and which will never be offered again, had forbidden the faithful to take any part in the usurping government. This policy was formally promulgated, as the veto *non-expedit*, by the Sacred Penitentiary in 1883, wherein, however, it was significantly provided that all the circumstances must be taken into account before such participation could be regarded as a sin. In accordance with this veto, Leo XIII, in 1895, forbade Catholics to vote, by a formal decree, and he seems to have been obeyed by the great majority of those in close communion with the Church. But the present Pope, as Patriarch of Venice and Cardinal Sarto, in consequence of his intimate knowledge of the people, had always been outspokenly opposed to such a policy. Conscientious laymen also were weary of a system which kept them from the polls where they might, as loyal Churchmen, have voted against the Divorce bill, and in favor of religious instruction in the public schools.

Giolitti and his followers, thoroughly alarmed by the growth of the Socialist vote, saw that here was an opportunity too good to be lost. A combination was made with the Clerical party, by which fusion candidates were put into the field, not a few of whom were high Clericals, and who were all supported, nearly or quite unanimously, by the Catholic press. The Archbishop of Florence con-

ducted an active campaign in behalf of the fusionists in his diocese, and in some districts all the conservative elements united with the Clericals against the Socialists and other "subversives." The result was a complete victory for the allies. In Florence and Venice, and even in industrial Milan and Turin, all of their candidates were returned. In Rome and Bologna, they were only partially successful.

Returned to power under these conditions, even so practiced a parliamentarian as Giolitti could estimate only uncertainly how many votes he should have at his disposal. At first, as for instance when the Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies was elected, and the bill for the civil list presented, he had a comfortable majority. But within a few months, that is, in February and March, 1905, his railway bill got him into trouble. This would have been hard to formulate and steer through the Chamber in any case, because it provided for resumption of the railways by the government, and for all the details of organization and control. Giolitti had, apparently against his own better judgment, allowed the introduction of two articles providing severe punishments for railway employees who should form a compact looking to the damage, interruption, or suspension of the train service.

In the opinion of many impartial persons, these provisions were both unnecessary and unjust, while among the Socialists and laborers they aroused a storm of indignation. And experience having shown that, in public services where there are a great many regulations rarely or never carried out, obstruction is just as effective and much pleasanter than striking, besides meaning no loss of wages, so in this case, rules about the condition of engines and carriages, the registration of baggage, and so forth, were so scrupulously regarded that most of the trains never got off at all. Sixty-four trains running out of Rome were suspended, and the others ran from one hour

to twelve hours late. Giolitti, who as Home Secretary had to bear the blame, became so ill that he could not attend the sessions. But his Minister of Public Works, Tedesco, gave notice that his chief would neither withdraw the offensive clauses nor bring pressure to bear on the men. Public indignation grew until the men themselves were on the point of yielding, when suddenly Tedesco announced Giolitti's resignation on account of ill health. Unfriendly critics did not fail to point out that this was the fourth time that ill health had been invoked to save the Premier from an embarrassing political situation. At all events, the King accepted his resignation and the railway obstructionists yielded. After many vicissitudes, and after being once compelled to resign the royal mandate, Alessandro Fortis, Giolitti's nominee, succeeded in forming a coalition ministry in April, 1905.

The new ministry, whose speedy dissolution was freely predicted at the time, managed to hold together until the summer adjournment. But trouble began soon after the reopening of the session in the autumn. The so-called *modus vivendi* with Spain, involving the abolition of Italian duties on Spanish wines, was promptly rejected by the Chamber, with censure of the three members of the Cabinet, Ferraris, Rava, and Tittoni, who were responsible for it. But as this censure was coupled with a statement that the Chamber still retained confidence in the Ministry as a whole, Fortis, in the face of a previous declaration that he would stand or fall with his colleagues, weakly consented to supply their places. But it was only after a crisis of forty days, and just before Parliament adjourned for its Christmas recess, that he succeeded in presenting himself to the House with seven of the new and three of the old ministers.

After the session had resumed, the first week in January, 1906, this new ministry lasted only a few days. Assailed on every hand, and having no consistent

policy to set forth, Fortis challenged Baron Sidney Sonnino, the leader of the Centre, to sum up and present the hostile arraignment. Sonnino accepted the gage, and in a carefully prepared speech unsparingly reviewed the history of the Giolitti and Fortis ministries since the last general election. In truth, he had little difficulty in making up a formidable list of promises unfulfilled and crying public needs incompetently dealt with. Fortis, though one of the ablest of debaters, could make only a weak defense, and Giolitti's apology came even more haltingly off. The usual motion, to approve the declarations of the Prime Minister and proceed to the order of the day, was lost by a majority of thirty-three. Fortis and his colleagues at once resigned.

As was to be expected, the King summoned Sonnino to form a new ministry, and he accepted the charge. But while everybody knew that it must be a coalition ministry, because the opposition to Fortis had come from all shades of political opinion, no one expected such a coalition as was actually sprung on the House and country. Guicciardini as Minister of Foreign Affairs, Luzzatti as Minister of the Treasury, and others, were well-known Liberal Conservatives whose appointment occasioned no surprise. But Sacchi, the Minister of Justice, and Pantano, the Minister of Agriculture, were an astonishment and a scandal to many. Both were extreme Radicals with decidedly republican leanings, and the latter had been Sonnino's bitter personal and political foe. But more than this, Sacchi, being a zealous supporter of the Divorce bill, was an offense to the Clericals and to many others whom it was not the part of political prudence to antagonize. Nor had the country yet forgotten that, just after the assassination of the late King, Pantano had publicly suggested that now was a good chance to overthrow the monarchy and become a republic. Neither brought anything to the new government but weakness and suspicion. And it was not long before Sacchi outraged the moral

sense of the whole nation by pardoning a notorious murderess.

Of Sonnino himself, who assumed the portfolio of the Interior, it is not too much to say that no living Italian has deserved better of his country. In the dark days between 1892 and 1896, when Italy was on the verge of bankruptcy, when friends and enemies alike could see nothing ahead but repudiation, he saved the national credit in a way that must remind Americans of Alexander Hamilton.¹ By the sternest parsimony and by merciless taxation, aided by his own extraordinary administrative genius, he placed his country on her present sound financial basis and laid the foundations of future prosperity, at the same time teaching his countrymen the much-needed lesson that if they must needs have a great army and navy, expensive public buildings and such extravagances, they must also pay the bills. But teachers of such hard lessons never make themselves personally popular, and, besides, Sonnino was not now Minister of Finance or of the Treasury, but Home Secretary. Being a profound student of social and economic problems, especially in the south, he was in a way eminently qualified for this position. But the Home Minister comes into closer contact with the people than any other, and Baron Sonnino, though respected universally for his great abilities and for his severe and high rectitude, has none of the sympathetic qualities that would endear him to a people so responsive as the Italians. He is too proud and too tactless even to avoid giving unnecessary offense. Add to this that, as a leader of his party in the Chamber, he was an unready debater in a house full of quick-witted rhetoricians, and it will be seen that even he contributed some elements of weakness to his own ministry.

In matter of fact, his government lasted

¹ Baron Sonnino was, first, Minister of Finance, and afterwards Minister of the Treasury, for a time performing the duties of both offices, in the Crispi Ministry that lasted from December 15, 1893, to March 4, 1896.

less than four months, that is, until May 28, 1906. His absurd association with Sacchi and Pantano, and his own defects as a parliamentary leader, soon involved him in difficulties, as did also his haughty and uncompromising spirit. After the last eruption of Vesuvius, for example, taking warning from the misuse of the money subscribed for the sufferers in the Calabrian earthquake, he very wisely appointed the Duke of Aosta as treasurer of the relief-funds. But when some Neapolitan deputies complained that this was a reflection on the honesty of their constituents, he retorted that Neapolitan honesty was a thing he was quite willing to reflect upon, — an unnecessary piece of candor that cost him a number of votes on the critical division. His opponents, consolidated under Giolitti, waited for their opportunity, and voted him down when he had unwisely staked his fortunes on an unimportant issue.

Giolitti was summoned by the King to form a new ministry, and made, as I have been credibly informed, the express stipulation that there should not be a general election, except by limitation, until he gave the word. He himself became Minister of the Interior (Home Secretary), and Tittoni, ablest of the younger Italian diplomats, was recalled from the embassy at London, to be made Minister of Foreign Affairs. This ministry has been in power ever since, and even its opponents are compelled to admit that its services have been very considerable. During the last two years, and beginning before that time, Italy's commerce and manufactures have increased by leaps and bounds, and the budgets have shown a large balance to the good. Tittoni has improved relations with Austria, and in other ways safeguarded Italy's position in European politics. For that position of late years had been none of the most secure.

It must be remembered that the Triple Alliance between Germany, Italy, and Austria, at the time it was formed in 1882, was designed in part to protect

Italy against France, in those years an outspokenly malevolent neighbor. But relations with France, especially since Loubet's visit in 1904, have gone on steadily improving. Italy has also become a sort of silent third in the good understanding between France and England. In fact, at the Algeiras Conference, Italy's moral support went to the side of France and England rather than to Germany, her ally. But the Marquis Venosta, her representative, an astute and seasoned diplomat of the old school, conducted his negotiations with such address that, although the German press raged and fumed, the Berlin Foreign Office could find nothing against which to enter a diplomatic protest. Wherefore, in case of a European war, say between England and Germany, Italy, as one of her statesmen has put it, might find herself compelled to choose between her friends and her allies. And it is generally believed that she has given her partners to understand that they need not expect her help in any individual quarrel.

On the other hand, the Triple Alliance is still of service to Italy precisely for the reason that, much of the old hostility between Italians and Austrians still remaining, it makes Austria formally, and to a certain extent really, her ally. There is accordingly no serious opposition in Italy to maintaining it, nor to keeping up the strong army and navy which it implies. But the army and navy have not merely the incentive of making the country an acceptable ally. A year ago in May, Admiral Mirabello, the Minister of Marine, in proposing the naval estimates, which were accepted, declared it to be Italy's policy to maintain a stronger fleet than any other power whose coastline is exclusively Mediterranean. This, of course, could mean only Austria.

In home politics, unquestionably the most important development of recent times has been the entrance of the Clericals into politics, their coalition with the Moderate Liberals, to which I have already referred, and the consequent de-

clension, I mean politically, of the Socialists. There are only three or four Clerical deputies in the Chamber itself, but Giolitti, since many of his seats were won by their aid in 1904, must govern himself accordingly, and two members of his new Cabinet, Tittoni and Gianturco, belonged to the Clerical Right. There can, in my opinion, be no doubt that in consolidating the Moderate Liberals and Clericals against the Socialists, he has rendered a real service to the country, as well as strengthened his own political position.

I have already related how, in the general election of November, 1904, there were in many colleges open coalitions between the Moderates and Clericals, which were unopposed, nay, in some cases actively encouraged, by the ecclesiastical authorities. The *non-expedit* could hardly be maintained in practice after this, and judging from the acts and utterances of Pius X before his election, he personally was willing enough to see it go. At any rate, on June 20, 1905, he addressed an Encyclical to the Italian Bishops in which the *non-expedit* was practically, though not formally, abolished. Grave reasons, said His Holiness, deterred him from abrogating the law. But reasons equally weighty, deduced from the welfare of society, might demand that in special cases it be suspended, especially when his venerable brothers, the Italian Bishops, considered it necessary. In fact, in April, 1907, the *non-expedit* was formally suspended for Girgenti, at the request of her bishop. But it has been a dead letter ever since the Encyclical, whether with or without formal suspension. And after the Encyclical was published, the *Giornale d'Italia* of Rome printed a long series of interviews on the subject with public men of every shade of political opinion from extreme Conservatives to Socialists. They all agreed, with remarkable unanimity, that the Pope's action would be for the good of Italian politics, because thereafter a large and most respectable class of citizens

would be openly and honestly represented.

I have said above that Giolitti did well by his country in consolidating Moderate Liberals and Clericals against the Socialists. By this I do not mean to say that the Socialists might not become a useful factor in public life. On the contrary, it is precisely the laboring classes, whom they are supposed to represent, and who are building up modern industrial Italy, that are actually unrepresented in Parliament. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that, in Italy, Socialism has been almost independent of the proletariat. Its leaders have come from the middle classes, who are its natural foes, and from the "intellectuals." A number of reasons can be given for this, — revolutionary habits of mind inherited from the *Risorgimento*, and not yet outlived; illiteracy, total or partial, among the lower classes; the absence of a compact liberal party; but chiefly, perhaps, too much "higher education," with its natural consequence of overcrowding in the learned professions.

Italy has, according to the most recent census, 24,196 lawyers, or seven and a half in every thousand of the entire population (the percentage is only one and a half in university-ridden Prussia), 22,168 physicians, and 813 dentists. Unemployed professional men find an easy outlet for their discontent, and sometimes emolument and political honors, in agitation on behalf of the down-trodden poor, including such persons as underpaid teachers and employees of the higher class. Hence it results that, although there are a few less than 257,000 registered proletariat electors, the Socialist party has shown a voting strength of more than 325,000; also that, in the last general elections, out of thirty-three Socialist deputies returned, twenty-eight were university men of the middle class, and not a few of them well-to-do, three were of the lower middle class, and only two were workmen. Nevertheless, though unrepresented to this extent in Parliament, the laboring classes take only a languid

interest in that part of the Socialist programme which calls for manhood suffrage. Nor is it at all likely that, until they are much better educated than at present, manhood suffrage would send many more deputies of their own class to the Chamber; or, that such deputies, if elected, would do their cause much good, or add weight to the national councils.

Undoubtedly the laboring classes have many and serious grievances. The incidence of taxation weighs heavily upon them, as there are very high duties on salt, sugar, and coffee, and octroi imposts on articles of food and drink are levied by all municipalities of any size. Nor, in spite of the favorable budgets of the last few years, has the government reduced any tariff except that on petroleum. But although the Socialist party contains elements that may some time go to the making of a good and serviceable labor party, its present enfeebled condition is cause for satisfaction. Though its motives are oftentimes good, its principles are just as often bad. It has gone so much to school to the quasi-philosophical socialism of Marx and to the other German sects, that its openly avowed theories, much more, I believe, than its inner motives, are un-social and anti-Christian to a degree.

The spectacle of Christian Socialism in England, which has shown itself so powerful at the recent Lambeth Conference, is strange to the Italian mind. Two enthusiastic young Romans, devout Catholics, who lately presented themselves to the Socialist leaders, and, as Christians, demanded enrollment and active service, were coolly informed that they had come to the wrong shop. That the Church itself, with its long record as oppressor and the abettor of oppression, and with its present hostility to the Christian Democratic movement, is largely to blame for this unhappy opposition, the more outspoken Catholics are quite willing to admit. Meanwhile the Socialists, along with the other Secularists, have been crushingly defeated in the Chamber on the

subject of religious education. The result of this important vote, taken last February, was to leave religious instruction where it was before. If municipal boards abolish it in the public schools, parents may demand that it be given, in the school building, but out of school hours, by priests or other persons, who are remunerated from the public funds.

On the whole, then, the last two years have been peaceful and prosperous, and signalized by no violent political changes. A law has been passed that will raise the salaries of many thousand deserving government employees. The railway service has been greatly improved, and the next few years will see the construction of many new lines that are already demanded by the volume of home and foreign trade. The national defense has been provided for after many years of waiting, though it seems that the naval defenses have been exaggerated and the military slighted. But the very peace and harmony that now characterize the political and parliamentary situation are, in themselves, a disquieting phenomenon. All effective opposition seems to have disappeared. The protests even of the extreme Left have become feeble and perfunctory, while the opposition elements in the Centre have been absorbed into Giolitti's huge majority. In fact, as the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan has observed, in an admirable article on the present situation, the strength of the Giolitti ministry is parliamentary rather than governative, a circumstance that makes his virtual dictatorship a subject for alarm. For example, toward the end of the last session the Chamber rejected a bill, formulated by Rava, the Minister for Public Instruction, for increasing the salaries of university professors. But Rava, though thoroughly discredited in this and other ways, is retained in office because his chief is strong enough to protect him. There are rumors, not generally credited, of a dissolution and general election next spring. As an Italian chamber is elected for a term of five years, the present one

does not expire by limitation until the autumn of 1909.

I have already dealt with some religious matters in so far as they are connected with Italian politics. The religious and ecclesiastical history of Italy for the two years just ended possesses an extraordinary interest, but for the most part concerns the rest of the world as much as Italy itself. The Syllabus *Lamentabili* of July, 1907, directed against the scientific criticism of the Bible; the Encyclical *Pascendi* in condemnation of the Modernists; the excommunication of Loisy and others, are known and have been discussed all over the civilized world. However, not only does the political situation, as between the Papacy and the Kingdom, give a special character in Italy to acts of ecclesiastical authority, but, in addition to this, the Papacy, as Gregorovius pointed out, in spite of the world-wide range of its power, has always been an Italian institution. It is false to reproach the Italians with being an irreligious people, as is so often done by foreign writers, merely because their own religious notions and practices are different from what they find in Italy. But it is true, and it is probably what these writers usually mean, that the Italians were never *Christianized* anywhere near so thoroughly as were the Teutonic tribes of northern Europe. The continuance of pagan cults and pagan memories, the persistence of the ancient Roman Imperium under the form of the Roman hierarchy, and the tradition, unbroken in spite of all that is thought and said to the contrary, of classical civilization, were obstacles never entirely overcome in the evangelization of Italy.

The historical consequences of this condition in mediæval and early modern times readily suggest themselves. One of the consequences in our own times I take to be this, that it is hard nowadays to excite the Italian against the Church except as a political factor; which means that, now that he thinks himself secure from it politically, it is hard to excite him against

it at all. Even if he be indifferent or unbelieving, as so many of the educated classes are, the long unbroken tradition of cult and observance, in many cases older than Christianity itself, the might and majesty of the Church and its ancient renown, have a powerful hold upon him in spite of his intellectual attitude.

These facts must be borne in mind when we consider the subject of Modernism in Italy. That the Italian clergy and laity, and the best of them, have been strongly influenced by this movement there can be no doubt whatever. The condemnation of the "Christian Democrats," and subsequently of their leader, Don Romolo Murri, and the decree of the Holy Office that placed Fogazzaro's *Il Santo* on the Index, are well-known facts. It may not be so well known that, in the summer of 1907, after the promulgation of the Syllabus *Lamentabili*, five Italian priests addressed anonymously an open letter to the Pope, entitled *Quello che vogliamo* (*What We Want*), protesting in the plainest and most vigorous terms against his violation of freedom of thought and conscience, and reproaching him with reversing the enlightened policy of his predecessor. And more importantly, on October 28, 1907, a month after the publication of the Encyclical *Pascendi*, appeared, also anonymously, *Il Programma dei Modernisti* (*The Modernists' Programme*), a reply to the Encyclical, and generally supposed to be the work of priests.¹

The mere fact of such a reply, coming from a Roman Catholic source, in itself gave this document a special importance. And this effect was enhanced by all the qualities that such a composition ought to show, — learning, moderation, dialectical skill, and respect

for the person of the Sovereign Pontiff. The authors had no difficulty in vindicating the Modernists from the Encyclical's accusation of agnosticism and irreligion, nor in proving that the persons responsible for it, whom with studious irony they always imply not to be the Pope, had no adequate conception of the critical and philosophical problem. And following the lead of their master, the great and saintly Newman, who, as Tyrrell has shown, was the father of all Modernist thought, they maintain that throughout the ages, especially when the Greek Fathers brought Christian theology into harmony with Neo-Platonism, and also when St. Thomas reasserted it in terms of Aristotelian philosophy, the Church has constantly adjusted her teaching to the language of contemporary thought.

Of course, the authors of the Programme, and all who had in any way collaborated in it, were excommunicated. In the diocese of Rome the book was interdicted under pain of mortal sin declared against those who bought it, sold it, or kept it in their possession. On the morning after it was published, emissaries were sent to all the churches in Rome where there were suspected priests, in the hope that some of them, in consequence of the excommunication, might reveal their identity by omitting to say mass. But in the whole city that morning there was not a single mass less than usual. Then the Cardinal Vicar telegraphed to the bishops of all dioceses where there were priests under suspicion, instructing them to adopt similar measures. But even this inquisition yielded no results. The Programme has been translated into English, French, and German, and the Italian edition has long since been exhausted.

I have said above that it is hard to arouse the Italian against the Church, except politically; hard it is, indeed, but not impossible. And this difficult feat the intransigent party now in control seems to have accomplished. They have followed up their worse than useless persecutions

¹ "Supposed to be" is the expression used by the French translator, but I think there can be no doubt of the fact. In Part III the authors refer to their early scholastic education, after receiving which they forced themselves to learn the language and understand the thoughts of the modern world.

in a way that has grieved their friends and delighted their enemies. To select one or two instances, Mgr. Fracassini, a cautious and orthodox thinker, who was appointed by Leo XIII to a place on the Biblical Commission, was suddenly deposed about a year ago from his post as Rector of the Seminary at Perugia, at first on such grounds as that he was the friend of Murri and Loisy, and allowed his students to read *Il Santo*; and afterwards, when the archbishop had indignantly protested, the further reason was given that his teaching of Scripture was not in conformity with the desires of the Pope. More recently, Don Salvatore Minocchi of Florence, a learned Hebrew scholar, delivered a lecture, which he had submitted to the ecclesiastical authorities, upholding the familiar view that the accounts in Genesis of the Creation, the Garden of Eden, and the Fall, were originally Babylonian myths that were taken over by the Hebrew writer, purged of polytheistic error, and transformed into a teaching of the Unity of God. He was cited to appear before the Archbishop of Florence, and having refused to sign a declaration of his belief in the literal, historical truth of those narratives, was suspended from the priesthood. At about the same time the editors of the *Rinnovamento* of Milan, a liberal theological journal, were put under the major excommunication.

How numerous these Modernists are, it is of course impossible to say.¹ But it is quite certain that there are a good many of them, both of clergy and laity, and that they are even more powerful in character and intelligence than in numbers. Some high-placed ecclesiastics, notably Cardinals Capecelatro and Bonomelli, are well known for their charitable attitude to-

¹ I use this term in a wide and vague sense, including all who are in sympathy with modern critical and historical theology. Thus it takes in many who would stop far short of the extreme critical position of Loisy. Modernism is not a party, but only a league of sympathy among minds that are moving in the same general direction.

ward modern thought. And in spite of popular indifference, traditional reverence for the Church, and its perfected discipline, threatening signs of the times are not wanting. The authors of the Programme attribute the violence of the Curia against the new theology in part to the fact that its members are not at all sure of the tenability of the old. Analogously, their violence in launching excommunications against persons may be partly due to lack of confidence in their own power. At any rate their gross and cruel violations of liberty of thought and conscience have aroused indignation and resentment, even among the apathetic Romans. I know it to be a fact that many of the most cultivated and intelligent Roman laymen were recently on the point of publicly expressing their sympathy with Modernists, and defying the excommunication. It is hard to say what might not happen in the event, not at all unlikely, of the election of a liberal and progressive Pope.

Meanwhile Pius X, in spite of his complete subservience to the party of reaction, has accomplished a noteworthy reform in the administrative and judicial procedure of the Church by his decree dated June 29, 1908. Considered summarily, this decree in the first place reduces to order the Roman Congregations, which, since they were first instituted by Paul III and systematized by Sixtus V, have, in respect of their functions and attributions, developed numerous inconsistencies, inequalities, and anachronisms; and in the second place, by taking from the Congregations all judicial competence, and bestowing this upon the Courts of the Rota and the Segnatura, which are thus restored to their antique splendor and importance. It establishes the distinction now generally observed between judicial and administrative procedure. Speaking more particularly, it is to be remarked that the importance of the Congregation of the Consistory is greatly increased, while that of the Congregation of the Propaganda is greatly diminished.

The dioceses in Great Britain, Holland, Luxembourg, the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, formerly regarded as missionary jurisdictions, will be taken away from the Propaganda and put into direct relations with the Holy See.

Especially in Great Britain, Holland, the United States, and Canada, the dioceses have long since been thoroughly organized, and their bishops have not infrequently complained that they were treated as if they were in charge of uncivilized communities. Catholics in these countries will therefore have the satisfaction of being on an equal footing with their fellow subjects of the Roman obedience in other parts of the world. However, as a writer in the *Journal des Débats* (July 23) acutely observes, this increased self-importance will not be without its compensations. The procedure of the

Propaganda is both quick and gratuitous, while that of the Holy See is slow, expensive, and beset with formalities. But it is only just to add that the present decree relieves petitioners of the Curia of the necessity of employing certain intermediate agents and procurators, of whose expensive services they were formerly, whether laymen or ecclesiastics, individuals or communities, compelled to avail themselves.

But I must content myself with this bare mention of a reform which reflects much credit on the present Pontiff and his advisers, and by which they have promoted the cause of justice and good government. As the decree does not take effect until the present month of November, and as certain regulations and dispositions governing matters of detail have not yet been published, I shall return to this same subject in a future article.

THE ORGANIZATION OF HIGHER EDUCATION

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

ALL associations of men which seek to deal with social, intellectual, and spiritual forces, live and move and have their being between the tendency to over-organization on the one hand, and the lack of effective organization on the other. It is clear that organization must play in such associations a somewhat different rôle from that which it fills in certain other agencies, such as those of business, for example. As we study the history of churches and of parties, we are often impressed with the fact that the period of their greatest efficiency as moral and social agencies came in the days before organization had run away with the living causes which gave them birth. Schools, colleges, and universities, like churches and parties, are simply human organizations seeking to deal with spiritual and

intellectual forces. They, no less than religious and political organizations, stand in danger of the narrowness and rigidity which comes from formal administration. Human nature is quite the same, whether one considers priests, politicians, or pedagogues. For each organization tends to run away with the deeper underlying purpose which gave it birth. Devotion to church is confused with religion, devotion to party with statesmanship, and devotion to educational routine takes the place of true teaching.

Nevertheless, in great continuing movements, such as the education of a nation, organization is indispensable. In no other way can continuity and efficiency be had. Not only is this true, but organization which is wise, which respects fundamental tendencies and forces, which separates

incongruous phases of activity, may not only add to the efficiency of a national educational effort, but may offer a larger measure of freedom than can be hoped for in chaotic and unrelated efforts to accomplish the same ends. Isolation and lack of coöperation are no less deadening than unthinking obedience to established routine. The practical problem in a civilized nation is to establish such an educational organization as will secure relation between the different kinds of schools, while at the same time preserving fair freedom of action and of development.

This conception of an educational system has come as the result of many centuries of evolution. In the older European countries, schools of one kind and another began, developed, and were gradually related the one to the other in a common educational system. In the most advanced European states, as for example Germany, the national system of education aims to deal with the individual citizen from the time of his first entrance into a school up to the completion of his vocational or professional training. While these schools have relation to each other, the accepted system of education recognizes certain clear divisions corresponding to distinctive periods in the life of the child or of the youth. The schools which are intended to correspond to these periods articulate, they do not overlap. The system of education consists, therefore, of a continuous series of schools from the lowest to the highest, and a school of given name does practically the same work in all parts of the kingdom.

In the United States we are younger. The pioneer stage of national development is so near to us in time that many of its habits still rule in social and political matters. This is particularly true in education. We can scarcely claim as yet to have a system, at least in higher education; or, if there is the beginning of a system, the inharmonies in it are more striking than the agreements.

To illustrate. The college is our oldest school of higher learning. In the United States to-day there are nearly one thousand institutions which call themselves colleges. The work offered by these institutions varies from that of a true college articulating with the standard high school and offering four years of fruitful study, to that of institutions so low in grade that their courses of study do not equal those of a good high school.

This confusion is the result of a number of causes, among which, especially significant, are the newness of our educational development, the lack of any intelligent supervision of higher education, and the tendency of colleges in the past to remain isolated schools unrelated to the general system of education. The first of these is a perfectly natural phase of our extraordinary national and industrial growth. Our institutions of learning have grown up under the most diverse conditions. The astonishing thing is that they have grown in such numbers. The essential thing to recognize to-day is that the pioneer days are over; and that the problem before us now is, not the building of more colleges, but the strengthening of those which exist, and the bringing of some measure of educational unity into our whole system of education.

The absence, in nearly all states of the Union, of any form of supervision over higher education is a singular feature of our educational history. The University of the State of New York (which is a board, not an institution) represents almost the only effective agency in any state in the Union which has the power to supervise, or even to criticise, institutions devoted to higher education and to professional training. In the State of New York the term *college* has a definite meaning; and an institution, whether for academic or professional training, must, before it can confer degrees, comply with certain standards, and must have certain facilities for education. In most states of the Union, at least until very recently, any body of men, who chose to do so for

any purpose whatever, could incorporate under the general laws and organize what they called a college, a medical school, or a law school, to be conducted according to their own standards or ambitions, and without any relation to the general system of education. Under these conditions, denominational, professional, local, and personal rivalries have led to the establishment of more so-called colleges and professional schools than the country can possibly support. These may legally confer all the degrees of higher learning which the strongest and most scrupulous college can offer, — a right they are not slow to make use of. The District of Columbia has been prolific in paper colleges which scatter degrees far and wide, the distribution beginning usually with the members of their own faculties. Among the colleges chartered by the State of Maryland about 1900 is the "Medico-Chirurgical and Theological College of Christ's Institution." The charter gave the school the right to grant all kinds of degrees, and it is needless to say that the organizers a few weeks later were able to attach to their names all the academic titles. The Fifth Annual Catalogue contained the following on its first page: "Fifth Annual Announcement and Catalogue, edited by the Rev. Dr. P. Thomas Stanford, A. M., M. D., D. D., LL. D., Ph. D., Vice-President."

The absence of any rational supervision, or even of any provision for fair criticism or review, of our higher institutions of learning is, in part, due to the attitude of the colleges themselves. In the past, even the older and stronger colleges have been disposed to resent any official inquiry into their organizations, or into their methods of conduct. College professors have been not a little inclined to look down on those who supervised state schools. Such places have been considered inferior in importance to that of a college president or professor. This is partly due to the political prestige (using that term in a large sense) which the

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college president enjoys in the support of a large constituency. The superintendent of education has at his back no great body of alumni and students. He is not in the public eye in the same way as the college president. Nevertheless these places are of the highest educational value, and they should be made worthy of the best men. What college president has done for education in America what Horace Mann did for it? Furthermore, the good college has everything to gain by a scrutiny of higher education if carried out by able men under a system free of political interference. The time has come when, in all states, those who stand for sincerity in education should demand the passage of laws safeguarding the degree-giving power, and providing an agency for the expert oversight of higher education as well as of elementary and secondary education. Universities and colleges are to all intents educational trusts. They have the same advantages to gain from fair and wise oversight on the part of the state which other trusts have to gain by such oversight.

Underlying all other causes which tend to confusion in higher education is the fundamental one that American colleges have been in the past conducted as separate units, not as factors in a general educational system. Devotion to education has meant generally devotion to the fortunes of a single institution. There has been little effort to coördinate colleges with other institutions of higher learning or with the general system of education. To the want of a general educational consciousness more than to any other cause is due the confusion which to-day reigns among our higher institutions of learning.

It seems clear that the work of the next two decades in American education is to be a work of educational reorganization; and this reorganization must include elementary and secondary education as well as higher education, for the problem of national education is really one problem, not a series of isolated and

unrelated problems. To-day our schools, from the elementary school to the university, are inefficient, superficial, lacking expert supervision. They are disjointed members of what ought to be a consistent system. The work of reorganization is so enormous that one is almost at a loss to answer the practical question, Where should such reorganization begin? The answer to this question must come, in the end, from the intelligent leadership of teachers themselves, and from the co-operation of teachers in all parts of our system of national education. I venture to point out certain considerations which seem to me to be essential as forming the ground-work from which improvement and progress must proceed.

It is, I believe, admitted by those who are most familiar with the conditions of schools throughout the United States that the weakness and inefficiency of the elementary and secondary schools arise primarily from two sources: first, the effort to teach too many things to the neglect of the fundamental mental training; and, second, the lack of competent teachers. In other words, the elementary and secondary schools, like the institutions of higher learning, have attempted to teach too many subjects, to the neglect of the fundamental intellectual training which is common to all education. The remedy for this lies in a return to a more simple and thorough curriculum, and in a variation of the school type. We cannot teach all subjects in one school, but we can provide a wide variety of schools each of which may do its own work thoroughly.

It is clear that the lack of efficient teaching is one of the most expensive national weaknesses; and that the inefficiency of our school system is, in great measure, due to this lack is evident. For example, mathematics is a subject which has been a standard study in our schools from the beginning. Students who pass through our high schools and enter college spend in the nine years corresponding to the period covered by the German gymnasium, seventy-five per cent more

of the time of instruction on mathematics, and yet receive a training vastly inferior to that of the gymnasium.

Progress has been made in the last two years toward equipping a larger number of competent teachers. The growth of the Teachers' Colleges in connection with the universities is a most notable gain. Before the matter can be rightly solved, public opinion must be educated to appreciate the dignity and importance of the teacher's work, and the absolute necessity for such strengthening of the security and recompense of the teacher as will attract to that calling able men and women in large numbers.

It is clear also that the elementary and secondary system of education must, in its reorganization, meet the present-day demand for industrial training. Our public-school system did not undertake originally vocational training. In the modern industrial state, that training is a part of public education; and one very serious problem to be met in the reorganization of education is the provision for vocational schools, and their relation to the elementary school system.

It is not possible at this day to outline a complete system of such schools. Clearly, the vocational school will vary with the locality, and will minister to local conditions. The experience of other nations would, however, seem to indicate that elementary schools will continue to be devoted to the general education of children up to the age of fourteen years, but that their last two years will see the introduction of certain industrial exercises and studies. The vocational schools, resting on the elementary schools, are likely to be two-year, and in some cases three-year, high schools. The high school, devoted to general training, is under such conditions likely also to tend toward a similar length of curriculum. In a word, the curriculum and the length of time spent in the high school would be materially modified by an increased efficiency in the lower schools, and by

the effort to meet the demands of vocational training.

These transformations in the lower schools which time is sure to bring, demand the earnest attention of those engaged in higher education.

The method of transfer from the secondary school to the college is one of primary importance. It is generally admitted that, at present, neither the admission by certificate nor that by examination is effectively serving education or the interests of students.

Admission by certificate is necessarily a very indefinite thing in the absence of a rigid and impartial supervision of secondary schools. One great source of weakness in American schools would be removed by the adoption of the plan generally in use in foreign schools and in Canada, under which the examinations for promotion from one grade to the next are conducted by the supervisor of education, not by the teacher. The pressure brought upon teachers to promote ill-prepared pupils is thereby eliminated, and this pressure is a fruitful source of demoralization in American public schools.

Admission to college by examination has unquestionably served a useful purpose in American education, but it has also tended to make admission to college assume the form of doing certain "stunts" rather than the attainment of a certain grade of intellectual culture. Its effect upon the secondary schools has been most disastrous from the standpoint of true education.

This result has no doubt been partly due to the attempt to recognize a large variety of subjects as college entrance requirements. Under such a régime, a boy is naturally inclined to glean a point for admission wherever it can be most easily picked up. This tendency, coupled with the low passing mark accepted for admission, has worked for increased superficiality in the preparation of boys entering college. As a result, in the colleges admitting by examination only, a

minority of the students enter without conditions. From the report of the committee on admissions of Harvard College, it appears that in the last freshman class, out of 607 entering, 352, or 58 per cent, had entered below the requirements for admission.

The question of the right coördination of the college with the secondary school is one which should have at this time the most earnest consideration on the part of teachers, both in the college and in the secondary school. The first practical step would seem to be to secure uniformity in this matter throughout the country. For this reason the Carnegie Foundation has adopted a definition of a college which involves the placing of the college upon the standard four-year high school. Great progress is making throughout the whole country toward uniformity in this matter. Once this is attained, the question whether the dividing point between college and high school should be changed can be effectively taken up, and this question is one which is immediately involved in the consideration of any plan of national education.

Within the last three decades the field of the high school has been so enlarged that its last two years cover to-day the studies formerly given in the first two years of college. This has not been accomplished by an increase of efficiency in the lower grades. The boy who formerly entered college at sixteen now enters at eighteen.

The whole subject of administration of higher education, no less than the determination of the functions of the college itself and its future, are contained in the inquiry whether the boy shall enter college at sixteen or at eighteen.

Is our system of higher education to consist of a secondary school surmounted by the college, and this in turn surmounted by the university with its graduate and professional schools? Then assuredly the college must deliver students to the university at an earlier age than twenty-two and a half years, which is the present

practice. The German boy enters the university to-day from the gymnasium fully two years younger than the American boy enters the American university from the college. No nation will endure so serious a handicap as this organization of education would involve.

Just what function does the college, which is our most distinctive institution, fill? Is it a school for youths where both discipline and freedom are to play a part, a school in which the youth is brought out of the tutelage of the boy into the freedom of the man? or is it a school for men in which they choose as they will the studies and the pleasures of the college life? If the first ideal is that which is to form the college, then the college years may well be those between sixteen and twenty; if the latter, eighteen is full young for such unrestricted freedom.

It seems clear that those who deal with American education must choose between these two distinctive conceptions of what the college is to be. If the first conception is to become general, then we may justly impose the university on the college, forming a consistent system of higher education, and insuring the permanent preservation of the American college. If the latter conception of the college is to prevail, either two years must be gained in preparatory education, or else the college must become, as it is now tending to become, a sort of parallel to the university, a school for the few and not for the many.

I venture to add that the needs of elementary education, the demands for industrial training, the claims of the professional schools, and the economic necessities of the situation, all seem to point to a solution of an educational organization in which the college would deliver its students to the university, or to business life, at twenty rather than at twenty-two.

Finally, those who have to deal with education, and with its organization, must make clear the distinction between college and university. Economic con-

siderations, no less than educational efficiency, demand that the present confusion should be cleared away.

I question whether we have yet realized the effect of this confusion upon the American college in the transformation of teaching and of teachers. The old-time college teacher was a man who had, above all else, intellectual enthusiasm and intellectual sympathy; his learning touched many fields, and all with a sympathetic and friendly spirit; and his work consisted largely of bringing into the lives, and into the intellectual appreciation of his students, his own sense of learning and of civilization and of social relations. For this work there was needed, not primarily a man of research, but a man of large comprehension, of wide interests, of keen sympathies, and of discriminating touch. We seldom choose teachers to-day on such grounds. The primary requisite is that the teacher shall be a man of research, that he shall have indicated in some special direction his ability to advance human knowledge, or at least his readiness to make that attempt. When we choose a teacher on this basis alone, we surrender the essential reason for which the college exists; for if the college is to serve as a place for the development of character, for the blossoming of the human spirit and of the human intellect, it will become this only under the leadership of men who have in their own lives shown the fruitage of such development, and who have themselves broad sympathies and quick appreciations.

I am the last man to wish the spirit of research dulled. We need in our universities, above all else, the nurture of this spirit. What I wish to emphasize is this: the college and the university stand for essentially different purposes. These distinctions are almost lost sight of in the confusion of our educational organization. Research is a word to conjure with, but in the last two decades more sins have been committed in its name against good teaching than we are likely to atone for

in the next generation. We must, if we are to retain the college as a place for general culture, and the university as a place for the promotion of scholarly research and for professional training, honor the college teacher for his own work's sake, and honor no less the investigator in his own field. These two fields overlap; but in the college the primary function is one thing, in the institution for research, another.

Let me add one other word in this connection. If we will seriously undertake

to discriminate between good teaching and poor teaching, we shall get far on the way to distinguish between true scientific research and its imitation, an inquiry which will be as greatly to the advantage of our graduate schools and universities as the first can be to our colleges. In both college and university we need to turn our faces resolutely toward simplicity, sincerity, thoroughness; to get a clear conception of what we are undertaking, and to call institutions of learning by their true names.

TO R. P. C.

(*With a Baton*)

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THIS wand that tapers slenderly
 From ebony to ivory
 Can call from brass and wood and strings
 Beauty that is the soul of things.
 With this divining-rod, among
 Old woes and wonders long unsung
 Thy hand shall grope, instinct to feel
 What springs of music to unseal.
 For thee — as when a master nods —
 Shall sigh again the ancient gods;
 Returning o'er their starry track,
 Thy summoned heroes shall come back;
 For thee shall sound the hardihood
 Of Mime's hammer in the wood,
 And clearly down its glades forlorn
 The challenge of young Siegfried's horn;
 Thy violins shall call and sing
 Like birds in Siegmund's House of Spring,
 Or cry the heartbreak and the stress
 Of Tristan's tragic tenderness;
 Thy gesture shall bewitch the sky
 With wild Valkyries streaming by;
 Again dark Wotan with a word
 Shall splinter the new-welded sword,

Shall still the battle's clang and shock
And ring with flame Brünnhilde's rock;
And when on sobbing muted horns
Gray prophecies of the gray Norns
Foretell the coming twilight doom,
Across the menace and the gloom
Thy wand of magic shall not fail
To fling the radiance of the Grail.

When gods and heroes understand
And answer to thy beckoning hand,
Can I — if thou shalt set the time —
Refuse to answer thee in rhyme,
Withhold the uncourageous song
My soul has sheltered overlong?

As though a hidden mountain spring —
Small dreaming inarticulate thing —
Enchanted broad awake, should hear
The ocean's diapason near,
And chime of breakers on the sand
Thrill o'er the phantom hills inland
(Nor recognize the organ-sound
Of the soft-thundering pines around),
Then — music-startled out of sleep —
Should feel its tiny pulses leap,
And up the sheer blue heights of air
Against the very sun should dare
Lift its frail praise and bid rejoice
Its thin and silver-dropping voice —
So shall that sealed and secret spring
That is my soul — find voice to sing,
By thy enchantment made aware
How the deep calls along the air.
Thy orchestra awake in the sun,
At highest heave and farthest run,
Shall fling me leagues on leagues away
The magic of its poignant spray;
And I far inland on that breath
Shall taste Life bittersweet — and Death;
Shall send my song fluttering alone
Where the sea calls unto its own —
A sea-bird beating far from me
Home to the breakers — home to sea.

READING THE SNOW

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS

A LIGHT fall of snow on a strong crust is a thrilling page, furnishing narrative on narrative, with conclusions in many instances transcribed in the Book of Doom. Fluffy, ephemeral, matchless in its precision, and endless in its detail, the snow page displays the ways and whims of the great and small, of the thrifty and of the careless, of the roving hunters, of the home-abiding rodents; in fact, acting the part of a good newspaper, with partiality for the runners and walkers, while on rare occasions taking a short paragraph from the higher realms of the sky-fliers, quite like newspapers which men make of wood-pulp, plastered with ink. One might carry the analogy a step further. There are snows which are as brief-lived as an evening paper, flashing before the eye an edition of world-news, but burying it under other editions with fresher news. Then there are staid snows, whose records are so valuable that one finds pleasure in consulting back numbers. Thus my brother once observed a skunk track in a Thanksgiving snow. In April he found the same track in raised letters, proving beyond doubt that this skunk had something to say, and had said it. In this instance it called vivid attention to the fact that there are editions and editions of snow. Every layer of snow falling in the forest is written upon by fisher and ermine, mink and mouse, squirrel and rabbit, and by all the other creatures which roam the deep woods in winter.

In the Adirondacks one finds more red-squirrel tracks than any other kind. Rabbits, deer-mice, fox, ruffed grouse, porcupines, and ermines follow in decreasing abundance. Then come the rarer prints of deer, mink, marten, fisher, otter, and bears, the treasures of snow classics. It is something to be able to re-

cognize the track of a cat or dog; there are some less varied trail-stories than those of a field- or woods-roaming house-cat; but to go on with the study, learning to recognize the muskrat, the weasel, the fox, and the other animals by their footprints in the snow, and then to divine what the creatures had in their minds by these same tokens, that is, indeed, very much.

In reading the trail of a wild animal in the forest, one is brought close to the heart of the trail-maker; how close depends upon the reader. One may glance at the trail, decide that "It's only some little animal!" and pass on, seeking a livelier tale; or he may stop, take the first methodical step, and find out which animal made it.

Here is a moment when one brings all his previous knowledge of nature to bear upon one point. Two dots in a thin layer of snow upon a hard crust may be the starting-point of a long and wonderful dip into stream and forest lore. One sees the prints of two little paws; the heels came down lightly, while the claws dug into the crust under the snow, and when the animal sprang forward, the toes tossed a few crystals back across the heel-marks. Two footprints are almost side by side, the toes of one foot beside the heel-marks of the other. Something more than two inches long and a third as wide, the footprint is in itself a little problem, as close inspection will show. For instance, in each of the two footprints one may find distinct traces of seven or eight claws, perhaps ten little scratches in the crust. As the claws show the way the animal traveled, it is worth while to follow up the line of tracks, the italic colons (:) so to speak. Such a line of tracks one may find almost anywhere: in forest depths, in

fields, in brier patches, traversing a pass on a wooded ridge, or along a flat land beside some stream or pond. Sometimes the track enters a barn, or circles around a hen-coop. Usually, however, it is seen beside a stream, running up to brush and drift piles, dipping under cakes of ice, and at some point the trailer will find where the animal walked, like a cat. Perhaps the walk will call vivid attention to the remarkable fact that while the animal ran, it apparently used only two paws. But a moment of consideration will show that the seven or ten scratches in each footprint meant that two paws used each impression, that the animal's fore-paws landed, leaped, and went on, after which the hind-paws struck in the same place and sprang ahead.

Now, one must follow that track to the end, if need be, to learn the maker's name. The end may be in a hole in the ice, in which case it is not difficult to surmise that the trail-maker was a mink. But there are other animals which make a similar track: least weasels, ermines, martens, and fishers, for instance. They vary much in size, the least weasel having a paw less than an inch long, while the fisher or pekan has a hind-foot nearly, sometimes quite, five inches long. The trail and its course indicate the name of the maker, usually beyond doubt, at a glance. Beside a stream it is probably a mink; it is still a mink, though on a mountain-top in marten country, if the animal slides down an incline on the snow. There is a "look" to the track, too, which a practiced eye recognizes, an appearance which even a partially trained eye may distinguish, should a crossing of the mink track and a marten track, say, be discovered.

There is always this problem of identifying the track of an animal. It is sometimes easy; frequently one will find a track which it is not possible to identify surely, an old track, much defaced by snow, thaw, or evaporation, being unrecognizable long before its last trace visible to the eye is destroyed. Few trails

survive a fall of six inches of snow, even in a wide, windless forest. Yet a bear track made in loose snow, or a fox track, say, made in wet snow, will remain weeks and even months. The new snow, however, is a new page which is soon filled with natural history.

When one has learned to know the fresh trail of one animal, say that of a mink or fox, a far stride toward reading the snow has been taken. If one takes that trail and follows its wanderings for even an hour, the delight of discovery will quicken the observer. The "sameness" of nature is in the eye of the unlearned and unobserved only. No two fox trails were ever exactly alike. In fact, every fox has its own character, its own habits, and each day its own divergencies from all the other days of its life. A folding four-foot rule discloses variations in the length of steps. I have seen around a trap the tracks of a fox which averaged three inches apart; stepping off down grade, they will sometimes pace twenty-eight inches to a step. On a stiff snow into which they break only a line, make a bare impression, an eighteen or twenty-inch stride is common. Mere measurements disclose significant facts. Thus, when a fox suddenly changes its stride from sixteen or eighteen inches to six or eight inches as it approaches a nub of the thin snow on a knoll, it can mean but one thing, a mouse-nest may be under that nub. Again, one finds a fox track leading back and forth through a swamp, from side to side. The steps are twelve or sixteen inches long; the fox is a wild still hunter, seeking rabbits or grouse.

Measuring tracks is a pretty practice. It is a profitable task for the determined student of snow-reading, worth all the backaches and cold fingers the stooping and jotting down of the figures produce. A careless way is to measure two or three rods of track, count the footprints, and take the average; but when one reads in his notes, "Fox tracks, wet snow, 24 ft. 12 strides with right paws, 12 with left—

varied from 14 to 28 inches," though far better than no measurements at all, they are unsatisfactory. The figures should tell whether they were growing shorter, longer, or merely happened to vary so much. A short stride commonly means "going slow," a long stride, "going fast."

On Little Black Creek there is a hunters' camp. As near many an Adirondack camp, there were last winter trails of an ermine leading in all directions from this little bark-roof shack. The ermine likes a camp. It builds a nest under the floor, and hunts mice among the bark layers; I have seen a bark roof rain mice when a weasel was hunting in it. An ermine crossed the old sleigh-road, and I measured some jumps: "Inches, 29, 32, 34, 24, 26, 24, 21, 14, 20, 15, etc." This was up and down hummocks, and had no particular significance, save that the average jump was about 23.9 inches. But along the side of the road, after the ermine had been hunting in a brush heap, the figures read: "Inches, 8½, 6, 11, 10, 8, 4." On the left side of the track was a broken line in the snow, showing that something had been dragged through it. At the end of the 4-inch jump, the animal dropped something on the snow, and then, picking it up, started on again; "Inches, 12, 17, 14, 10, 9, 8, 9½, 11, 7, 6, 14, 14, 9, 8 (new hold), 7 (hit some twigs, new hold), 8, 7," etc. Here the decreasing length of the jumps showed that the animal was losing its grip on its burden, which it finally took into a hole in the snow out of sight.

Discovering, by measuring the tracks, whether an animal is going fast or slow is another long step toward reading the snow. Of course, it is not possible to tell always by the distance it jumps whether an animal is going fast, yet it is fairly certain that the farther it jumps, the faster it goes. The exceptions are long jumps made to clear brooks, or other obstructions, or perhaps to try the muscles.

Probably the first time one lays a rule to the pad-marked snow, an inkling of the thought of the animal will slip into the mind of the observer. Certainly, after

one has measured a dozen trails, the perception will quicken with most gratifying speed. If one follows an ermine trail, for example, little differences of appearance will quickly be observed. These differences may tell much.

My brother and I were snow-shoeing along an Adirondack ridge well back in the forest. It was an ideal morning for observing tracks, for there were four feet of snow, with a crust that would almost bear a man's weight without snow-shoes, on top of which was a quarter of an inch of fluffy snow. We discovered a weasel trail just below the ridge-crest. The track was fresh, and led straight away through the woods, as ermines usually go when they are traveling. Around camps, they wander back and forth. The measurements showed "Inches, 23, 23, 13, 16½, 20, 26½, 33½, 35, 23½, 12½, 30 (and up 13 inches), 15½, 26, 22, 30, 28, 19, 24," etc. It was the ordinary hunting gait of the animal. One jump, the longest observed, was 41 inches. But there were particular features which measurements did not show. Ordinarily, the ermines and many others of the mustelidæ strike the ground with their fore-paws, and land in the same print with their hind-paws. But this one did not do that. It "sprawled," so that all four prints were plainly seen, there being intervals of nearly three inches between them. The hind-paws nearly always over-reached the fore-paws, making "gain-speed" tracks, as woodsmen say.

For four days the woods-going had been very bad. Hard showers had swept over the mountains, wetting down the snow, keeping all the animals "close." Rabbits, squirrels, foxes, weasels, and all the other creatures were compelled to remain inactive. Then came the freeze of zero weather, bright sunshine, and the crust. We men felt the exuberance of the release from inactivity — so did other animals. The weasel's track showed how it rejoiced in the release. Away it leaped exuberantly, but not jumping any farther than usual, save now and then a spring of 40 inches, or thereabouts. But sheer

muscular delight in the freedom of "good going" was shown at every jump in the careless landing of the feet, and once with a beautiful and striking display of strength. The ordinary jump of a weasel is a curve, very graceful and "full of life." This ermine ran apparently with the exuberance of the day in its heart, but mere running was not enough. Suddenly, instead of jumping in a curve with a high trajectory, as it had been doing, it dug its claws into the crust and shot straight along the surface of the snow. Its knees dragged in the quarter of an inch of snow throughout the 29 inches of the jump, the impression being faint over one very shallow depression and almost to the crust over a slight elevation. It had shot straight ahead, like a projectile, apparently for no other reason than to try its strength. This was one of the "finds" a trail-hunter delights to make. Almost any track will disclose a "treasure" of similar value.

On this same ridge, but on the other side, a red squirrel's track showed a squirrel trait of mind. The little fellow was running with wide jumps, one of 47 inches, for instance. Its tracks were sprawled out only less remarkably than the weasel's. One track covered a length of 10 inches and a width of more than 3 inches. The tracks led from tree to tree, apparently for the fun of romping around on the crust and in the sunshine. In going from one tree to another, however, it sprang over a hummock beyond which it could not see. Beyond the hummock was a depression in the snow, and the squirrel landed in it, 8 inches below the level of the surrounding snow. The squirrel was surprised, manifestly, experiencing the same uncomfortable surprise that a man feels who goes down another step in the dark after he thinks he is at the bottom of the stairs. The squirrel sprang straight up, and then, having whipped the snow in four places with its tail, started on again. It had been jumping from 30 to 40 inches, but the first leap onward after the surprise was 15 inches, and to the

nearest tree the jumps were only 20 inches or less, but made quickly, as flung snow showed. If one cares to bring imagination into the study of natural history, it might be permissible to imagine a squirrel grunting when it landed at the bottom of that depression.

Every trail becomes a chapter full of meaning when the significance of long jumps, short jumps, sprawling paws, slips, and other indications, is recognized. A trail in the snow is a true record of an animal's life, so true and impeccable that men who kill deer in the deep, crusted snow, watch and fear their own back tracks, dreading the coming of game wardens. If men are afraid in the woods, what must it be for the wild life? The trail tells the story, and the trail which indicates fearlessness is a relief to the student. There are a few animals that are fearless, though all are more or less cautious. In this respect, the ermines, martens, and fishers are especially dashing and brave. They wander through the woods by night or day, confident in their own strength and agility, hard fighters all of them. But their fearlessness is always contrasted with the terror which they excite among creatures of their size. That terror, and more, is ever present in the hearts of other small forest-dwellers.

For instance, witness the track of an Adirondack rabbit (Great Northern Hare, *Lepus Americanus*). The track came through the swamp near Big Rock. Overhead were dense balsam tree-tops, and on all sides were hummocks. The hare wanted to cross the Stillwater on Little Black Creek. Its course through the swamp for rods showed jumps of decreasing length, from more than three feet to less than two. There were a score of jumps averaging twenty-two inches which came to the moon shadow of a balsam at the edge of the ice. There the animal jumped and landed facing its back track, and there it remained perfectly motionless till the warmth of its paws had had time to thaw the snow.

Apparently all was quiet; no fox or

fisher appeared on the back track, no great, soft-winged owl swept among the evergreen tops. Then the rabbit ventured to start across the open space on the ice of the Stillwater. It sprang while facing the swamp from which it had come, turned in mid-air, and landed 31 inches beyond, facing toward the other side. Then came jumps toward the further side: "Inches, 53, 50, 54, 73, 49, 84 (7 feet), 69, 79, 48, 52, 59, 44, 70, 59, 36, 32." At the end of the 32-inch jump, the animal's feet slipped as it sprang, and it landed with its head toward the Stillwater — toward its back track once more. Evidently, however, the slip startled it, for when it landed 23 inches beyond, it at once sprang again, 34 inches, landing facing the swamp it had started toward, and then in the next jump turned in mid-air and landed once more facing the Stillwater it had just crossed. The alders and a shadowing balsam were now overhead. Satisfied that no pursuer was on its trail, it cautiously entered the swamp, and in its shade, forgot the dread venture in the moonlight.

Their tracks show that timid animals all fear the forest openings. A deer will sometimes walk back and forth along the edge of a clearing for a hundred rods, taking short steps, and stopping at frequent intervals, before venturing to go out and eat the apples from a wild tree. A bear track, described by my brother, approached a tramway through the woods. "He came with his usual length of stride to the top of a rise of ground which at that point flanks the old road. Here he slackened his pace, as the shorter steps indicated. Probably he stopped once or twice in his tracks, but that was not fully evident. When he came to the very edge of the narrow chopping, although it was well grown up to briers and young hardwoods, his step shortened until he placed one foot ahead of the other at a distance of one inch. Thus the wise old brute crept along for about four yards. Undoubtedly he halted here more than once. At the end of these carefully taken steps, he came to a little descent in the

ground, and down this he walked with his ordinary length of stride. But at the foot of this he seemed to become suddenly aware of his recklessness, and once more, for about three yards, he carefully planted one foot just before the other. Then he relaxed his intense attention and two more rods brought him to his jump across the ditch to the old wooden tram."

A fox shows the same dread of an opening. One, for instance, came to the Apple Tree Clearing, an opening in the woods that is five rods long and three rods wide at the widest. For some reason the fox decided to cross the open, though it might easily have gone around. Beginning to run two rods from the edge, it raced with increasing jumps over the snow, galloping, with its paws one behind the other. The jumps across the clearing were, in inches, 78, 70, 60, 72, 80, 93, 74, 78, 72, 56, 74, etc. Between the last two landing-places there was an oddity in that the fox, as it passed over, dropped a paw on a little hummock, with a light touch, for what reason I could not tell. Familiarity with the history of that little opening led me to think that a trapper had put a chunk of bait somewhere in it, with poisoned pills of lard around it for the fox. The fox, however much tempted, had its suspicions, and its longest jump, 93 inches, cleared the faint impression left by an old snow-shoe trail through the clearing. I should like to know what that fox thought afterwards of the tracks I made when measuring its tracks. In measuring I took the distance from the leading paw of each jump. The paws were put on the snow nearly equi-distant. The lengths spanned by the various impressions made at each jump were 33, 33, 31, 29 inches, etc., the 29-inch track being the gathering for the 80-inch jump, and the 36-inch track representing the landing from the 93-inch spring. In general, the longest jumps of animals are preceded by a comparatively short jump or two, and are followed by a short jump.

Usually, when a fox approaches a man's trail, of whatever age, in the woods

it displays much anxiety. In dozens of fox tracks crossing old snow-shoe tracks, I have never seen an instance where a fox stepped in the snow-shoe track. But they follow sleigh-roads for rods at a time. Sometimes, however, a fox fails to notice the snow-shoe track till it is almost under paw. This startles the fox, and it invariably springs back and runs several jumps away from the suspicious depression and odor in the snow. A fox thus startled will sometimes run toward the track three or four jumps, but, losing its nerve, turn back, afraid even to jump over the trail. Usually, after two or three attempts, the fox will clear the man-track, doubtless jumping pretty high.

Fear is the most impressive characteristic of animal trails; it is easily seen when one has mastered the rudiments of the snow language. It takes keener observation to see other workings of the animal mind, but an old trapper becomes marvelously adept in reading trails. I followed a fisher track with one for a considerable distance. The snow was deep and loose, making snow-shoeing very tiresome. The fisher (*pekan*, *mustella pennanti*) usually plunges along with jumps from three to four feet long. A very impressive track it makes, giving one the idea of great strength in reserve. But in the deep, loose snow, this fisher became tired. It ran half a mile, then walked a hundred yards, and walking is the summit of degradation for the racers of the weasel tribe.

"See how mad he is!" the trapper remarked; and sure enough, when my attention had been called to it, the track did show "mad." Breasting the snow, flipping its paws, and waving its tail from side to side, the fisher ploughed along, at last beginning to run again, writing its anger at the bad going in the fluffy snow, by flipping the snow in all directions at every step and jump.

When contrasted with a porcupine's trail, through the same kind of snow, the fisher's characteristics stand out plainly. The porcupine walks slowly through the soft snow. Its wide, heavy body ploughs

a trench, sometimes six inches deep, with levees on either side. It puts its heels flat on the snow, plantigrade, which many other animals seldom or never do. Plodding along, in no hurry, on its way from a rock-den to a hemlock or birch tree, its trail is the most careless of all in the woods. Its steps measure in inches, "10, 11, 11, 12, 10, 11, 10½, 10½, 10, 11," etc., the steps of its fore-paws being of different length from those of its hind-paws, and the steps of the right side different from those on the left, with the result that the porcupine's is the crookedest trail to be found in the woods. Apparently it never thinks of walking or going in a straight line as other animals do. Moreover, it drags its toes as it lifts its paws, and comes down heel first, making in some respects the most interesting of woods trails. In Wisconsin the porcupine is protected by law, for it is the one animal in the woods which a lost and starving man can kill with a club. Its spines protect it from most aggression, till the fisher comes upon it. The fisher kills and eats porcupines, in spite of the armor, which is one reason why woodsmen take delight in the fisher. They consider the lithe, strong-jawed fighter more admirable than the armor-plated hulk.

When one has studied trails in the snow for a time, the animals cease to be mere foxes and fishers and rabbits. One learns to recognize certain individuals; then indeed is one a silent spectator of the pageant of forest nature. Once, when living in a logging camp between the hauling and driving seasons, I knew a great hare. He was the biggest rabbit I ever saw. When he fled from me, he crossed the open hardwood, disdaining the thick balsam swamps, and when I saw that fact in his 10-foot jumps, I was glad I could n't kill him. Then there was a fisher, with a runway perhaps thirty miles long, a great circle which it did not leave. An otter, too—but to go on seems needless. One may even have an unseen, much loved, and decidedly worth-while acquaintance in a deer-mouse.

CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS VIA PERCENTAGES

BY RAYMOND L. BRIDGMAN

A NEW promise of success has come to the reformers of municipal governments. It has come through a new application of statistics, and its potency lies in the application of percentage of result to expense in the different cities, whereby comparison between different departments becomes possible, down to small details. It has come in local form, but the idea is national, and it is a fair presumption that the idea will speedily have national standing. Its local application has manifested itself in two states only, — Ohio and Massachusetts. In Ohio the working-out of comparisons has not been made in the document published in such a way as to be easily understood by the average student of municipal management. But the only report published by Massachusetts is presented in such admirable form that it is in itself a most encouraging promise that a large measure of reform in municipal management will be attained through the comparisons of percentages of expenditures to results obtained.

Two assumptions which may be accepted as facts for the purpose of the argument, and which perhaps are facts, lie at the beginning of the study of the case. One is that the greatest political evil of the times in the United States, and the greatest problem, is that of municipal government. The other is that the present tendency of the people of the United States to herd into cities will continue, so that the problem of city administration will soon concern directly more than half of the people of the United States, and that the proportion will continue to increase indefinitely.

This Massachusetts report referred to is entitled "The Cost of Municipal Government in Massachusetts." It is issued by the Bureau of Statistics of Labor,

Charles F. Gettemy Chief, and is a work of exceptional value, and one of higher excellence than usual in the scope and detail of the statistical work which is presented. This is the first report of the sort ever published in this country, perhaps in the world, and it is of such a pioneer character as to make it appear as if it must, by the very force of its method and application to municipal problems, be followed in all its essential characteristics by every other state of the Union, especially by all those with one or more large cities.

Regarding the tendency of the people of the United States to congregate in cities, the report gives these facts among others: In 1800 the population of the United States was 5,308,483, and only five cities had a population of over 10,000, namely, New York, with 60,515; Philadelphia, with 41,220; Baltimore, with 26,514; Boston, with 24,937; and Charleston, with 18,824, — a total of 172,010, or 3.24 per cent of the population. In 1900, the population was 76,303,387, and the population of places of 8000 people or more (comparison of 10,000 is not given) was 24,992,199, or 32.75 per cent of the whole, and there were 545 places of that population. Massachusetts furnishes a striking illustration of the tendency to gather in cities. As late as 1875 the percentage of people in towns of 5000 and less was 32.83, but in 1905 it had dropped to 14.28. In the former year the percentage of persons in places of 30,000 or over was 38.30, but in 1905 it was 57.77. The director of the United States Census is quoted as predicting that in 1910 there will be 90 per cent of the people of Massachusetts living in places of 8000 or more population. This tendency is general to the country. Hence comes the im-

portance to our political system of solving the problem of honest and efficient city administration for the physical, moral, and intellectual welfare of the children who must grow up under city government.

Brief mention of official acts preceding and leading up to this movement which has resulted in this encouraging promise in Massachusetts for the entire United States, was made by Dr. Edward M. Hartwell, secretary of the department of statistics of the city of Boston, at a conference of municipal auditing officers which met at the Hotel Bellevue in Boston, Saturday, January 18, 1908. In 1878 Minnesota established the office of state examiner to look after county accounts, and to prescribe uniform methods of keeping them, and the latter power was extended to state institutions. In 1879 Massachusetts put certain county accounts under the supervision of the savings bank commissioners. In 1887 the same state established the office of controller of county accounts. In 1889 North and South Dakota established the office of state examiner. Wyoming did the same in 1890. But the state examiners had no right to supervise city accounts, save that in 1891 the Minnesota examiner was given partial supervision over the accounts and financial reports of St. Paul, and in 1903 the same duties were extended over Minneapolis.

Credit for the first suggestion of uniformity in municipal accounts is given to Professor John R. Commons, then at the University of Indiana, who advanced the idea in an article on "State Supervision of Cities," in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, in May, 1895. In July, 1896, a similar idea was treated in *The Quarterly Journal of Economics* by Mr. F. R. Clow, under the heading "Suggestions for the Study of Municipal Finance." In 1898, when President Carroll D. Wright, now of Clark College in Worcester, was the head of the national department of labor, Congress passed a

law for an annual publication of statistics of cities; and the man most active in this movement was Secretary Maltbie of the Reform Club of New York City, now a member of the Public Service Commission of the same city. The statistics were to cover cities of 30,000 population and over. In the draft of a model municipal corporations act, made in 1898 by a committee of the National Municipal League, was a recommendation for uniform methods of accounting for cities.

The committee suggested schedules for trial. In 1900, Mr. Harvey Chase, a member of the committee, put the idea in practice in rearranging the accounts of the auditor of Newton, Massachusetts. Credit for the suggestions is given to Professor Rowe, of the University of Pennsylvania, who was on the municipal programme committee of the National Municipal League. These schedules have been utilized in Baltimore and Cambridge, and reform ideas in this direction have been adopted in Chicago, Minneapolis, Rochester, Pawtucket, and New Bedford. Ohio passed a law in 1902 for uniformity in municipal accounts and reports, and Dr. Hartwell quotes it as in force in 1904 in over 70 cities, 88 counties, 700 villages, 1600 townships, and 2800 school districts. All New York cities, except New York City and Buffalo, must report to the Secretary of State on uniform schedules, which are about the same as those of the National Municipal League. So the idea has been gaining ground among the students of statistical science.

The Massachusetts law was passed in 1906, and the report mentioned above is the earliest product under it. In Europe the idea has been in practice much longer in several countries. The Massachusetts law requires each city and town to furnish annually to the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor "a return for such city or town containing a summarized statement of all revenues and all expenses for the last fiscal year of that

city or town; a detailed statement of all receipts and all disbursements of the last fiscal year, arranged upon uniform schedules prepared by the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor; statements of the income and expense for each public industry maintained or operated by such city or town, and of all the costs therefor, expenditures for construction and for maintenance and operation being separately stated; a statement of the public debt of said city or town, showing the purpose for which each item of the debt was created and the provisions made for the payment thereof, and a statement of all current assets and all current liabilities of such city or town at the close of its fiscal year."

How important this statistical work of the cities is for their welfare, is set forth by Professor Charles J. Bullock, of Harvard University, who was a member of the Special Taxation Commission of Massachusetts in 1907:—

"From his point of view the city auditor or accountant is conducting a scientific experiment station. From his point of view, your public official responsible for a system of accounting is conducting a laboratory in which are being worked out the data from which both the practical man and the scientific observer must get the data that are essential for the solution of some of the greatest problems of the age. So that, while this movement is to be commended as of great practical value for the improvement of the financial standing of our cities, it has far-reaching importance when we look upon it as a movement for gathering data essential to enable the student of modern social conditions to determine whither our civilization is tending, and whether it is likely to prove a failure or a success."

Regarding the conditions which have hitherto prevailed, what Chief Gettemy says about Massachusetts is doubtless applicable to municipal accounting all over the country, as a rule. Here is the discreditable fact, as he puts it: "The student of municipal finance has hitherto

been confronted with utter chaos whenever he has attempted to make comparisons of the important facts of a selected number of cities or towns for the purpose of ascertaining whether any significant deductions might be drawn from them. There has been no uniformity in classification of accounts, and in many cases no book-keeping worthy of the name." Recommendations are made of legislation to correct glaring evils, and four of the six points are applicable in any city in the country: that all financial transactions should pass through the treasurer's office, and be recorded; that expenses of the departments should agree when checked up with recapitulations; that all municipal trust funds should be administered by a common board of trustees; and that a uniform fiscal year should be established.

In such a report, as was to have been expected, headings are given for classifying the different branches of a municipality's financial transactions, but these may be left to the special student. What is of consequence to the average citizen who is interested in good government is to notice how the percentages of expense in the different departments have been worked out, so that each city in the state can be compared with any other in respect to any detail. There are thirty-three cities in the state, and they are ranked according to population, with statements of the totals of their expenses for the year under consideration, their valuation, the rate of tax per \$1000, the per capita of current expense, and the percentage of the total expense to the valuation. For instance, Boston stands at the head of the list for current expense per capita, with \$26.69, while it is at the foot of the list in percentage of current expense to valuation, the figure being 1.25 against 2.15 for Chelsea, the highest; and the last figure was based on conditions before the great fire. That shows that Boston's liberal expense, compared with the \$9.58 of Chicopee, at the foot of the list, which has a percent-

age of 1.92 of expense to valuation, does not bear nearly as hard upon the taxpayers as the seemingly lighter rate of Chicopee, and is really the lightest in the state. Another table shows the per capita of debt in the cities, Boston leading with \$111.90, and Somerville having the lowest, or \$20.55.

But a still more practical table for the critic of a city administration is that which shows the percentage division of expenses between the municipal departments. Here the total one hundred per cent of expenses is divided under the following heads: general administration, police department, fire department, protection of life and property other than police and fire, public health and sanitation, highways and bridges, charities and corrections, education, libraries and reading-rooms, recreation, and soldiers' benefits. The average for all of the thirty-three cities is given, as well as the items severally for every city by itself.

A still further searching analysis is given in a table in which the aggregate per capita expenditure for each city as a whole is taken and separated into the amounts which have been spent respectively for the departments named under the classification above. In addition, there is given the rank among the thirty-three cities which is held by each city in respect to each particular item. Again, the amounts which are spent for the general administration of each city are analyzed further, so that the total one hundred per cent is separated into its proportions for legislative expenses, executive, financial, other general departments, city hall and other property not classified, election and registration, printing and stationery, and miscellaneous.

Then the Metropolitan Park District, which includes cities and towns in the suburbs of Boston, as well as Boston itself, is analyzed from the park point of view. Again, the total current expenses of general administration, not percentages but actual amounts, are given for the cities side by side, so comparisons

are under the eye in a moment for the entire state. Still further, current expenses for protection of life and property are given with a detailed analysis which includes the areas of the several cities and their population, so that the relative congestion of population comes in as a visible factor in the expenditure for police and fire service. Expenses for militia and armories enter also into the showing. In the same way the expenditures for conservation of the public health are given, with the population for 1906, the square miles of area, the population per square mile, the per capita expense for the cause, the sum spent, the cost of the city physician, the inspection of school children, contagious diseases, hospitals, quarantine and pest-houses, and the inspection departments.

Further on are shown the expense for operation and maintenance of sewers, and the cost of refuse and garbage disposal, and in another table, the details of inspection of buildings, inspection of plumbing, inspection of wires, sealing of weights and measures, inspection of meat and provisions, and inspection of milk and vinegar. Highway expenditures are analyzed into general supervision, engineering department, street-repairing, street-paving, street-cleaning, street-lighting, and street-sprinkling, and eight other items of detail. So it is with the department of charities and corrections,—different departments set out in detail. Educational expenses show salaries, text-books, repairs of houses, and so on. There is much more, all worked out carefully, and there is a large amount more for comparisons of the cities, and then the 321 towns are treated in a brief way, but still with much detail, comparisons being especially made easy between towns of about the same population.

Considering the great difficulties under which the report was prepared, the utter chaos prevailing between the municipalities and their manner of keeping their accounts, and the fact that many snarls were untangled before compari-

sons could be made, and considering also the vast mass of computations for comparison and percentages which had to be made after the figures were put into a form for comparison, the report is sure to attract attention by students of city management. It promises to be worth its cost and the unspeakable worry and ingenuity which it required for its preparation.

Now see where it leaves the science of municipal statistics. Here has been an evolution extending over more than thirty years. It has received the contributions of both statisticians and publicists. It has been growing in state and nation. It has risen from simple forms to this highly complex one. Now it stands forth in this system of comparisons by percentages in all the details of municipal management which are concerned in a dispute regarding good government. Science in this field has come to a basis of practical politics, and now it would seem as if an abundant fruitage must necessarily follow.

Here are two elements of successful government under a democracy which are made possible, — publicity and responsibility. For the first time, in a broad, practical way for all the cities of the state, — and for every state and for the entire nation, as soon as this example is followed, — there is publicity in such a way as to arouse popular interest. It is now so easy to check up the work of any mayor, board of aldermen, street commissioner, school superintendent, or any other official who has a responsible position, that the average citizen can see easily and intelligently what the situation is. Two lines of comparison will be possible. The official or the department can be compared with its own past. Facts will show at once whether this official is more or less expensive than his predecessor. It will appear whether the department is extravagant, measured by itself; and whether it is running as economically as it has been running, compared with the growth of population. Again, the department can be compared with every other city, near

or far. If the administration is honest, economical, efficient in every detail, making a dollar go as far as possible and returning to the taxpayers a full equivalent for every dollar taken from them, then the administration gets credit in a way which has not been possible hitherto. With no general standard for comparison, the people of a municipality have not had a sufficient test to enable them to judge whether or not they were being served as they should be, and the heads of the administration have been equally without a comprehensive guide. But with a general average for every city in the state, there stands forth at once a criterion by which the taxpayer measures the efficiency of his own city government. If the comparison is good, then full credit is given.

This appeal to the public approval is likely to figure perhaps more than the reforming statisticians have supposed. It is a current complaint of municipal government that our best citizens will not share in it because they are so hampered that they can do nothing, and get no credit for merit if they have it. It is true that the publication of percentages of comparison does not change the system of administration, but it does give the most practical and most effective publicity for an honest and competent administration which could be desired. Honesty and efficiency are sure to show themselves in the long run. If here is a city department which stands No. 1 of all the cities in the United States in its accomplishment in results for the dollars expended, then every municipal administrator in the United States, and many citizens besides, will know the fact, and the man who has made the record possible will get credit for his ability and his honesty. In every case, merit is bound to receive its just reward, so far as justice can be reflected in the statistical statement of results and can be brought into comparison with other cities. Here is a new force which will bring better men into the public service, and will spur them on

to give the people the best possible administration.

On the other hand, the percentages of comparison, other things being equal, will play the detective upon every dishonest and inefficient municipal department head. Where the spoils system is in full sway, where offices are the plunder of victory at the polls, and the man at the head knows little or nothing of the details of his business, comparison with departments managed on the merit system, by honest and competent men, working for an honorable reputation with even more zeal than they work for their salaries, will expose the dishonesty and inefficiency. Imperative demands will be made by the taxpayers for a change. Explanations which are not based on a real difference of conditions sufficient to justify the bad showing of the percentages, will not be accepted in the long run, however successful a local ring may be for a campaign or two. Revolt is sure to come, and the dishonest and incompetent officials will be driven from office.

Publicity of itself has the effect of making officials feel more responsible. Even though there is no dishonesty, and where the efficiency is sufficient to prevent a revolt, yet the fact that credit for merit is shown in the percentages of succeeding years will stimulate an official to see if his own record cannot be made better. Honorable pride will be stimulated by the certainty that if he does well his people and the people of other cities will have the truth advertised to them. The statistics, under the administration of the law, are automatic, constant year after year, and impartial. The light of publicity will shine about every department as it has not hitherto shone, and as it could not possibly shine with the chaos of accounting systems; and it will, of itself, tend to make municipal government better.

Still further for the encouragement of the pessimistic, this new system of comparison by percentages must inevitably result in stirring up public interest in municipal affairs. It will be much easier than ever before to get some clear idea of the management of city government. The average taxpayer can see what his city is costing, compared with some other he knows. He will become interested in running down accounts when they are straight and without mystery. He will feel as if he could follow the official in his policy, and the official will none the less feel that the taxpayer has his eye upon him. This added watchfulness will raise the public intelligence in public affairs, with a corresponding elevation of the efficiency of the service and a higher standard of what the service should be.

Now, all this advance does not concern the scheme of government at all. It does not involve any charter amendments. It has nothing to do with the various theories of one chamber or two, with more or less power and responsibility for the mayor, school committee, and heads of departments. It has nothing to do with the suffrage, with systems of balloting or any phase of election laws. It does not touch theories of taxation or sanitation, or education, or labor and capital, or any other side upon which the problem of municipal maladministration is attacked. It is simply a matter of reducing finances to a form favorable for comparison, and letting the system do its perfect work. It does not seem, perhaps, at first glance, as if much relief could come from such an unpromising source. But a study of the case shows that it has large and substantial promise, and it is quite possible that the evils of our notorious city governments will be relieved from an unsuspected quarter. But it must not be forgotten that it takes *men* to reform. Figures will never do it of themselves.

ACROSS THE CREEK

BY LUCY PRATT

ROMULUS walked down Goose Alley pondering deeply. A well-filled long-seated wagon had just rolled past him, and some familiar faces had flown by.

"Been a missiona'yin', I s'pose," he meditated; "look ter me like de chil'ren at de Ins'tute 's been a missiona'yin'."

He sauntered on in the early evening light, his mental comments running smoothly.

"Well, co'se it's all right ter go missiona'yin' ef yer selec's de right pussons ter missiona'y on. I ain't sayin' 't ain't puffedkly right fer 'em ter do it, an' co'se I'se glad ter see dey *is* doin' it, an' de only question I'd ax 'em anyway, is *where* dey been. Caze ef dey been down ter Brudder Jerden's on de crick, I kin tell 'em now Brudder Jerden doan' *need* 'em. But ef dey's been down ter ole Mose 'n' A'bella Stroud, w'y, dat's 'tirely dif'rent, caze Mose 'n' A'bella *does* need 'em. I kin think o' some'n' else where needs 'em, too, an' 't ain' Brudder Jerden ner Mose ner A'bella nudder. No, suh, it's old Uncle 'Nezer Smiff over yonder crossen de crick."

Romulus strolled on until his eye fell suddenly on a well-known, lively, tumbling group just before him in the road.

"Well, now, ef I ain't happen ter be lookin' I s'pose I'd 'a' walked right over yer!" he declared warmly. "An' ef I'd 'a' walked right over yer, where yer reckon yer'd be now? Huh? I say ef I'd 'a' walked right over yer, where yer reckon yer'd be now?"

The group below did not appear eager to contemplate the possibilities, and Romulus stopped and took one sweeping and comprehensive look around him.

"Well, 't would n' 'a' been 'nough of yer lef' ter r'ally speak of 't all," he continued. "But sence yer *is* jes' manage

ter 'scape ez yer has, I say sence yer *is* jes' manage ter 'scape, w'y, I'se got sump'n' ter tell yer, an' ef yer wants ter hyeah it yer kin jes' foller me twell I gits raidy ter speak 'bout it."

They fell in just behind him in a straggling but amiable procession, apparently ready to follow across the continent, if it were necessary, and Romulus strode on in silence. Past the small but tidy dooryards of Goose Alley they made their way until a familiar porch appeared in view, and then Romulus stopped, turning around once more.

"Come awn," he urged. "I'se gwine wait twell I gits dere befo' I begins tellin' it."

But finally they were there, and Romulus had seated himself comfortably on the porch, the others grouped around him and looking at him 'th a respect emphasized a bit by the pervading air of mystery.

"Well, now," he began finally, "co'se you chil'ren where's hyeah now is a *po'tion* o' de class I'se been a teachin' fer ser many evenin's, ain't yer?" They admitted that they probably were a portion of that particularly mentioned class.

"Ya'as," agreed Romulus, "I reckon yer all has been members o' de class. An' ef yer's been yere *reg'lar* an' paid 'tention way yer ought, w'y, I 'spec yer 'mount o' learning is much *mo'* 'n 't was w'en yer fus' come, ain't it?" They hardly seemed ready to speak positively on that supposition, but various mild grunts testified to a general feeling in the affirmative.

"Well, co'se 't is, an' ef 't ain't, w'y, 't oughter be. 'T oughter be much *mo'*, an' co'se 't is, ez I say, ef yer's paid 'tention way yer ought. Well, now de nex' question is — doan't yer p'raps reckon

we's been payin' almos' ter *much* 'tention ter learnin', ter de neglec' o' some udder matters where p'raps we'd oughter be thinkin' 'bout, too. Co'se yer doan't want ter be *all* learnin'!"

They looked aware, at least, of this threatening danger.

"No, co'se yer doan't want ter be all learnin', caze ef yer's *all* learnin', w'y, look ter me like it's trouble ahaid fer yer den sho'—same's ef yer ain' *no* learnin'. W'y, I'se 'quainted wid a gen'leman once, an' he ain' nuthin' *but* learnin'. Did n' know nuthin' else no-how! Jes' completely *ign'rant* on eve'y single thing 'cep' learnin'! Well, co'se 't would 'a' been all right fer 'im ef 'tain' come no call fer 'im ter *use* nuthin' 'cep' 'is learnin', but trouble *wuz* it come a call fer 'im one day on a matter where wa'n't 'sociated wid learnin' in de ve'y leas'. Ya'as, an' dat's de trufe I'se tellin' yer, too. He's a settin' by de winder one day wid 'is books 'n' papers—w'en some'n' come along down de road a holl'in' *fire*. But natchelly de gen'leman wuz mo' intrusted in 'is books 'n' papers 'n he wuz in de fire, so he jes' kep' on a studyin' twell he hyeah 'em holl'in' fire ag'in, an' nex' he knew dey's a holl'in' at 'im dat it's de ve'y house he's a settin' in where's afire. Well, natchelly de gen'leman did n' know w'at ter do den nudder, caze ez I tole yer, he did n' know nuthin' 'cep' learnin', so co'se all he's thinkin' 'bout wuz 'is books 'n' papers. So 'stid o' jumpin' up an' hoppin' right outen de winder same ez anybuddy wid good all 'roun' sense would 'a' done, w'y, he jes' set dere a holl'in', 'Oh, my books 'n' papers! Oh, my books 'n' papers!' twell natchelly de fire kep' on a spreadin' an' nex' thing he knows, w'y, co'se he's afire hisself, an' still he kep' on settin' dere a holl'in', 'Oh, my books 'n' papers! Oh, my books 'n' papers!' Well, co'se it's only one thing lef' fer 'em ter do, an' dey did n' r'ally like ter do it nudder, but ter save 'im—dey's jes' 'blige ter shoot 'im."

There was an effective pause while the

full strength of the story's moral sank thoroughly in.

"Well, now, co'se I doan' mean by dat," continued Romulus reasonably, "dat ef yer puts yer mine 'ntirely on learnin' yer's mos' sho' ter *git shot*; no, I ain't r'ally mean dat; w'at I mean is, 't ain't sense ter put yer mine '*tirely on learnin'* ez is *prove* by de gen'leman where *got* shot. But '*t is* sense ter give a li'l' mo' all roun' 'tention ter mos' eve'ything in gen'al, an' ez de gen'leman over 't de Ins'tute said, ter edjercate 'de haid, de heart, an' de han'!' Now, we's alraidy tukken up de haid an' mos' finish it, *nex'* we's gwine tek up de *heart*!"

"W'at's we gwine do wid de heart?" came a modest query.

"Did yer fer yerself, Theophilus? Did yer ax w'at's we gwine do wid de heart? Well, jes' look eroun' yer an' see de way udder folks ack w'en dey starts in ter train de hack. Fus' dey begins ter ack r'al kine an' p'lite w'en dey passes each udder on de road, an' nex' dey go 'long an' do up dey wuk 'thout continyul fussin' 'n' quar'lin' 'bout it, an' nex' dey goes ter church puffleckly regerlar even ef it doan' seem ter do 'em de leas' good, an' nex', w'y, p'raps dey'll start off a missiona'yin' on de po' an' de sick. Well, yer kin see fer yerself it's mo' sense ter give a li'l' mo' all 'roun' 'tention ter mos' eve'ything like dat 'n't is ter jes' put eve'y minute continyully on yer haid. So, ez I said, we's gwine tek up de heart, an' we's gwine start right in now by gwine missiona'yin'!"

This definite announcement caused an unmistakable wave of interest mixed with curiosity to sweep over the small surrounding company, and Romulus proceeded even more definitely.

"Dat's jes' ez true ez any word I'se ever spoke," he continued warmly; "we's gwine start right in by gwine missiona'yin' *now*! *Ter-night*! An' we's gwine begin our *fus'* missiona'y visit wid old Uncle 'Nezer Smiff. *You* know who I'se talkin' 'bout, doan't yer—ole Uncle 'Nezer Smiff crossen de crick?"

"Where yer mean — crossen de crick? Ole Uncle 'Nezer Smiff crossen de crick?"

"Dat's w'at I say, an' dat's jes' w'at I mean. *Ole Uncle 'Nezer Smiff crossen de crick.* Now, listen at me, kin yer start right now, soon's I kin git a hymn-book an' an axe, an' any udder piece o' property where's customa'y fer missiona'yin'? Caze co'se fus' we mus' sing 'im a song an' den we mus' chop 'im some wood, an' de reason is I'se right over by Uncle 'Nezer's house dis mawnin' an' I seen he's gittin' kine o' behine on 'is wuk, an' dat's w'y I come ter 'cide on Uncle 'Nezer, anyway."

"I ain' gwine chop no wood fer no Uncle nobuddy," came a sulky growl from the very heart of the surrounding group.

Just a silver thread from a slow, lazy moon was visible away off on the horizon, and the light was faint. But Romulus's ears were well trained.

"Wuz dat you speakin', Benj'mun?" he inquired, "an' did yer say yer ain' gwine chop no wood fer no Uncle nobuddy? Well, look ter me like yer spoke wid mo' sense dat time 'n yer mos' gen'ly does, Benj'mun, caze trufe is I ain't de ve'y leas' idea o' tekkin' yer anyway, counten yer bein' bofe under-size 'n' mean-favored, ez well ez 'pearin' worse 'n usual w'en yer starts in ter speak. Furdermo', I could n' tek mo' n two free of yer under no sucumstances 't all, so p'raps yer better begin 'n ax whedder yer kin go, stid o' settin' up dere an' sayin' yer ain't."

There followed a quick succession of meek petitions.

"Well, now dat's 'nough fer axin', too! Now, ef yer 'll set up so I kin see yer, I'se gwine mek de s'lection an' tell yer jes' who kin go."

There was not a breath to be heard. Romulus eyed the distant silver thread on the horizon critically, and then eyed the waiting group.

"Yer may go, Theophilus," he announced; "yer may go, Browser, yer

may go, Keenie. An' dat's all, caze I'se gwine ca'y yer over 'n de boat. I could p'raps tek one mo' ef 't wa'n't fer de axe 'n' de hymn-book, but co'se we doan't want no drownin's or capsizin's, so dat 's all — scusin' de axe 'n' de hymn-book."

But there came the voice of woe unutterable.

"Please cyan't yer tek me? Oh, p-lease cyan't yer tek me p-place o' de axe 'n' de hymn-book?"

"Well, now doan't set up dere cryin' 'bout it," came the amiable objection, "caze cryin' doan't gen'ly do no good, an' 'side fum dat, look ter me like yer's talkin' foolishness, too. How is yer gwine tek de place o' de axe, Tibe'ius Mo'se, jes' answer me dat. Or furdermo', how is yer gwine tek de place o' de hymn-book!"

Tiberius looked feebly conscious of his shortcomings, and Romulus concluded with the plain facts of the case. "Yer could n' do it, Tibe'ius, not ef yer wuz ter practice all night fer it, but I'll tell yer jes' w'at yer kin do, sence yer seem ter feel ser bad 'bout it, yer kin go ef yer 'll promise right now yer won't move once fum time yer start twell yer git back, an' ef yer won't tek up de leas' bit o' room in de boat."

Tiberius complied eagerly with the conditions, and Romulus turned to leave them. "De ones whose names I'se called kin jes' set yere twell I come back."

When he returned, several minutes later, there was no comment made on the fact that he carried two axes as well as a hymn-book, so he commented briefly on the fact himself. "I 'cided ef we 's gwine ter r'ally git much done we 's blige ter ca'y two axes, anyway. Co'se I kin see we's mos' likely ter sink de boat 's well ez drown 'n' capsize, wid de load we's tekkin', but 't ain' no time ter start no argument 'bout it nudder."

The four chosen ones evidently had no idea of starting an argument, but briskly clambering down the steps behind Romulus, who carried an axe over each shoulder, Theophilus followed next in

line, with the hymn-book, and the procession moved impressively down the alley toward the Institute gates — while the less favored members of the company disappeared silently into the darkness.

Through the gates they wound, on to the broad, hard road and across the grounds, winding with the winding road past brightly lighted buildings and on to a long, smooth stretch of grass that rolled down to the waters of the creek. In the distance the Hampton Roads flashed with lights, and, as Romulus stepped down to the wharf, he stopped for a moment, looking down at the dimly flowing waters of the creek and then out at the larger flashing of the Roads.

"Cert'nly is a pretty night," he murmured, "now we ain' gwine have no playin' w'ile we's gittin' in de boat!"

Judging from the serious, almost funereal aspect of his surrounding attendants, this word of warning seemed a bit misplaced, but they took it without comment or complaint.

"Se' down, Theopholus, doan't yer move, Tibe'ius; now, is yer all raidy?"

Out into the little, dimly-flashing stream they moved, and Romulus, without further conversation, bent silently over his oars, while four small dark faces gazed as silently from the flickering, shadowy water to the sky above.

But the voice of authority sounded once more as the boat washed up lightly on the other side — and then again they were traveling silently on under the night sky, ragged bushes and trees on either side of them, the axes over Romulus's shoulders sending out occasional little glancing gleams of light — still traveling on.

Finally the leader turned impressively, clearing his throat and pointing mysteriously to a dully gleaming light in the distance.

"Yer see dat light?" he queried, "caze dat's jes' de ve'y spot where Uncle 'Nezer lives, an' we's a gwine dere right now. Jes' foller me."

And they stood before the leaning

cabin, and breathed 'a gentle, general sigh of relief. Then, suddenly, the dully gleaming light which had beckoned them on went out.

"Sho'! Well, doan' make no diffunce — we kin do de missiona'yin' jes' zackly de same. *Jes' foller me!*"

Around the cabin he led them, pointing effectively once more at something which loomed boldly up in the moonlight. "Yer see dat woodpile?" he demanded. He deposited his axes on the ground. "Co'se it's easy 'nough ter see it. Well, Tibe'ius, you kin climb up dere an' han' down, an' Keenie 'n' Theopholus you kin start right off a choppin', an' Browser you kin se' down on de steps jes' long 'nough ter pick out a hymn ter sing 'im 'fo' we go — an' ef any of yer needs 'sistance or 'ncouragement, w'y, jes' call on me."

Tiberius, on the woodpile, was handing down, Theopholus and Keenie were chopping recklessly, Browser was picking out the hymn with the aid of a match, and Romulus was keeping up a generally encouraging oversight, when there came a shrill, terrified squawk from the woodpile.

"Good Lawd, man!" expostulated Romulus, startled out of all dignity, while Browser jumped excitedly from his seat, dropping his match, "w'at you reckon you doin', anyway, wid sech a noise ez dat! W'y, yer like ter mos' seyare a man ter deaf, ain't yer!"

A terrified white hen was bounding lamely down from the woodpile, and the missionaries were looking on with faces of expressionless wonder.

"Well, now I guess it's trouble ahaid fer yer sho'!" declared Romulus hotly; "wid yer smashin' 'n' banging eroun' up dere yer's lame de chick'n!"

The chicken squawked again faintly in feeble agreement, and hopped down from the woodpile and up to the back steps, where she stopped, and with her feathers sticking out in shocked dismay regarded the missionaries with looks of sad reproach.

"Well, look ter me like yer's cripple 'er, anyway," maintained Romulus, "but 't ain' gwine do no good ter stan' dere lookin'! Jes' go right 'long wid yer choppin' an' I'll see ef p'raps I kin 'ply some remedy to 'er."

Just then there was a faint fumbling at the back door, and as it swung open slowly, old Uncle Ebenezer Smith himself moved out on to the step, and then stopped, regarding the moonlit scene. At his feet, below, the chicken still gazed sorrowfully ahead.

Romulus looked up with a graceful smile and a fluent explanation, and the old man, still looking around inquiringly, finally regarded the two choppers at the woodpile, who, now thoroughly in the spirit of their part, were swinging their axes wildly.

"Come over ter 'sist me wid my wuk?" the old man inquired, with meek anxiety in his eyes. "Well, cert'nly wuz good of yer, cert'nly wuz ve'y good, but — but laws, boy, yer's — choppin' up my bes' rockin' cheer!"

The axes came down with final, faltering thuds, while Uncle Ebenezer stepped down into the yard and ruefully regarded the ruins of his chair.

"Ya'as — co'se I understan' yer wuz 'tendin' it all fer de bes'," he admitted dismally to the conciliatory Romulus, "but I pitch dat cheer up on de woodpile dis ve'y day fer mendin'."

There was a rustle from the steps, and a white hen skipped down into the yard — lamely, haltingly.

"Befo' de Lawd!" breathed Uncle Ebenezer, "w'at's de matter wid 'Gusta? Is yer cripple 'er?" He bent over the wilted-looking bird, and, lifting her up and placing her securely on the step again, moved back and regarded her silently. The others, grouped silently around the woodpile, regarded her, too, and Augusta, with the same sad look of reproof in her eye, looked back at her audience without flinching.

"I se *name* 'er fer Miss 'Gusta Mer'l — Miss 'Gusta Mer'l fum de No'th,"

finally began Uncle Ebenezer in gentle tones of reminiscence, "an' it's allays been my pu'pose ter train 'er up into a puffedly 'sponsible an' hon'rabable fam'ly chick'n."

Augusta, blinking sadly on the step, looked her part to perfection.

"Dat's jes' de way I allays *has* train 'er," went on Uncle Ebenezer, "an' *now* look at 'er!"

Augusta bore it without a flicker.

"Well, all 't is," he continued, "look ter me like yer's mos' completely ruin 'er, eider fer a providin' chick'n or fer a fam'ly 'sociate."

Augusta looked sadly but forgivingly at the speaker.

"An' all counten yer roostin' on de woodpile, 'Gusta!" he went on in sorrowful, direct address. "Yer know I allays tole yer it wuz a unstiddy place ter res', an' yer'd 'a' gain in de en' ef yer'd tukken my 'vice an' come inside way I axed yer. But 't was allays sump'n awful venturesome 'bout yer, too, 'Gusta, awful venturesome 'n' exper'mental; an' not only dat, but cert'nly is true yer's allays be'n jes' a li'l' 'clined ter be strong 'n' unyieldin' in yer dispersion. Well, yer kin see it ain't brought yer nuthin' but trouble. Jes' look at yer now! 'T ain' no brightness lef' in yer, ner sociability nudder, an' nuver will be ag'in long's yer live!"

Augusta apparently could bear it no longer, and with a sudden shrill squawk of woe unutterable, she hopped distractedly from the step.

"Hole awn now, 'Gusta," came the soothing advice, "hole awn now — Say, look ter me —" his tones came fraught with conscious helplessness and absolute resignation — "look ter me like de steps is afire now!"

Romulus, dimly recalling a hymn-book and a lighted match, dashed wildly forward to a blazing pile of shavings which was merrily kindling the thin, rickety steps, and his followers dashed in confusion after him. Uncle Ebenezer merely stood back resignedly watching, and ap-

parently entirely ready for whatever might come next. Augusta, huddling dejectedly at his feet, watched too, in the same spirit of hopeless resignation.

Finally, when the last danger had been averted and the missionaries were looking back at Uncle Ebenezer and then down at the blackened steps, he spoke again in words which he considered to be both just and reasonable.

"Co'se I s'pose yer *come ter len'* me yer '*sistance*,"—he stopped and hastily surveyed the scene around him, and then he looked deprecatingly at Romulus; "but w'at has yer done? Yer's chop up my bes' rocker, yer's cripple my fam'ly chick'n, an' yer's set my house afire. Pshaw, man, dat ain't no kindness ter nobuddy!"

Romulus himself was a bit lost for a response, but his attempt was at least brave.

"We — we could sing yer a hymn jes' 'fo' leavin'," he suggested haltingly but politely.

"I doan' guess I cyare 'bout no hymn," returned Uncle Ebenezer, politely too. "I's mos' 'fraid it mought some 'ow turn inter trouble."

As they wound around the corner of

the moonlit, leaning cabin, their last farewells still echoing faintly but bravely in the stillness, Uncle Ebenezer and Augusta waited side by side,—then turned their heads warily, cautiously, and watched them till they were out of sight.

Down on the shore Romulus was sunk deep in meditation. Finally he turned his head slowly, looked down at four dim dark faces below him, and then as slowly stepped into the boat.

"Well, it's prove ter yer one thing," he began, glancing from the dark faces out to the sweeping, flashing waters of the Roads, "an' dat is de 'mount of it is, it teks *learnin'* ter do de ve'y leas' thing an' do it 'thout messin' 'n' splotchin' over it. Jes' looker w'at yer done ter-night! W'y it meks me feel 'shame ter even think of it! Well, I hope *dat's* prove ter yer dat it teks mo' learnin' ter do missiona'y-in' an' do it *right* 'n anybody settin' in *dis* yere boat 's got yit. An' dat ain't all, nudder. Look ter me like it teks ser *much* learnin' dat 't ain't many where's fit ter 'tempt it, anyway."

He pushed off with a long, light sweep of the arm, and the boat moved out into the shadowy, flowing waters of the creek.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS AS A WRITER OF TRAGEDY

BY FREDERICK B. R. HELLEMS

I

THE concord with which Mr. Stephen Phillips was, on the publication of his *Poems*, acclaimed a true singer was only less striking than the later clashing of polemics over his merits as a writer of tragedy; and even the most hopeful searcher after convincing literary verdicts would rise from the several score of reviews on my table with a despairing impression of the futility of criticism. Accordingly, in a rather pessimistic frame of mind, one blustering afternoon in late September, I sat down to read once more *Paolo and Francesca* with *Romeo and Juliet*. Doubtless this comparison has been instituted, more or less carefully, by every lover of poetry; for the features of resemblance are so numerous and striking that they must challenge the attention of even the casual reader.

Both plays belong to the earlier activity of their respective authors; in both, the story is frankly drawn from the open treasury of older literature; in the former, as in the latter, the scene is "the eternal Italy of passion, the time is the deathless spring of young desire;" in either tragedy two youthful beings, who forget the world and all beside, pay the penalty, or win the guerdon, of a lover's death, and the play ends "with a long deep sigh like the last breeze of an Italian evening;" in short, there is almost as close a parallel as one could hope to find. In following the parallel one must not forget that Mr. Phillips expressly deprecates comparison with the Elizabethans, who sought for multiplicity of effect, whereas he aims at unity; but even over his protest some relative estimate will be made by every devotee of the drama, and, in

the right spirit, it is essentially worth the making.

How, then, does the *Paolo and Francesca* emerge from the experiment? The real answer can come only from the individual reader; but I cannot escape the conviction that, if he will read as I did, doing his best to put aside all preconceptions and yielding himself naturally to the pages in his hands and the general impression thereby produced, he will close the two plays with the feeling that, if there is not equality of concrete achievement, there is at least real kinship of spirit. Nay, I even fancy that not a few readers will feel the tugging at the heartstrings just a little stronger at the last words of Giovanni than at the closing speech of the Prince. If there "never was a story of more woe than this of Juliet and her Romeo," yet by its side may stand the story of Paolo and Francesca, who wooed and loved unwillingly, whom we leave looking like children fast asleep. Naturally, there arises the objection that the experiment would be proposed, and the conclusion reached, only by a cloistered bookman. In this objection, however, I could not quite acquiesce; for I must believe that a comparison in the theatre would lead to no materially different decision. Mr. Irving's production of the modern play I have never heard; but no unprejudiced auditor will ever forget or deny his emotions when Mr. George Alexander, approaching the litter with its bitter lading of youth and beauty, in whose company we have lived a fated hour, says very gently, —

Not easily have we three come to this —
We three who now are dead. Unwillingly
They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now
I kiss them on the forehead quietly.

In my own experience I noted the same deep and general hush that I had felt shed itself over a Greek audience some six years before, at the not dissimilar close of the *Antigone*, which was presented by the students of the University of Athens. Of course the surface is only the surface; but the heart is the heart, and this tugging at its strings has something to do with judging a tragedy. The further I followed the thoughts suggested by the comparison, the more I was strengthened in the belief that Mr. Phillips was worth knowing. Shortly afterwards the *Faust* was placed in my hands, and I have ventured to make a simple estimate of Mr. Phillips's actual achievements and of the grounds for hope or fear as to his future. With this modest aim before me, I have essayed a review of the six plays hitherto published, taking up in order our author's choice of tragic material, treatment of plot and dramatic motive, depiction of character, poetic diction, and scenic presentment.

II

If we first cast a general glance over the dramas, we find that three of them may be called tragedies of love, one a tragic masque, the fifth a dramatic character study, while the latest is frankly an adaptation of Goethe's masterpiece. In the earliest of the love-tragedies Mr. Phillips has gone to Dante for his story, and has chosen that aspect of the myriad-faced problem wherein the love of the principal characters appears as a phase of Fate, "that god behind all gods." From the moment when Paolo enters out of sunlight, leading Francesca, until in the gloomy hall the bodies are reverently covered over, we feel that in most solemn sooth "his kiss was on her lips e'er she was born." Their love was as inevitable as life or death. Indeed, it was at one with the love in the old Empedoclean or new Haeckelian scheme of the universe, the love that operates from the primordial atom to the enthralling of the earth

by the sun, from the lowest protozoan to the loftiest soul of man with its godlike uprushing toward pure truth and pure beauty. Despite our conventions, we realize that the love of these twain does raise them above themselves; and the glorious allegorizing of Plato in the *Phædrus* and *Symposium*, along with Dante's kindred vision, is immediately recalled by the scene in which we hear the glowing prayer of Paolo:—

Let me with kisses burn this body away,
That our two souls may dart together free.
I fret at intervention of the flesh,
And I would clasp you — you that but inhabit
This lovely house.

Howbeit, love of the spirit with absolutely no fretting intervention of the flesh is as impossible for us in our mortal houses as it is undesirable, until we rise to other levels; and it is strictly in accord with cosmic order, as well as cosmic passion, that youth goes toward youth. For their contravention of our recognized moral order they meet a punishment that is no punishment but merely one more ground for Heine's decision that "Die Liebe mit dem Tode verbunden ist unüberwindlich."

In *The Sin of David* the central conception of love is the same. Thus Lisle says to Miriam, in words that still carry an echo from Plato and Dante, —

No! for a revelation breaks from thee.
Thou hast unlocked the loveliness of earth,
Leading me through thy beauty to all beauty.
Thou hast admitted me to mystery,
Taught me the different souls of all the stars;
Through thee have I inherited this air,
Discovered sudden riches at my feet,
And now on eyes long blinded flames the
world.

Here again unquenchable love is brought into conflict with the moral order, this time with the scarlet taint of blood-guiltiness; for Lisle, maddened by Miriam's moonlit beauty, sends her husband to certain death, and watches him ride, dying, into the night. Upon this pair of lovers, even after they are sheltered in happy wedlock, breaks a storm of real punish

ment in the loss of an idolized child. Nemesis with terrible grimness has caught up the earlier words of Lisle, and sending more than mere death, "strikes at his heart, his hope, his home."

In *Herod* the face of love is different. The Judæan soldier-king, who has lived forever half in lightning, half in gloom, is possessed by a consuming passion for his queen, whom he has wooed amid the crashing of cities. Mariamne, however, in whose veins there runs the blood of all the Maccabees, loves her stormy, brilliant husband mainly for his impetuous power:—

Those eyes that dimmed for me flamed in the
breach;

And you were scorched and scarred and
dressed in spoils,

Magnificent in livery of ruin.

Stronger than her love for Herod, although it is of the sort which "not time, absence, or age could ever touch," is the love she bears her brother, who is more than flesh and blood to her, the incarnation of the spirit of her ancient race, the crown of its past and hope of its future.

O, thou art holy, child;
About thee is the sound of rushing wings,
And a breathing as of angels thro' thy hair.

So, when Herod, in submission to what seems to be irresistible political need, causes the brother to be slain, her great love is quenched in a greater grief.

Herod, that love I did conceive for you,
And from you, it was even as a child—
More dear, indeed, than any child of flesh,
For all its blood was as a colour of dreams,
And it was veined with visions delicate.
Then came a sudden labour ere my time—
Terrible travail—and I bring it forth,
Dead, dead. And here I lay it at your feet.

Then the goads of grief and jealousy skillfully utilized by Herod's scheming mother and sister drive him to the deed which fulfills the astrologer's prediction that Herod should kill the thing that most he loved; for the dead brother demands his sister's death. Finally, beneath the weight of sin and sorrow the king's mind is maddened, and amid the wild foam of

insanity he "clasps only this rock, that Mariamne lives." As to wealth and dominion and power, he has achieved more than his wildest dreams; but he has "ransomed outward victory with inward loss," and his last words before being bound in catalepsy are a heartrending cry that he will recreate his beloved out of endless yearning. If Paolo seems to be punished for his love, if the punishment of Lisle is real and heavy indeed, Herod may be numbered with Othello and the few others whose retribution has become a part of the world's moan of pain.

In *Ulysses* we have still another phase of love; but it no longer fills the stage as in the preceding plays. It is true that the storied fidelity of Penelope and the sacred hunger of her soul are sung once more in beautiful lines; and the drama ends effectively with husband and wife in silent embrace by the brightening hearth, while the voice of the minstrel is heard repeating the song,—

And she shall fall upon his breast
With never a spoken word.

Howbeit, the love of the wanderer for Penelope, deep and abiding though it proves, is not all that Calypso reads into it before she bids the Ithacan leave her island; it is essentially a part of his longing for home, one of the thousand calls ringing in his ears and summoning him across the deep. As to dramatic motive, the punishment of the suitors and the portrayal of the character of the wave-worn, steadfast, wily king play quite as large a part as the love between husband and wife.

In *Nero*, love is only an incident, the emperor's relations with Poppæa being treated as a feature of the conspiracy against Agrippina, a part of the policy of "matching the mistress 'gainst the mother—the noon of beauty against the evening of authority." The drama is primarily an exposition of the development of an "aesthete made omnipotent," of a dreamy, pampered youth, with a surface of polish and specious intentions,

who changes into a crazy author-actor-musician with all the world for his theatre. In opposition to him is drawn the imperious woman, who would give life to even the driest of annals; and if there is a central tragic point in the play it is her murder, which has been acquiesced in rather than promoted by the demented son. For this, however, he pays a wild atonement by giving her flaming Rome for a funeral pyre; and the curtain falls as Nero faints at the conclusion of his apostrophe to her spirit and the flames that appease its rage.

As to *Faust* there is little need of words. Here is matter for the dramatic poets of all ages; each changing era of thought will justify a new presentation of this eternal theme. At some not very distant day we may have a *Faust* almost as different from Goethe's as his was different from the mediæval puppet-show to which we trace its origin. The great new play may be no better; but it will be fundamentally different. If we are honest, we must admit that the sage of Weimar, despite his efforts to convince us that Faust worked out his own salvation, is ultimately driven to "salvation by grace." This solution was proper enough at one stage in occidental development; but it will hardly be acceptable much longer. It is too mediæval and formal. In our *Faust* of the future, the problem will be the same, but the solution must be along the lines the younger Goethe doubtless intended. On earth the skein is tangled; and on earth, not in heaven, must it be unraveled. This is no presumptuous arraignment of one of the world's greatest classics; it is simply an obvious assertion that man's attitude toward the fundamental moral problems of the universe is not fixed beyond the possibility of movement. In the months intervening since the announcement of Mr. Phillips's new play, I had hoped that he might essay the Olympian task of treating this inexhaustible theme in a new spirit; but he and Mr. Carr have preferred the lowlier, easier work of add-

ing to the innumerable adaptations of the greatest drama in German literature.

Utilizing this brief review to recall the tragedies, we can hardly fail to conclude that in the first three outlined above Mr. Phillips has chosen thoroughly suitable material, unless we are all to desert to Mr. Bernard Shaw and allow the "sentimentalists" to weep alone. In the story of Ulysses there is appropriate and even beautiful material for a tragic masque, which is practically what Mr. Phillips has given us. In *Nero*, I think, there is stuff for a certain sort of tragedy, although not for the sort our author has written; but of this I shall speak again. *Faust* is an undying theme with unlimited possibilities.

III

With this dramatic material our author's treatment of plot is naturally connected very closely. In *Paolo and Francesca*, for instance, in view of the long precedent literary tradition attaching to these names, Mr. Phillips had little room left for choice save as between so-called idealizing and realistic treatments. That he is to be congratulated on choosing the former, several critics have denied; but if these had stumbled upon the same chance for comparison as was thrust upon me by a kindly fortune, I cannot but fancy that a few of them would have modified their decision. It happened by the sheerest luck that the last play I attended in Paris, the week before seeing *Paolo and Francesca* presented in London, was Marion Crawford's realistic version of the same story. History was adhered to with brain-satisfying accuracy, and Madame Bernhardt, although I had seen her when she appeared to better advantage, acted with genuine power; but the contrast between that presentation and Mr. George Alexander's production of the less historical version by Mr. Phillips would have given pause to the most aggressive advocates of realism. The Parisian play was, after all, only a tragedy of blood flowing across a picture of muddy

passion, which all the witchery of the supremely gifted actress and the magic of the incomparable scenic presentment could not raise above the commonplace; whereas, on the London stage, was a tragedy of human souls with a background of ineluctable Fate. Even when one admits the existence of certain vulnerable points, this background saves the plot, and the final impression is one of inevitability.

Passing to *Ulysses*, we may borrow from Aristotle. "A certain man is absent from home for many years; he is jealously watched by Poseidon, and left desolate. Meanwhile his home is in a wretched plight—suitors are wasting his substance and plotting against his son. At length, tempest-tossed, he arrives and reveals his true self; he attacks his enemies, destroys them, and is himself preserved. This is the essence of the plot; the rest is episode." Even the play's warmest admirers, Mr. Stephen Gwynne for instance, are inclined to slight the question of plot and to emphasize other aspects, such as "the beauty of sight and sound, the grace of gesture, the melody of verse, the glory of splendid words;" or, "the fire and force, that lift out of the commonplace a common motive or a common thought." There is a weakness as to impelling and unifying dramatic motive, which the noble forms of Athena and Poseidon may cloak, but cannot altogether hide; and the weakness may as well be admitted without contention.

As to *The Sin of David*, it is safe to assume that any reader will repeat in large part whatever verdict he has passed upon the question of plot in *Paolo and Francesca*, which it resembles in so many ways; although there is one important weakness, which will be considered in connection with the author's treatment of Lisle's character.

When we come to the *Herod*, however, we find ourselves in a position to decide definitely that Mr. Phillips can construct a plot. It is true that he was once more using material from an open

source, and that other plays had been written on the same subject; but, even so, there was more room for stretching of the wings, and our poet has achieved a notable flight. Early in the first act the author sets before us the masterful passion of Herod for his bride, which is the central theme; the critical position of Judæa before the all-engulfing tide of Roman conquest; the menace of Aristobulus's existence to Herod's supremacy over a discontented people, whom he alone can save; the almost idolatrous devotion of Mariamne to her brother; and the jealous intriguing of Cypros and Salome. Across the scene there flit the whispered prophecies of a coming king, — reminding us of *Christ in Hades*, — who shall rule in gentleness and take terror from the grave. For one clear, if awful, moment we are allowed to pierce the veil of the future, when Cypros repeats the astrologer's prediction, —

Herod shall famous be o'er all the world,
But he shall kill that thing which most he
loves.

Just before the fall of the curtain, when Mariamne discovers that Herod has brought about her brother's death, we see a little more clearly beyond the veil.

In the second act Herod is led by a complex of motives, convincing in the sum, to order the death of the wife whose murdered love he cannot revive. "Fate is upon him with the hour, the word." To make more deeply pathetic his helplessness before Fate and Mariamne, we are shown his mastery over the Judæan mob, and his promotion by Cæsar to undreamed-of power. In the third act, where some ambitious reviewers have complained of a lack of action, the drama "lies in the fateful suspense that hangs over the issue; in the shifting tempestuous movements of the half-mad king's mind, and the echo which they find in the corresponding movements of hope and confidence, alarmed sympathy, consternation, dismay, and finally solemn resignation, in the minds of his hearers."

With the whole play before an intelligent reader, I do not see how he could possibly dissent from the following verdict of one of the keenest and most open-minded literary judges in England, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Senex:" "The plot is so contrived that all the action passes after the manner of French tragedy, and with no great violence done to probability, in a single scene — the hall of audience in Herod's palace in Jerusalem. An Elizabethan breadth and daring of imaginative treatment, with a Greek parsimony of characters and issues, and a French observation of the unities at least of place, — such are the main structural characteristics of the new tragedy; and it is needless to say that they make it from the outset quite unlike any other modern English work of stage-craft."

In *Nero* the plot, to voice a candid personal opinion, is not handled with any real mastery. That a character-study can be made a great play, has been shown by *Hamlet* and other examples; but there is almost as much difference between the treatments of Shakespeare and Mr. Phillips as there is between the characters of the Danish prince and the Roman emperor. In the Elizabethan play the drama grows, in the modern it is forced, — a feeling from which one rarely escapes, even under the charm of the author's many beautiful passages and skillful scenic auxiliaries. What plot there is must find its centre in Agrippina, and perhaps the mere adopting of her name for the drama would have made us less captious in our criticism. Racine was wise enough to call his play on the period *Britannicus*; but in the drama of Mr. Phillips the character-study deals primarily with the eponymous persona while the plot-interest centres about another. If Agrippina had been given just a trifle more prominence and her name had appeared as the title, we should have felt that the play had a beginning, a middle, and an end; whereas even the most friendly critics must confess that the

present play hardly fulfills this modest requirement. We are not through with Nero when he apostrophizes burning Rome. In the play of the same name by Mr. Robert Bridges, these words are spoken by Seneca, —

If any were to make a tragedy
Of these events, how would it pass or please
If Nero lived on at the end unpunished,
Triumphing still o'er good?

And despite Thræsea's rejoinder that "the god that mends all comes not in pat at his cue, as a machine," we feel that Seneca was right. Pagans or Puritans, we will have Nemesis or the avenging God; we do not ask that virtue be happy, or even that natural evil be chastised; but without those of us least poetical in our justice do demand that abnormal vice shall not be flaringly triumphant at the end. Moreover, in the case of Nero history has recorded his punishment; and, in fact, the punishment of such a character in such an environment is inevitable. It would seem that a great tragedy on the picturesque actor-emperor could be written as a sort of Greek play in which all the overweening pride of the Ahenobarbi should be punished in Nero by his fantastic madness and abject death; or that a successful tragedy could be constructed, on the lines of a modern drama, half way between Mr. Phillips's *Nero* and a French study of pathology, terminating on the wild avenging night that brings death to the tyrant madman with the truly tragic figure of Acte by his side.

Of the plot of *Faust*, we need speak only in so far as Mr. Phillips and his collaborator have modified their original. Much of Goethe's text has long been discarded on the ordinary stage, nor can we make serious complaint about many of the omissions. The manifest striving of our present adapters is toward simplicity and unity.

In the Prologue, on a range of mountains between heaven and earth, Mephistopheles obtains permission to win the soul of Faust if he can. Into the first act are condensed the appearance of the

Earth-Spirit, the conversation with Wagner, the phial scene, the invocation of the Spirit of Evil, the compact with Mephistopheles, the latter's conference with the earnest student, and the visit to the witches' cavern.

In the first scene of the second act the foolery in Auerbach's Keller is connected with the Margaret episode, the students being represented as friends of Valentine, who is leaving for the war. From the drinking bout, Faust and Mephistopheles go to watch the faithful returning from mass, and they meet Margaret, who has been praying to the Virgin for her brother's safety. The next three scenes follow the old version more closely, although with many omissions and minor changes; also with one unimportant but annoying inconsistency, which we have not space to discuss. In the fifth scene Mephistopheles urges Faust to "finish what is begun," and gives him the potion. The sixth scene closes with the entry of Faust into Margaret's dwelling. In Act III the order of events is decidedly modified. From the gossip of the village girls at the fountain, Margaret turns to the church, where she is tormented at her prayers by the mockery of Mephistopheles. Outside the cathedral the student friends converse about Margaret's guilt. Valentine comes proudly in at the head of his troop, to be told of his sister's shame. Faust and his ally appear and the duel occurs, followed by the heart-breaking interview between brother and sister. Act IV contains a brief Brocken scene, wherein Faust is shown Helen, Cleopatra, and Messalina. Just as he is yielding, however, the witch who presented the rejuvenating potion in Act I causes him to see Margaret in her misery with her dead babe at her feet. The second scene takes us to the prison cell and deathbed of Margaret.

At this point comes the great departure from Goethe, and, in my humble opinion, an absolutely fatal mistake. No man can ever forget the impressive ending of the first part of *Faust*. The

voice from above declares that Margaret is saved; Mephistopheles disappears with Faust; the dying voice from within is heard faintly calling the lover's cherished name. There is final tragedy. But this will not do for Mr. Phillips and Mr. Carr. Faust declares that he will follow his lost love: —

Margaret, Margaret! after thee I come
And rush behind thee in thy headlong flight.

Then the hero and the arch-fiend argue, in four pages of really fine verse, about the former's fate. Finally, while Margaret is seen at the feet of Raphael, Mephistopheles claims his wager won; but an angel from the Prologue declares that Faust has been ennobled by a higher, holier love springing from his sin. During his speech "angels are seen bearing the soul of Faust upward towards Margaret." In the last two lines Mephistopheles says, with almost touching pathos and piety:

Still to the same result I war with God:
I will the evil, I achieve the good.

In the name of Life, what mockery is this? When the voice from above declares that Margaret is saved, we believe, because our own hearts have decided that she was no more guilty than a trampled flower. But what about Faust? Goethe tried, at any rate, to make him expiate his sin by service and suffering; bitter years of struggle and writhing upward preceded the end; even the angels admit the limitations of their saving power: —

Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
Den können wir erlösen.

But our new Faust is suddenly transported to heavenly joys in a moment of wild agony and self-reproach, which, for all the evidence before us, is much more likely to be the drunkard's morning misery than the dawning of a new spiritual day within his heart. It is as idle to put the assurance on the authoritative lips of an accredited angel as it is to have it supported by the Devil; we are left absolutely unconvinced and rebellious. This man has chosen the easiest of preys; has dragged a maiden to a grave of shame; has been responsible for the murder of her mother,

the drowning of her child, the death of her brother; and he shall be saved because of the nobility of her self-immolation, because of a bitter repentance enduring at least a moment, and a grandiloquent declaration that still he fights upward and battles to the skies. It may be transcendent mastery of dramatic effect; it may be exalted emotion-mongering; but it is alien to the best spirit of the age in which we live, it is contrary to the eternal verities. Faust must live and suffer and serve his fellow men. If the final solution is to be in heaven rather than on earth, if he is to find rest in the unfathomable grace of God, it must be after he has wrought some little alleviation in the groping misery of mankind.

IV

Over the historic question of the relative importance of plot and character, we need delay only long enough to note that the great dramatist will make the two interpenetrate and fuse until they become one, and the question disappears. In this welding, I think, we must concede that Mr. Phillips has not betrayed a weak hand. As a matter of fact, it is a shade less difficult to bring about a satisfying union of plot and character if the author chooses to represent the figure we call Fate ever hanging over the stage, than if he chooses to insist on the persistent but perishing distinction between tragedies of character and tragedies of Fate, and endeavors to dispense with the appearance of this ultimate force.

Mr. Phillips has been true enough to his Greek training to elect in all frankness the former course, and has thereby incurred the charge of putting only "wire-controlled" puppets upon the stage. To this charge the obvious answer is that they are no more "wire-controlled" than we are, who prate so soundingly about being masters of our fate. In criticism, as in everyday life, one must adopt a common-sense compromise between an academic freedom of the will and an iron-

bound determinism. If Francesca, who had just spread out her hands to the warm sun, could have wedded Paolo, they must still have known sorrow, for that is the lot of mortals; but their lives would have been different, to say the least, although they would have been just as truly subject to environment. And in his treatment of Herod, Mr. Phillips seems deliberately to suggest his appreciation of the truth that drama must not be a mere study of character, but of the action of time and hap and place upon character fitted for other deeds; for, in the purest of Greek irony, our author has placed the following passage on the very verge of the catastrophe:—

Herod. The towered world;
And we, we two will grasp it, we will
burst
Out of the East unto the setting
sun.
Mariamne. Thou art a man.
Herod. With thee will be a god;
Now stand we on the hill in red
sunrise.
Mariamne. Now hand in hand into the morn-
ing.
Herod. Ever
Upward and upward — ever hand
in hand.

Here is the pity of it. This seems a living possibility, which Herod slays by the same stroke with which he slays Aristobulus; and whereas, under conceivable circumstances, he might have moved into the morning with Mariamne at his side, he is engulfed in a fearsome night, groping vainly for a vanished hand. And yet, even while we see this possibility, we understand that he could not have dwelt in the morning to the end; for his character and his fate were too closely allied.

In *The Sin of David*, on the other hand, one discovers a real weakness, inasmuch as there has been set forth absolutely nothing in Lisle's character or actions to prepare us for his instantaneous conception of a love that he was bound to regard as alike unhallowed and impossible. Here, certainly, plot and character have not been welded. The explanation is

probably to be found in the change from David to Lisle, due to the interference of the English arbiter of dramatic morals. If David had been in question, we should have been thoroughly prepared for his prompt surrender to his passion; but in the case of Lisle there is a distinct jar, and, since this is the turning-point of the whole drama, the defect is a serious one.

In *Faust*, *Ulysses*, and *Nero* the problem hardly presents itself; for in the two first-named both plot and character are fixed in the hearer's mind before the curtain rises, and the third, as we have said, is essentially a character-study.

On the whole, the major personages are adequately depicted. We have neither photographic realism on the one hand, nor mere impressionistic adumbration on the other. Miriam, for instance, is a real woman, set before us in clear, essential portraiture, even if we are not told the color of her eyes.

She is a daughter of France, born in the sun's lap, transferred to the drear fenland at her father's death and to the guardianship of the benumbing Puritan, who, after wedding her without wooing, "locks her spirit up and keeps the key." Her misery is faithful to the loathed yoke until the appearance of Lisle. Even after his coming she is willing to struggle; but the ruthless husband, confusing a diligent wife and quiet house with unnatural sacrifice and self-starvation, drives her to her fate. The very hour of surrender is "a deep inheriting, and as the solemn coming to a kingdom." In her new abode, this time a home, she is the spirit of motherhood. All that "wanders in her and is wild," having broken in one wave on Lisle, has been gathered up with all else that is in her to be poured out in love for her child and the father of her child. With the boy's taking off comes rebellion against the causeless theft, and a prayer for heaven's ire sooner than heaven's indifference. This is followed by the thought that she is being punished for having rushed into Lisle's arms in headlong passion.

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Finally, her husband confesses his crime, and the wracked heart rebels against his sin and her contagion; the body that wooed him to murder conceived her boy, adjudged to death before his birth. Her agony begets a gradual calm, the calm of hopelessness. "O I am stoned to human life henceforth." In this mood she notes in her husband the eyes that shone from her dead boy's face, and Lisle grasps the opportunity to suggest that by the loss of their beloved they have paid the penalty of fleshly sin; that now may begin a marriage everlasting, whose sacrament shall be their deep and mutual wound, whose witnesses the shadowy throngs. Then the same woman we came to know in the first act, craving light and love, clasps the plea he offers and falls on the heart of the man who five years ago had led her from gloom to sunshine. But in the dreary fenland we met her, and in a sort of spiritual fenland we bid her farewell; for we know that ever in her heart will be the cry, "I want the little hands and feet of him." About her in the future will flit irrecoverable dreams, with memory and repentance,—never deep, confident happiness again.

That the character of Lisle is adequately drawn, few would maintain; but Miriam attests that our author can depict a woman. A review of *Herod* would be still more convincing as to his ability to depict a man who is fitted to be a hero of tragedy. In the characters of Miriam and the Judæan king, Mr. Phillips was less bound than in the major personages of his other plays, and his success with these must in fairness be remembered against his failures. Indeed, as to this particular point one finds much encouragement in the Roman play; for the author's treatment of the emperor and of Agrippina shows a touch that is growing in skill, if not in strength.

In the minor characters it can hardly be maintained that he has achieved equal success, although Antinous in his insolence and splendor, Lucrezia with her thwarted woman thoughts, and Poppæa

with the merciless calculation of her witching beauty, stand forth to challenge any sweeping condemnation. The fact is that Mr. Phillips, in his desire to avoid multiplicity of effect, has deliberately minimized the importance of his minor personages, and has depicted them accordingly, so that with the three characters named above to attest his power it would be thoroughly unsafe to decide that he will not achieve more satisfactory results in the future. That there is room for improvement should be frankly conceded; for our ideal tragedy, without sacrificing the stamp of perfect unity, may include a number of important personages strongly portrayed and contributing to the main action.

V

In entering upon the field of Mr. Phillips's language and verse, we find fewest differences of opinion. It is true that an occasional line is dismally prosaic. For instance, in the new play, as a translation of "Schnell und unbegreiflich schnelle," said of the circling earth, we have "Swift, beyond understanding quite," probably because the line has to rhyme with night; and in the earlier plays it has been easy for the reviewers to point out similar defects. We actually encounter one tall statement that he is "careless and slipshod in his literary methods;" but even the more acrimonious fault-finders concede the faint praise that he is a successful "phrase-maker." And with that one word who shall quarrel? It is strange to find so often the pseudo-philosophical delusion that limpid language and glowing imagery and polished verse are a small part of poetic drama; yet from many of our critics one would be forced to conclude that these are non-essential trappings, and that Shakespeare, for instance, would still be Shakespeare if stripped thereof. In the nature of things, poetic drama cannot live without these three elements; for here, at least, the raiment is a part of the body, and the more lustrous and luminous the raiment, the

greater must be the body's vitality and beauty.

One criticism, however, is both pertinent and instructive: that he is greater as a poet than as a dramatist. Herein he seems to follow a long line of honorable predecessors, from Æschylus to Shakespeare; for the law of progress seems to be that tragic poets shall be poets before developing into great writers of tragedy. "Their lips must have power to sing before their hands have skill to paint or carve figures from life." In whatever points the author of *Marpessa* might fail when he advanced to the composition of tragedy, he could not fail to write poetry; and from the opening act of the Rimini drama to the closing speech in *Nero* our expectation is not disappointed. In *Faust*, some of the translations fall short of our demands. The vigorous curse, for instance, lacks the spear-like, penetrating power of the original, and the haunting spinning-wheel song sinks to verse like this:—

Gone is my peace, and with heart so sore
I shall find it again nevermore.
If he be not near me, the world is a grave
And bitter as is the sea-wave.

My bosom is aching for him alone —
Might I make him my very own!
Might I kiss but his lips till my mouth were
fire,
And then on his kisses expire!

On the whole, however, it would be fair to say that in the latest, as in the earlier plays, complete lucidity of meaning is expressed in varied beauty of language and verse. It is true that he is most successful in the lyric moments; but he is scarcely less effective in the moments which are otherwise highly impassioned, and his weakness is discovered chiefly in the lighter portions of the dialogue. In other words, while he has not yet achieved complete mastery he is weak where weakness is least fatal, and strong wherever strength is most indispensable. This general conclusion as to his poetic diction is, I think, indisputable, so we need not bring forward any considerable number of illustrative excerpts. When a metrical

passage makes itself a beautiful concomitant of one's thoughts on a great theme, it is safe to speak of it as high poetry, and what one of the readers of our plays will think of the passing of a young life from a sheltered haven to sorrow's sea without recalling such lines as these?

And yet, Nita, and yet — can any tell
How sorrow first doth come? Is there a step,
A light step, or a dreamy drip of oars?
Is there a stirring of leaves, or ruffle of wings?
For it seems to me that softly, without hand,
Surely she touches me.

Or who will think of death's part in life
without recalling the stimulating rejection
by Ulysses of Calypso's offer of immortality?

I would not take life but on terms of death,
That sting in the wine of being, salt of its feast.

To me what rapture in the ocean path
Save in the white leap and the dance of doom?
O death, thou hast a beckon to the brave,
Thou last sea of the navigator, last
Plunge of the diver, and last hunter's leap.

Again, there are few more poignant exclamations than this of Herod, when his dazed mind half grasps the possibility that there has been mischance to Mariamne: —

I'll re-create her out of endless yearning,
And flesh shall cleave to bone, and blood
shall run.

Do I not know her, every vein? Can I
Not imitate in furious ecstasy
What God hath coldly made? I'll re-create
My love with bone for bone, and vein for vein.
The eyes, the eyes again, the hands, the hair,
And that which I have made, O that shall
love me.

In striking contrast to the brokenness of this cry stands Acte's flowing description of Poppæa, which will always be worth quoting once more on the theme of soulless beauty: —

A woman without pity, beautiful.
She makes the earth we tread on false, the
heaven

A merest mist, a vapour. Yet her face
Is as the face of a child uplifted, pure;
But plead with lightning rather than those
eyes,

Or earthquake rather than that gentle bosom
Rising and falling near thy heart. Her voice

Comes running on the ear as a rivulet;
Yet if you hearken, you shall hear behind
The breaking of a sea whose waves are souls
That break upon a human-crying beach.
Ever she smileth, yet hath never smiled,
And in her lovely laughter is no joy.
Yet hath none fairer strayed into the world
Or wandered in more witchery through the air
Since she who drew the dreaming keels of
Greece

After her over the Ionian foam.

In the foregoing, and more clearly in several other passages, one catches now and then an echo from some of the great teachers at whose feet our poet has sat in patient learning; but there is absolutely no sign of the mere copyist. Indeed, in this, as in his dramatic structure and atmosphere, he represents exactly the laudable attitude described by Swinburne as "that faithful and fruitful discipleship of love with which the highest among workmen have naturally been always the first to study, and the most earnest to follow, the footsteps of their greatest predecessors." It would be well if this form of discipleship were more widely in vogue with aspiring dramatists; and the serious critic will be little inclined to speak harshly of this feature of our author's style.

VI

As to scenic presentment, we need detain our reader only a moment. In the composition of the plays, as has been pointed out, Mr. Phillips wisely kept the actor and the spoken word constantly in mind. In fact, so eminent and kindly a critic of *Herod* as Mr. W. D. Howells said that in reading the play he had an uncomfortable sense as of the presence of a third party, which upon closer examination of his consciousness appeared to be the actor. That this becomes a real defect very few will be convinced. In any event, such a criticism leads us to expect that an author so attentive to the acted play would be strong in scenic presentment. This expectation Mr. Phillips unquestionably justifies. The Italian pa-

lazzo, the royal home of Odysseus, — perhaps, as actually presented, adhering too faithfully to golden Mycenæ to be quite accurate for gaunt Ithaca, — the Judean hall of audience, and the imperial scenes at Rome offer a striking spectacle to the eye. The countless presentations of Goethe's *Faust* have naturally made it very easy to achieve stupendous and finished spectacular effects, and the devices in Mr. Phillips's new play at once recall and comply with the injunction of the director in the "Prolog im Himmel: " —

Drum schonet mir an diesem Tag
Prospekte nicht und nicht Maschinen.

In *The Sin of David*, too, the original plan would have presented a staging akin to its fellows and fundamentally different from the final form. Throughout the plays, beautiful architecture, rich and tasteful robes, effective grouping of figures, and similar features, appeal most winningly to the audience. Mr. Phillips had the initial advantage of a cultured taste and an actor's experience; but he had also the invaluable coöperation of two such masters of stage management as Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Beer-bohm Tree, so that comment becomes rather superfluous. The stage effects are invariably as happy and brilliant as modern scenic art and long experience can make them. In truth, the danger is that they may be too successful, and I have fancied that a little of the weakness of *Nero* may be due to scenic temptation.

In passing, we may recall that if Mr. Phillips has been fortunate in his stage managers, he has been not less fortunate in having the Benson school of actors to deliver some of his best blank verse. While poor staging may inflict a serious wound on a drama, poor acting deals the death blow, leaving only a corpse for the bookmen to galvanize into a merely literary existence. A poetic drama must be well staged and well acted, or, in a certain sense, it remains poetry rather than drama.

VII

Herewith it would seem that this article must conclude without any serious foreboding; for the writer, while emphasizing certain defects, has admitted that Mr. Phillips can choose excellent dramatic material, that he can weave a strong plot, that he can make a character live, that he can write beautiful verse, and that he is a thorough master of stagecraft. Manifestly little remains save apparently unimportant details; but it is exactly from these trifles that one's foreboding may spring. For instance, great tragedians have often used some such device as oracle, dream, or prophecy to declare the future with unmistakable significance, and the dramatic effect is frequently strong, occasionally tremendous; but Mr. Phillips resorts thereto with dangerous freedom. In *Paolo and Francesca*, we have the vaticinations of Angela and the reiterated warnings of Lucrezia; in *Ulysses*, the decision of the Olympian council; in *Herod*, the prediction of the astrologer; in *The Sin of David*, it is the self-righteous prayer of Lisle after he condemns Joyce to death; in *Nero*, it is again an astrologer. Moreover, in addition to utilizing these more or less general predictions, Mr. Phillips fairly toys with the future at every turn. Thus he drops lurking suggestions such as we find in the avowal of Francesca: —

I have wept but on the pages of a book,
And I have longed for sorrow of my own.

So Herod hints at his coming fate when he says: —

And I, if she were dead, I too would die,
Or linger in the sunlight without life.

In the same category belongs the abrupt decision of Ulysses: —

I'd go down into hell, if hell led home!

Most striking instance of all, he inserts in an early part of *Faust* a parting scene between Valentine and Margaret: —

Beneath War's thunder skies where'er I go
I'll think of thee the whitest flower of all.

This is followed by a toast drunk with his student friends: "Well then, here's to my sister Margaret; and he who has the worth to win her shall then toast the purest maid in our city." And examples could be multiplied without end. It must be admitted that this tossing about of the ball of the future is always employed skillfully, even artistically; but its constant recurrence in six consecutive plays is not without disturbing significance.

Still more minute points give rise to thought, as the repeated sympathy of atmospheric conditions with the psychological situation, or the fact that Marpessa, Francesca, and Miriam are obviously created by the same hand. Again, Giovanni speaks of a second wedding when Paolo and Francesca are united in death; and Lisle speaks of a second wedding when he and Miriam are reunited after their punishment. One may concede unhesitatingly the non-essentiality of most of these points and still feel that they are discomforting. Inexhaustibility is a large part of the difference between talent and genius, and inexhaustibility is exactly what these detailed considerations do not suggest. That they afford grounds for anything more substantial than a foreboding, few would care to maintain; but from the foreboding

I, for one, cannot escape. Furthermore, it is disquieting to recall that his earliest play is decidedly his best, even if there are signs of improvement in particular phases. Nor can the failure to essay a new *Faust*, instead of acquiescing in an adaptation, increase the hopefulness of his admirers. That Mr. Phillips has never gone into novel fields for his subjects need not concern us. An author may produce immortal works without seeking the glaringly new or startlingly strange, as Greek tragedy alone would prove; but in each new treatment of an old theme we have a right to expect some profound criticism of life, some lifting of a tiny corner of the great veil.

Finally, there has grown up within me an unreasoned fear that our author has deserved and found almost too ready a success, that he may not get his full share of the buffeting of life. While nobody will question the value of "shelter to grow ripe and leisure to grow wise," there is a strange potency in the dust and the heat, and I find myself tempted to pray that the gods will be kind to him by treating him unkindly. Howbeit, my forebodings are at bitter war with my hopes; for the future of Mr. Phillips is of real moment for poetic drama, perhaps the highest form of literature.

THE PLAY

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

THROUGH countryside and teeming towns
The troupes of heroes, trulls, and clowns,
Captains and dames of high degree,
Live out their farce, their tragedy.
Half players in this world-wide show,
Half lookers-on, 't is ours to go
Bewildered, wondering what the scene
And all its pageantry may mean;
Crudely commingled, bad and good,
Nothing complete, naught understood.

Are we then doomed till death to gaze
Distraught on life's chaotic plays?
Are there no spectacles more fair?
Yes, in those blest dominions where
The flying strands of life are caught
By magic, and by art are wrought
To fabrics for the still delight
Of eyes that shine with spirit sight.
Here from the soul spring questionings
Straight to the inmost heart of things.
Here all the sons of Shakespeare dwell
And all the daughters of Rachel.
To every baffled fugitive
From life's disorder still they give
Laughter and tears, — and grace to see
The truth in life's epitome.

GHOSTS

BY FRANK CRANE

IN Ibsen's drama, *Ghosts*, Mrs. Alving exclaims, "Ghosts! When I heard Regina and Oswald in there, I seemed to see ghosts before me. I almost think we're all of us ghosts, Pastor Manders. It's not only what we have inherited from our father and mother that 'walks' in us. It's all sorts of dead ideas, and lifeless old beliefs, and so forth. They have no vitality, but they cling to us just the same, and we can't get rid of them. Whenever I take up a newspaper I seem to see ghosts gliding between the lines. There must be ghosts all the country over, as thick as the sands of the sea. And then we are, one and all, so pitifully afraid of the light!"

It is with ghosts as with men: some are good and some are bad, — and the good die young. Modern pragmatism, with its steely and philistine science, has invaded shadow-land and massacred the innocents, the gentle and harmless credulities of childhood and ignorance; but the fiercer kind, the old man-eaters, still keep their caves and issue forth to raven among souls. The kindly fee-faw-fums of childhood, how many delicious shivers we owe them; the Things that stood behind doors, that trooped into the church when the congregation went out, that lurked in closet corners and under the bed, that rustled and swished and creaked and tapped in the dim chamber when we lay awake at night! They have all gone — with Santa Claus. And we miss them, for fear is a condiment, like Cayenne pepper; a little is an excellent relish. The zest of war is its dash of fear, and men flee clubdumb to hunt mountain lions, and sail the uncertain sea for that tingle of the nerves the solid earth cannot give; and those who hardly rise to these perils may read of them in *The Three Musketeers*

and *Treasure Island*. When we see how barren of the charm of awe is modern life, from the nursery, where they read science-primers, to religion, where they have banished the interesting devil, we almost envy the Spiritualists, those gourmets in palatable creeps.

And now for the deadlier revenants, those "dead ideas and lifeless beliefs" that yet walk, and chill and paralyze this garish world.

It is a curious and startling fact, *that we are governed, not so much by real convictions, as by the ghost of dead convictions.*

This is true in the great issues of our worship, our art, and our work; and descends also to the capillary details of our talk, our manners, and our dress. The enthusiastic soul of youth enters upon a world ruled by dead powers. It is the dead who live, and the living go about to do their will. Education, culture, and religion, for the most part are engaged in riveting the chains of ghosts upon us. Only here and there do a few perceive that true education, genuine culture, and the religion of Jesus should rescue us from this dumb dominion and give us life.

Let us begin with so trivial a thing as dress, in tracing the marks of ghost-fingers; and, avoiding the "bromidic" criticism of woman's clothing, let us consider man's attire, commonly supposed to be so rational. Why does the being we call a "gentleman" wear around his neck a band of spotless whiteness and unbearable stiffness, at his wrists similar instruments of torture, and before his chest a rigidly starched linen plate? No one outside of a madhouse would call these articles of apparel agreeable. There is for the custom no reason at all drawn from

comfort, hygiene, or usefulness. There is, however, the ghost of a dead reason. Once upon a time a "gentleman" was presumed to do no work, and he dressed to show it, by putting on these visible signs that he never soiled his hands, sweated his neck, or bent his noble back. It matters not that we no longer believe in this definition of a gentleman: we did believe it once; its ghost rules on. No man is bold enough to appear in society without this impossible harness. Only a professional humorist, like Mark Twain, or some one who wishes to pose as a mild lunatic, dares rebel. Addison said that the man who would clothe himself according to common sense would find himself in jail within a week.

Once gentlemen wore sword-belts and gauntlets: these have disappeared; but their ghosts still guide all tailors, and two useless buttons are invariably sewn upon each cuff, and two others at the back of the frock-coats, of all afternoon males.

Somewhere about 1753 a hatter named John Hetherington, of London, made and wore the first tall hat, now known as the silk, full-dress, plug, or stove-pipe hat. A horse saw him and ran away. The owner of the horse sued Hetherington, but lost his case, the judge doubtless holding that an Englishman has an unalienable right to dress as ugly as he can. One time there was a king who had a deformed knee; he abandoned the small-clothes which revealed the weakness of the royal leg, and took to long trousers. Hetherington and the king have long since gone to their reward, but their ghosts still ride civilized man, one at one end, and one at the other, from Paris to Tokio; and Lord-a-mercy! we dare n't even laugh at the spectacle!

Let us now enter the schoolroom, and note the print of the dead hand on the youthful mind. The two studies which are emphasized as essential in most colleges are Latin^o and geometry. It is amusing to see the "reasons" gravely put forth by college professors for retaining these subjects in the curriculum. They

feel some tremendous pressure, and, never dreaming that it is the strong gray hands of a ghost, they exercise their wits to the utmost to make their ghost propulsion seem the force of reason. As a matter of fact, there was at one time an excellent reason. Not so very far in the past, Latin and Greek were the only languages having a grammar or a literature. Hence to know Latin was naturally the mark of a scholar. It is needless to say that such a day is long past. There is a better body of English, French, and German literature now than the Latins ever had, and these languages have also their laws of accident and canons of style. Any youth will be profited vastly more by studying Goethe, Molière, and Shakespeare, than by grubbing fossils from the quarries of Horace and Cæsar. But the difficulty with this argument is that it is simply real and alive; and what chance does a poor living thing have in combating a venerable ghost? You cannot fight a ghost, your sword goes right through him. He does not argue, he just is — and there you are! Consequently we may expect yet many a year to send boys to study mummies as a training for dealing with men.

The case lies much the same with mathematics. We have but to go back two or three generations to find an era where the only exact science was mathematics. Our forefathers of the time of Cotton Mather did not study physics, geology, botany, zoölogy, and astronomy, because there were no such things; at least, none sufficiently definite to teach children. At that time a knowledge of mathematics, as of Latin, indicated the learned person. It is that old dead reason whose ghost still throttles the academic mind. It compels, and will compel, the suffering Wellesley girl to master her trigonometry as a part of her education. She might as well wrestle with chess problems or word-squares. But how shall plain sense grapple with a viewless monster of a dead reason that hath not body or parts? Dead languages and

mathematics linger as the vermiform appendix of our educational system.

When you approach politics you still hear the trailing garments of dead reasons. Why are the states so curiously shaped, with no possible relation to the character of the population, or to political or commercial utility? Why does Rhode Island have as many senators as New York or Texas? Why is one county in Illinois formed like a shoestring and another like a piece of pie? There are no reasons, but there are perfectly effective ghosts of dead reasons.

Turn to the business world which we assume to be so practical, and take but a single instance out of many where the dead past persists in trammeling the future. Why are all railroads built on the standard gauge of four feet, eight and one-half inches? The makers of the first locomotives, according to Mr. H. G. Wells, thought only of putting their machines upon the tramways already in existence. "And from that followed a very interesting and curious result. These tram-lines naturally had exactly the width prescribed by the strength of one horse. By mere inertia, the horse-cart gauge, *nemine contradicente*, established itself in the world, and everywhere the train is dwarfed to a scale that limits alike its comfort, power, and speed. Because there is so much capital engaged, and because of the dead power of custom, it is doubtful if there will ever be any change in this gauge. Before every engine, as it were, trots the ghost of a superseded horse, refuses to trot faster than fifty miles an hour, the limit of average speed with safety, and shies and threatens catastrophe at every curve. Still, it might be worse. If the biggest horses had been Shetland ponies, our railway carriages now would be wide enough to hold only two persons side by side, and would have a maximum speed of twenty miles an hour. There is hardly a reason, aside from this antiquated horse, why the railway coach should not be nine or ten feet wide, that is, the width of the smallest

room in which people can live in comfort, and furnished with all the equipment of comfortable chambers."

Perhaps our eyes have now become accustomed enough to the dark to enable us to see another and more terrible spectre, a certain grim and venerable shade, monarch of centuries, king of kings, to whom every year or so living men make a great feast of human flesh, who wrings tribute from the poor, and receives the homage of the proud; a huge polyp ghost, fat to bursting on blood and tears, stupid, serene, unshakable, with many long, pale arms full of suckers, winding about the throne, picking first-born morsels from the home, sucking treasures, gobbling up peasants as a tapir swallows pismires, poisoning legislators till they go mad and vote him ships and men and money, secreting an inky stuff called patriotism that covers a nation of souls for him to eat at leisure; a merry ghost, as hell and destruction are merry, to the music of trumpet and drum; a handsome ghost, as harlots are handsome, with plume and color and glitter; a noble, kingly, majestic, most damnable ghost, the sum and plexus of all villainies — the ghost of Cæsar! We swear lightly by him sometimes, as we profane the name of Deity or uplift to common speech the name of the Sunken One, and say, "Great Cæsar's ghost!" Let us explicate this oath.

The traveler visiting Rome is wont to meditate upon its departed glory. Whereat the powers of the air laugh, for Rome never dominated the world in life as she has in death; Rome died merely in order to get a better clutch on humanity's throat. The bronze and marble piled up by Hadrian to make his villa by Tivoli are swept away by the besom of time; the fragile syringa he brought from the East and planted there alone remains faithful to his memory. The Forum shows but a few gnawed bones of those buildings that once were the splendor of the whole earth; and before the huge and hollow-eyed Coliseum one might stand and apostrophize in the words a French-

man wrote upon the shoulder-blade of a skeleton :—

Squelette, qu'as tu fait de l'âme?
 Flambeau, qu'as tu fait de ta flamme ?
 Cage déserte, qu'as tu fait
 De ton bel oiseau qui chantait ?
 Volcan, qu'as tu fait de ta lave ?
 Qu'as tu fait de ton maître, esclave ?

But, alas! history shows us all too clearly what the skeleton of Rome did with its soul, and in what new channels runs the lava that filled this now cold crater. Hardly was life extinct in the visible empire when the soul moved like a hermit crab into the mediæval Church; for barbarians it hunted heretics, for the lost legions it substituted monks; for pillage, waste, and war-lust it found an admirable recompense in the Inquisition. The ghost of Cæsar infused itself into the idea of Temporal Dominion.

Even more tenacious has been the hold of Cæsar's ghost in politics. There are two forms under which the idea of world-government presents itself: one, the dead notion of empire, the thing for which Cæsar stood, the very name of the man still clinging on in the words Czar and Kaiser, and the name of his idea remaining in the word Emperor; the other, the living idea of Federation. When we have come to understand the nature of ghost-rule we wonder no longer at some political phenomena otherwise absolutely incomprehensible. Why, for instance, does each nation now strive for the chimera of military preparedness? Germany, England, and Japan levy an intolerable tax of money and blood to maintain their armies; the nations are in perpetual travail to bring forth battleship after battleship. A certain element in the United States urges billion-dollar fleets. If you go to the bottom of the reason of all this, you find no reason at all, or a silly one. For it is manifestly impossible for any one nation to conquer all the others. You ask yourself why one international fleet and army could not be supported, to be at the command of one international court, thus to settle all disputes

and enforce all decisions. The answer plainly is that this question is mere living, mortal common sense, and hence a puny thing to put against the age-old, dead ghost-principle of empire. So the world runs down its darkened grooves; kings, kaisers, emperors, and czars strut about surrounded by gay cock-feather generals, and Tommy Atkins sells his birthright for a red coat; yellow journals strive to fan a San Francisco schoolhouse quarrel into a conflagration of war; and the old polyp in his shadow-cave, having slept off his late gorge in Manchuria and the Transvaal, is licking his tentacles and feeling about for fresh food. When Campbell-Bannerman some time ago suggested a reduction of the armaments of the world, his words were received with good-natured gibes by the press of Europe; then great Cæsar's ghost stirred and said, "I thought I heard the cock crow. But it was surely a midnight fowl. The dawn is yet far off."

Those ghosts die hard, yet they too die. The Divine Right of Kings, in its dying spasms of 1793 and 1848, mangled many an innocent onlooker. The Divine Right of Property will doubtless die with not less deadly struggles; trusts and labor unions gird themselves already for the killing. It is a blind wrestling, neither party being aware that its real enemy is not the other, but the cruel arms of the dead past which seek to strangle both.

We enter, then, upon a hag-ridden world. Upon the pale brow of the school-boy sit the ravens of Latin and Geometry, and when we would drive them away they flap their wings and croak, "Nevermore!" Ghosts make our clothes; the words we speak are not signs of our thought, but signs of dead men's thought. The most cultured person is the deadeast in manner. We go to church, not to pray, but to repeat dead men's prayers. Artists, musicians, writers, fight their way through swarms of extinct ideas. Long gray arms reach out of the past and enfold the minister in the pulpit, and, waving, hypnotize the occupants of the pews.

Viewless but potent monsters brood above the senate, and threaten any live being who may occupy the White House. Ghosts, ghosts, ghosts, thick as leaves, fall from the past to cover us, to smother us in their rotting mould.

Whoever cares for life must struggle. Strait is the gate to life, and narrow is the way, and few there be that find it. Obey, yield to the ghosts, and you get, not life, but a substitute for life. All around us are the dead, a numberless, walking host, whose laughter plays like foam upon its sea-murmur of sorrow.

Meantime there are souls who demand life at any price. Better scorn and isolation and to live my own life, than banquets and a pedestal and a soul sold to the Gray Ones. Better Gethsemane and the stigmata, with a flood of white life that surges up to submerge a cross, than the plaudits of dry, dead throats,

incense from burnt enthusiasms, and at last a heartfelt of crushed convictions sunk under a mausoleum. These pilgrims emigrate, not from Southampton to Plymouth, but from the old world of inertia and its ghost-kings to the new world of individualism and soul-freedom. They sing a Marseillaise strange to the dream-wrapped world. They are drawn to the Nazarene by a weird new tie. They remember that the thing that slew Him was not badness but the organized power of Pharisaism, the ghost of a dead goodness. They note that He called his sheep "by name," one by one, and not in flocks; that He made no organization, but appealed to the unit; that his programme was no sort of scheme, absolutist or socialistic, but was like a lump of leaven hid in the meal; that He bade men let the dead bury their dead, and spoke insistently of life, life, life.

A PLEA FOR THE ADULT MINOR

BY KENTON FOSTER MURRAY

"He is of age; . . . he shall speak for himself." — JOHN ix, 21.

SHAKESPEARE, in opening his play of *King Richard II*, makes that monarch address the Duke of Lancaster as "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster." The person thus described as venerable was fifty-eight years of age in 1398, when the words are supposed to have been spoken. The line is not one of the poet's inaccuracies. People were then considered old at a time now regarded as merely the ripeness of middle age; and if, perchance, they survived to three-score, they were hailed as patriarchs.

Relying upon some early Oslerian theory, the ancient Romans held that the burden of years had so impaired the mentality of the average citizen at sixty as to make him unfit to vote, and after that

age his elective franchise was withdrawn — at least, in the best days of the Republic. Hippocrates, the sage of Greece, set the end of youth at twenty-eight. Aristotle, a little later, put the beginning of old age at thirty-five.

These ancient and mediæval instances are useful as showing how the world's subsequent progress has retarded the descent of human beings into old age, decay, and death. Men live much longer now than they lived then, and better; and without other evidence than mere age, we never decide them to be mentally incapacitated.

What, it is proper to ask, has the advance of enlightenment accomplished in the meanwhile toward the shortening of the time required for the average youth to arrive at full manhood, the golden mo-

ment when he is acknowledged by law to be competent to manage his own affairs and to participate in those of the state? An examination of the record will disclose surprisingly little gain, on the whole, in this important respect.

The phenomenon has not received the attention it deserves. There is perhaps nothing wherein political and legal development has exhibited more sluggishness than in fixing the point at which the citizen emerges from "infancy" into maturity. Attempts to explain the inconsistency by citing differences in climate, or varying degrees of enlightenment, fail under analysis. A sample effort of this sort is seen in Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons's remarkable book, *The Family*, in which the following theory is elaborated by going all the way into the monkey tribes for substantiation:—

"Among mankind, as among the lower animals, the duration and nature of parental care, in general, more or less correspond to the period and degree of immaturity characteristic of the offspring, which, in turn, more or less correspond to the nature of the environment. Where the forms of food and shelter in use are supplied, for the most part, directly by nature, such as roots, seeds, berries, fruits, shell-fish, etc., and caves, trees, rude huts of bark or wood, children from seven to ten years old, or even younger, in some cases soon after they are weaned, may begin to provide for themselves. Where, on the other hand, the habits of satisfying physical wants are more or less elaborate, depending upon speed, strength, endurance, cunning, foresight, self-control, persistence, in hunting, fishing, cultivating the soil, handicraft, cattle-raising, or trade, offspring may be economically dependent upon parents up to all ages from ten to twenty. With the growth of knowledge and of specialization, the production of certain social values, as in all the so-called learned professions of to-day, for example, requires ever-increasing degrees of intelligence and training. This class of producers may even

have to depend on parental support or its substitutes until the age of twenty-six or twenty-eight."

If we are to become unable to shift for ourselves until twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age, as knowledge and specialization advance, and if we must bow to Dr. Osler's wisdom along with that of Mrs. Parsons, the theorists will soon reduce our average period of full-blown and unimpaired maturity to twelve or fourteen years! Of course, it is not certain that Mrs. Parsons would accept Dr. Osler's theory, or that Dr. Osler would accept hers. The public can accept one about as easily as the other, or both about as easily as either.

It takes no longer to become self-supporting in the "learned professions" now than it ever did. There has never been any limit to the amount of preparation possible — though it is easy enough to overdo the preparation to such an extent that, like Mr. Casaubon in *Middlemarch*, a person is helpless when the moment comes to turn the preparation into accomplishment. Men who, enjoying ample means, remain in college perfecting their preparation until twenty-six or twenty-eight years old, are not properly classed as unable to earn a living sooner. If possessed of common sense and thrown on their own resources before finishing their mapped-out schemes of study, they could sustain themselves, perhaps not in accordance with their cherished plans, but possibly with greater material success.

The tiny street-Arab will master the complications of existence in an enlightened civilization as quickly as the little savage will master the simplicity of savage existence, and more quickly than the youth of the lower orders under feudalism mastered the intermediate difficulties of feudal existence. As a matter of fact, ancient and modern civilizations, broadly contrasted, support the postulate that the higher the plane of enlightenment, the lower the age at which intellectual competence is recognized, in whole or in part.

Compare the complex and brilliant Athenian civilization, which enfranchised the youth early, with the gloomy and fruitless Spartan civilization, which held the youth in bondage. Compare the laws encouraging the French youth of to-day with the laws hampering the Russian youth of the same age. Compare the ponderous civilization of China, where a man does not reach full legal stature until his thirtieth birthday, with the sprightly and efficient civilization of Japan, where twenty is full legal age. And finally, to seek in our own recent history an example to controvert Mrs. Parsons, observe the fact that we have fixed the voting age of the Filipinos at twenty-three years, whereas our own voting age is two years less. If our statesmen had reasoned that the youth in the simpler civilization arrives at maturity of intelligence sooner, they would have put the voting age of the Filipino at less than twenty-one instead of more.

Major Charles R. Woodruff, of the medical corps of the United States Army, has received commendation from the majority of disinterested critics for sharply attacking the system by which young men are kept in subordinate positions in our military service. He advocates reducing the retiring age to fifty-five, and making promotion much more rapid than it is at present. Major Woodruff's argument is that if a man follows too long, he deteriorates in self-reliance and initiative, both of which are essential in posts of military command. In substantiation of the claim, the major points to the fact that most of the improvements in the army are the ideas of young officers. If this is true in military life, why is it not likewise true in other kinds of life?

The civilizations of the world have all had about the same opinion as to the age at which government has the right to call on the citizen for military service, thus recognizing physical maturity and a certain amount of discretion; but the age at which governments have recognized the right of the citizen to claim the advan-

tages of full mental maturity has tended to be earlier as civilization has developed. No modern Caucasian nation insists upon such a long period of preparation for full manhood as the ancient Hebrews and Spartans — thirty years; and the only modern power of the first rate that compels its citizens to wait until they are twenty-five years old to exercise the privilege of the ballot is Russia, the least enlightened of all the great powers. Russia is on a par with Turkey in this respect, except that Turkey is more liberal in protecting the property rights of women, and in permitting marriage without parental consent after the contracting parties have arrived at years of discretion. The Mohammedan marriage laws set forth that "when a child has attained to puberty and discretion, the power of parents is at an end, and he is free to join himself to whomsoever he pleases." In Russia, parental consent is always necessary.

As we go into the remote past, our information is less definite; but most of that which is available appears to be against Mrs. Parsons's assumption. Taking the early Hebrew civilization, in which the machinery of life was very simple, we find Benjamin, the youngest son of Jacob, referred to as "a little child" when he was thirty years old (*Genesis*, xlv, 20). Johns, in *Babylonian and Assyrian Laws, Contracts, and Letters*, says, —

"It is not easy to determine when children ceased to be under the paternal power. Betrothed daughters remained in their father's house; so did married sons sometimes. Whether the birth of a child, making the young man himself a father, freed him as head of a family, or whether it was entering a house of his own, we cannot yet say."

It is when we come to study the English and American record that the lack of progress in shortening legal and political infancy is most surprisingly revealed. In many other enlightened countries of to-day, the laws on this subject represent a distinct improvement upon the laws

existing in the same countries on the same subject within the past few centuries or generations.

In France, as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, the full legal age of males for matrimony was not reached until thirty. France "changed all that" with the Revolution. In most of the states composing the German Empire, the citizen had to be twenty-four to be of full age, until after the Franco-Prussian war; now the full age in the majority of these states is twenty-one, and twenty-four in the minority. Within the past generation, Spain has lowered the voting age of her citizens from twenty-five to twenty-one years. Citizens receive the franchise at twenty years of age in Japan, Hungary, and Switzerland, with corresponding civil rights. In Mexico, the United States of Colombia, Nicaragua, Uruguay, and Peru, the citizen can qualify to vote at eighteen. In Peru, it is curious to note, he votes at eighteen if married, and at twenty-one if unmarried; while in Uruguay he votes at eighteen if married, and at twenty if unmarried. This recalls the old Spartan practice of curtailing a man's political privileges if he remained a bachelor after thirty-five.

Countries in which men do not reach full legal age, civil and political, until a later time than in the United States and England, are Argentina, where the full age is twenty-two; Holland, where it is twenty-three; Austria, where it is twenty-four; Russia, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Portugal, Turkey, and Chile, in all of which it is twenty-five; and China, where it is thirty.

As in the United States and England, the political and civil maturity of the citizen is acknowledged at twenty-one by France, Spain, Belgium, Greece, Roumania, Brazil, Bolivia, Ecuador, Venezuela, Servia, and most of Germany; except that in Belgium, Bolivia, and Roumania, a man must be twenty-five years of age to marry against the parental will. An interesting feature of Brazilian law is that which gives persons the manage-

ment of their own earnings from literature or military service after they have reached years of discretion (fourteen in Brazil).¹

The civilization of England and the United States, in many ways the highest in the world, makes legal infancy as long now as it was in the remotest ancestral generations to which history can trace the stock. This almost rivals the performance of China in retaining thirty years as full legal age from the time of Confucius until the present.

We inherited our twenty-one-year qualification from England, and England—according to Blackstone—got it from the Saxon tribes that came over from the mainland of Europe. Our present age of full legal manhood, therefore, is one of the few features of our institutions which have been unchanged for over a thousand years. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that this is the only vital feature in our civilization, except monogamy, that has undergone no sweeping alteration during all those centuries.

Reflection upon the immense superiority of our own means of conveyance and communication to those existing in the ancient and mediæval world, and even in the modern world until the nineteenth century was nearly half over, together with the slightest appreciation of the modern systems of transportation and transmission, the development of printing, and the growth of newspaper, library, and school, should easily establish the claim that the inhabitants of enlightened nations, and of our own especially, become sophisticated now sooner than they did in the generations before man had worked out his "many inventions" of the present epoch. But, though the Athenian or the Roman youth was not invested with full legal manhood before

¹ The remark is pertinent that no one of the standard encyclopedias in the English language contains an adequate discussion of the subject of full legal age, or gives definite data with regard to that age in the various nations of the modern world.

twenty-five, he enjoyed partial legal manhood at a much earlier age than that which constitutes one of the great fetiches of modern American civilization, the sacred twenty-one, to which we cling with a fatuousness truly Chinese.

In Athens, at the apogee of her culture and glory, when she possessed perhaps the highest intellectual enlightenment in the history of the world, the young man was released from parental authority at nineteen, a year before he could be drafted for military service; whereas, our law makes the citizen liable to conscription as a soldier three years before the age of legal maturity in civil life. At nineteen the Athenian was allowed certain voting privileges, albeit he was not permitted to speak in public assemblies until some years later, and could not hold office until thirty. The American at nineteen may speak anywhere, though he may not vote; and we let him teach school before he can vote, whereas the Athenian was prohibited from being a schoolmaster before forty. In duller Sparta, the young man was accorded no political or personal independence until he had reached thirty. The kings had to be over thirty, and the senators over sixty. In Crete the full legal age was twenty-seven, applying equally to marriage, military service, and participation in politics.

Roman young men assumed the *toga virilis* at seventeen, when they were qualified for marriage, military service, and limited political functions, full legal rights being postponed till twenty-five. The Roman was never entirely freed from parental control except by parental demise, but in that event his proportionate civil rights were about as far in advance of those of the twentieth-century American male "infant" at a corresponding age, as are the rights of a "minor" in modern Scotland, where a youth from fourteen to twenty-one can legally make contracts for other things than necessities of life, conduct business on his own account, and be declared a bankrupt, precisely as if he were twenty-one.

The English or American minor is usually destitute of business rights, except that he may contract for "necessities," or contract in accordance with legal compulsion, or will a certain amount of personal property, after a certain age.

It is hardly to be gainsaid that the average citizen of the United States to-day is as far advanced intellectually at eighteen, in proportion to the general development of knowledge, as was the average citizen of twenty-one when the nation sprang into existence in the closing quarter of the eighteenth century. Some of the profoundest thinkers maintain that the general progress of mankind has been as great within the past one hundred years as it was during all history previous thereto. Those years have seen wonderful awakenings in the legal and political treatment of women. Our own country has gone to excess in giving full political and legal citizenship to millions of slaves without exacting the slightest preparation for the responsibilities which such full citizenship implies. Yet the young American male of Caucasian blood, the product of thirty or forty generations which enjoyed constantly-increasing advantages of acquisition and development, must wait as long in the twentieth century to become a legal man as did any of his ancestors, however remote, in the American or English line. He is still an "infant" until he is twenty-one years old; and an infant is regarded by American law as practically incompetent and irresponsible except for evil. In the legal text-books we find the chapter on "Infants" followed first by the chapter on "Idiots," and then by the chapter on "Lunatics."

The young American woman has had the better of her brother in this respect; for in a number of states the full legal majority of women has been placed by statute at eighteen years. The absence of the very political equality for which the "suffragettes" clamor has been coincident with the extension of the civil rights of the American woman faster than

those of the politically more potent male; though a few states have given women the privilege of voting in all elections, and many states have accorded it to them in some elections.

Most of the world's sovereigns arrive at full age at eighteen, from three to seven years before any of their subjects are allowed to vote or manage their own business or earnings. Though nearly every monarchy, in line with ancient precedent, permits its rulers to assume all the royal powers and duties, however great, at an earlier age than that at which the citizens of this republic are suffered to transact business for themselves or to vote, there is a peculiar lack of harmony in the theories of nations, monarchical or republican, as to the proper age-qualification for offices of less than royal authority. In France, a man is not eligible to serve in a legislative body until he is forty years old, cannot act as a juror until he is thirty, must be from twenty-five to thirty-five (according to the importance of his jurisdiction) to be a judge, and must be twenty-five to be even a notary. England qualifies a citizen for Parliament, so far as age is concerned, at twenty-one, but insists upon a higher limit for priests and bishops of her established church. In the United States, no citizen may be a representative in Congress before twenty-five, or a senator before thirty; while the President must be thirty-five. It would appear that if Great Britain does not find it necessary to protect Parliament by a special age-limit, the United States might get along without one in Congress. Of what particular advantage is it to France that her national legislature excludes all aspirants who have not "come to forty year"? Is her Chamber of Deputies calmer, or more efficient, than America's House of Representatives or than Great Britain's House of Commons?

Looking deeper into this inconsistency in the reasoning of the nations with regard to age-qualification for public office, the investigator discovers that in Germany one cannot enter the Reichstag be-

fore twenty-five; that in Austria one cannot enter the Reichsrath before thirty; that in Belgium one cannot serve in the Chamber until twenty-five, or in the Senate until thirty; that in Italy and Roumania one must be twenty-five to be eligible to the Chamber, and forty to be eligible to the Senate; that one cannot serve in the Swedish legislature before thirty-five; that in Spain and Portugal one must be twenty-five to enter the Chamber, and thirty-five to enter the Senate; that one must be thirty to hold important public office in Holland, Denmark, Greece, Servia, or Turkey. Latin America reveals equally irreconcilable differences. For instance, the Venezuelan may hold office at twenty-one, the year he acquires the franchise; the Mexican acquires the franchise earlier than the Venezuelan, but cannot hold office until twenty-five and in some cases thirty; in Argentina the citizen votes at twenty-two, but cannot hold office until thirty; in Ecuador, Paraguay, Uruguay, and Peru he votes at the same age as in Venezuela or earlier, but cannot hold office until from four to seven years later.

Inasmuch as it is not apparent that an advanced age for holding office, as required in most of the countries of the Old World and the New, gives them any better public service than that of England, whose sons are permitted to hold office as soon as they can get it after reaching twenty-one, it naturally follows that England might lower the age of full legal manhood without threatening the safety of the franchise, or impairing the stability of business and property.

Few persons ever have any sense or character if they do not develop both by the time they are eighteen. This is a strong assertion, but it will bear the test, allowing for the marvelous advance in educational facilities and for the broad fact that the rule, not the exception, must be the basis of enlightened law. Not many who are unfit to vote or to manage their personal affairs at eighteen are intelligent enough to do so at twenty-one;

certainly the difference, such as it is, does not warrant the law in holding back the entire population three years. Yet our law still defines an infant as "a person under twenty-one years of age."

Barring occasional instances in which banks have obtained by charter the right to honor an infant's check, we have the anomaly that a financial institution cannot legally suffer any person under twenty-one to withdraw funds deposited by such a person, even if there is not the scintilla of a doubt that the depositor personally earned the money. If a state can feel that it is proper to authorize some banks to honor infants' checks, why should not the state expand the special privilege into a general one, and decree that all minors above, say, seventeen shall have the same power as persons over twenty-one to withdraw funds which they have themselves deposited in a bank? The very fact that financial institutions are in some cases being empowered, when they urgently ask the privilege, to cash infants' checks against infants' deposits, is conclusive demonstration that state legislators are beginning to recognize the injustice of the present iron-bound common-law definition of infancy, and to admit that the mature minor is entitled to relief.

Further recognition of the wrong wrought by the common law as to infancy appears in statutes, in some of our states, requiring courts to deliver small bequests directly to minors if the latter have come to years of discretion and seem to possess it. Under the common law, a man or a woman twenty years old cannot inherit fifty dollars without the appointment of a legal guardian to handle the money. The necessary court fees and the guardian's legal percentage, or the fees alone in the event of the guardian's serving without compensation, amount to an almost confiscatory tax on small bequests to minors. Cases have been known in which the fees and costs left nothing whatever for the unfortunate infant to inherit. And this legalized piracy has

been excused under the hoary pretense of protecting those who are theoretically incompetent to protect themselves! Because there is a presumption that the minor might suffer loss by investing the money injudiciously, the money has been benevolently assimilated into the public treasury and the private pockets of clerks and guardians.

Most foreign nations are more liberal than this in permitting the emancipation of minors. Under the common law of England and the United States there is no complete emancipation until a person is twenty-one, except by statutes which have been passed in some states. France makes emancipation automatically complete in the event of marriage, and permits emancipation by special process at the age of fifteen. Italy, Belgium, and Roumania allow it at the same age as France, while in Greece it is allowed still earlier. Servia authorizes emancipation at seventeen; Switzerland, Norway, Hungary, Mexico, Russia, and a number of other countries, authorize it at eighteen; Canada, at nineteen; Austria, Holland, San Salvador, and some others, at twenty.

As the case stands to-day, in this country, not even the emancipation of an adult infant by the parents can give validity to the infant's contracts which would not otherwise be valid; nor does the marriage of a man under twenty-one, though the marriage itself be entirely legal, emancipate the husband. In a few states such a husband is partially emancipated by marriage, but in none is such emancipation complete. Under the common law, and in most of the states, we have the phenomenon of infant husbands bound by the debts legally contracted by their wives before marriage! A woman in some states, as has been said, is not an infant after she is eighteen, and we may discover an infant husband with a wife of no greater age who possesses full legal rights. Suppose a man of twenty, in any of these states, to have a wife of nineteen: the husband, at an age when Solomon was

absolute ruler over Israel at the height of its glory, is an infant in law; and the wife, though younger, is of full legal age. She can manage her own property to suit herself; he must let his property be managed by parent or guardian. An infant above seventeen in the United States may be executor of an adult's will, yet cannot make a legally-binding contract unless for necessities or to carry out obligations already put upon him by law, as in the case of accomplished marriage or a bond given to cover a fine. The infant is regarded as irresponsible and helpless in business and politics, but above the age of seven he may be, and above the age of fourteen he often is, punished for crime by any penalty to which a criminal of full legal age is liable. If the infant is apparently aware of the gravity and consequence of his criminal act, he is subject to the same law as a person over twenty-one. A man of eighteen committing murder is no less liable to the death sentence than a man of forty. Why not accord to the minor who realizes and fulfills his responsibility in honorable and wholesome endeavor, the rights and privileges of a person of twenty-one? Why should the rule work only one way?

Upon the logical assumption that the ballot ought to be given to a man of seventeen or eighteen who can meet the franchise tests in the various states with the exception of that which requires him to be twenty-one, we arrive at the conclusion that to lower the age-limit several years would release in our political life a powerful new force whose influence would be mightily revivifying. This argument is not to be indifferently brushed aside. The tonic effect of increasing in large measure the voting strength of that part of the electorate to which the ballot is a treasured novelty, a cause of pride, and a mark of manhood like the Roman's *toga virilis*, would be felt in all the arteries of the nation's political system. Better and brighter and cleaner political blood would course through the country's veins. Political independence and initiative would

receive new impetus, because youth is usually less subservient to prejudice, and more susceptible to exalted motives, than the later ages of men.

President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University has declared that the greatest need of our national life is warmer encouragement of idealism. There is danger in getting too matter-of-fact. Money kings like the late Marshall Field know what they are about when they withhold full inheritance until their heirs shall have left youth and early manhood behind. These shrewd founders of financial dynasties count on the likelihood that life will then have lost its romance and fire, and that the traits of acquisitiveness and retentiveness will have developed to their utmost. The policy is successful in further swelling fortunes already inflated beyond reason; therefore, the policy is harmful to the body politic. It would be infinitely better for the country to have these mighty accumulations reduced by impulsive youth than to have them augmented by cynical middle age or multiplied by emotionless senility. The states may soon have to outlaw the dangerous device of treating heirs of full age and sanity as if they were infants or imbeciles, whose money must be held in trust to protect them from their own weak minds.

The national Constitution offers no obstacle to the shortening of political infancy. The voting age is fixed by the states; the only reference to it in the Federal fundamental law is in the amendment which prescribes reduced congressional representation as a penalty for denial of the ballot to male citizens above the age of twenty-one.

Desirable as we might consider such an increase in the political vitality of state and nation as would follow reduction of the period of political infancy, the argument for removing the business disabilities of the discreet minor, or "adult infant," is still stronger. Speaking broadly, it may be called unanswerable. The legal incapacitation of millions of citizens of

character, education, and intelligence in the United States of America in the twentieth century, for no other reason than that these citizens happen to be one, two, or three years under an age fixed at a guess by wild Saxon tribes a thousand years ago, is an anomaly and an anachronism. There is no excuse for the absurd condition which makes such citizens in this country the inferiors, legally, of citizens of equal age in Scotland.

To recognize in law the qualifications which exist in fact, the rights which are acknowledged by reason, would be to perform a simple act of justice already amazingly delayed, and would both steady and stimulate our youth at an impressionable period by giving them that sense of responsibility which is the most potent developer of true manhood and citizenship. The step would be in line with the progressive spirit of the age, and it is urgently suggested by the

broadening horizon of modern enlightenment.

The regular legislatures can do much for the relief of the minor by giving him business and property emancipation. Constitutional conventions can give him political justice — and hardly a year passes without a constitutional convention in some part of the land. The American state whose lawmakers will set the example of reducing the years of adult infancy will contribute much to the increase of its own dynamic force, and will do the country a service of inestimable value. It is in the power of the lawmaker to accomplish, at the one point, results almost as important as the scientist has accomplished at the other. The scientist has prolonged human life both physically and mentally. He has made its capable years begin sooner and end later. Now let the legislator adjust his statutes to meet this vital fact.

THE FAME OF POE

BY JOHN MACY

No man more truly than Poe illustrates our conception of a poet as one who treads the cluttered ways of circumstance with his head in the clouds. Many another impoverished dreamer has dwelt in his thoughts, apart from the world's events. And of nearly all artists it is true that their lives are written in their works, and that the rest of the story concerns another almost negligible personality. In the case of Poe the separation between spiritual affairs and temporal is unusually wide. His fragile verse is pitched above any landscape of fact; his tales contain only misty reflections of common experience; and the legendary personage which he has become is a creature inspired in other imaginations by his books, and not a faithful portrait of the

human being who lived in America between 1809 and 1849. The contrast between his aspirations and his earthly conditions, between the figure of romance he would fain have been and the man in authentic records stripped of myth and controversy, is pitiful, almost violent.

This poet with a taste for palaces and Edens lived in sprawling cities that had not yet attempted magnificence. This bookish man, whom one images poring over quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore, owned no wonderful library, not even such a "working" collection as a literary man is supposed to require, but feasted on the miscellaneous riches that fell now and then upon the arid desk of the hack reviewer. This inventor of grotesque plots had no extraordinary

adventures, none certainly that make thrilling anecdote. Capable of Chesterfieldian grace of style, and adept in the old-fashioned southern flourish of manner, he left few "polite" letters, and those few are undistinguished. To follow Poe's course by the guide of literary landmarks is to undertake a desolate journey.

As his artistic self is apart from things, so it is apart from men. In his criticisms, it is true, he is found in open and somewhat controversial relations with the writers of his time and vicinity. As editor, he had dealings with the world of authors and journalists. But his acquaintance among the "Literati" includes no man of letters who is now well remembered, and implies no possibility of flashing exchange between his imagination and another as brilliant. He never met his intellectual equal in the flesh, except Lowell, whom he saw only once. Irving in Sunnyside was not nearer than Irving in Spain. Not a friend was qualified to counsel or encourage Poe in his work; not a neighbor in art was competent to inspire him. He was the flower of no group of writers, but stands alone, original, aloof, all but exotic.

The isolation of Poe from the best minds of his day is not well understood by those who have not a correct geographical conception of America in 1840. One of the most authoritative English reviews expressed surprise that a recent book on Boston omitted from the chapter devoted to *littérateurs* the name of Poe, who was born in Boston and was the finest of American poets. The intellectual life of the only Greater Boston that has produced literature was as remote from Poe as was Victorian London, and he was the only important critic in America who understood the relative magnitudes of those two centres of light. His caustic opinions about the Bostonians, which seem more discerning to us than they did to our New England fathers, are witness to his detachment from the only considerable movement in American literature of those dim provincial times.

Whatever influence contemporaneous thought exerted on Poe came from books and not from men, not from experience with the world. Though a few reflections of his contacts with life, such as the English school in "William Wilson," are to be made out in his stories, and though in some of his essays a momentary admiration or hostility of a personal nature slipped a magnifying lens beneath his critical eye, yet the finger of circumstance is seldom on his pages, the echoes of human encounter are not heard in his art.

The nature of Poe's disseverance from life is one of the strangest in the annals of unworldly men of books. He was not among those who, like Lamb, transfigure petty and dull experience, or those who combat suffering with blithe philosophies like Stevenson; he was not a willful hermit; nor was he among those invalids who, in constrained seclusion, have leisure for artistry and contemplation. He was a practical editor in busy offices. He no doubt thought of himself, Mr. Poe, as urbane and cosmopolitan. He had knocked about the world a little. For a while he was in the army. He was effective and at ease upon the lecture platform. He meditated rash adventures in foreign lands until he apparently came to believe that he had really met with them. At his best, he was reserved and well bred, aware of his intellectual superiority. Sometimes, perhaps when he was most cast down and hard driven, he met the world with a jaunty man-of-the-world swagger. After he left the Allans, he was on the outskirts of social groups, high or low. His love for elegant society unfitted him for vagabondage. His lack of worldly success, if no other limitation, forbade his entering for more than a visit the circles of comfort and good breeding. But no matter what his mood or what his circumstance, it did not affect the quality of his work or the nature of his subjects. When he wrote he dropped the rest of himself.

And, with respect to him, artistic bio-

graphy may well follow his example, and documentary biography may confess its futility. No biographer thus far has succeeded in making very interesting the narrative portions of Poe's career. It is a bare chronicle of neutral circumstance, from which rises, the more wonderful, an achievement of highly-colored romance, poetry of perfect, unaccountable originality, and criticism the most penetrating that any American writer has attained.

Perhaps it is his criticism, an air of maturity and well-pondered knowledge of all the literatures of the Orient and the Occident, which makes it seem the more singular that he owed nothing to universities and scholarly circles. The Allans took him to England when he was six years old and put him in a school where he learned, it is fair to suppose, the rudiments of the classics and French. He went one term to the University of Virginia, and a few months to West Point. Though one institution was founded by Jefferson and the other by the United States government, it is no very cynical irreverence to withhold from them gratitude on Poe's behalf. The most significant record of his life at "the University" is that which shows him browsing idly in the library. His most profitable occupation at West Point was writing lampoons of the instructors and preparing the volume of verses for which he collected subscriptions from his fellow cadets. He was not at either institution long enough to receive whatever of culture and instruction it had to offer. He was self-taught. He read poetry when he was young, and began to write it. As a military cadet he had precocious and arrogant critical opinions. At twenty-four he appears with a neat manuscript roll of short stories under his arm, which cause the judges of a humdrum magazine contest to start awake.

From this time to the end he was a hard-working journalist and professional story-teller. He pursued his work through carking, persistent poverty, amid the dis-

tractions of inner restlessness and outward maladjustments. His poverty was not merited punishment for indolence or extravagance. He was industrious, entitled to better wage than he received. He was not an obscure genius, waiting for posterity to discover him, but was popular in his own day. His books, however, had no great sale, for his pieces appeared in the magazines, some of them more than once, and the demand for his work was thus satisfied with more profit to the magazine publishers than to the author.

He lived laborious days and he lived in frugal style. He spent no money on himself, but handed his earnings to his mother-in-law. Whatever else was sinful in the sprees which have been over-elaborated in the chronicles, their initial cost was not great. When he went into debt, the lust he hoped to gratify with the money was the insane desire to found a good magazine. His appetites were mainly intellectual. His wildest dissipation was the performance of mental acrobatics for the applause that he craved.

He spent weeks making good his challenge to the world to send him a cryptogram that he could not decipher. When he reviewed a book, he examined it to the last rhetorical minutia. Griswold's opinion, that "he was more remarkable as a dissector of sentences than as a commenter upon ideas," is a mean way of saying that he was given to patient scrutiny. Mrs. Browning put it more generously when she said that Poe had so evidently "*read*" her poems as to be a wonder among critics. Poe had a mania for curious, unusual information. His knowledge was so disparate and inaccurate that several critics in sixty years have discovered, with the aid of specialists,¹ that he lacked the thoroughness which is

¹ A special student of one abstruse subject assures me that, in that subject, Poe is the only modern writer of general culture who knows what he is talking about. As this specialist has not yet published his researches, I will not say what the subject is.

now habitual with all who undertake to write books. But Poe's knowledge, such as it was, implies much reading. And much reading and much writing are impossible to an idle, dissipated man.

This clear-headed, fine-handed artist is present and accounted for at the author's desk. His hours off duty, abundantly and confusedly recorded, do not furnish essential matter for large books. If one enters without forewarning any life of Poe, one feels that a mystery is about to open. There seem to be clues to suppressed matters, suspicious lacunae. The lives are written, like some novels, with hintful rows of stars. A shadowy path promises to lead to a misty mid-region of Weir. But Weir proves to be a place that Poe invented. He himself was the first foolish biographer of Poe. The real Poe (to take an invidious adjective from the titles of a modern kind of biography) is a simple, intelligible, and if one may dare to say it, a rather insignificant man. To make a hero or a villain of him is to write fiction.

The craving for story has been at work demanding and producing such fiction. The raw materials were made in America and shipped to France for psychological manufacture. The resulting figure is an irresponsible genius scribbling immortality under vinous inspiration, or turning neuropsychopathic rhymes. Before paranoia was discovered as a source of genius, wine received all the credit. But Poe could not write a line except when his head was clear and he was at the antipodes of hilarity. The warmth of Bohemia, boulevard mirth, however stimulating to the other mad bards of New York and Philadelphia, never fetched a song from him. He was a solemn, unconvivial, humorless man, who took no joy in his cups. If on occasion he found companions in riot, they were not café poets. Once, when the bottle was passing, and there were other poets present, he so far forgot himself as to say that he had written one poem that would live ("The Raven"), but this expression of

pride does not seem unduly bacchanalian. One could wish that the delights of stein-on-the-table friendship had been his. He needed friends and the happier sort of relaxation. But what record is there of the New York wits and journalists visiting Fordham of an evening to indulge in book-talk and amicable liquor? The chaste dinners of the Saturday Club in Boston were ruddy festivals of mutual admiration beside anything that Poe knew.

The unromantic fact is that alcohol made Poe sick and he got no consolation from it. But before this fact was widely understood, long before there was talk of neuropsychology and hydrocephalus, when even starvation was not clearly reckoned with, it was known in America that Poe drank. This fact became involved with a tradition which has descended in direct line from Elizabethan puritanism to nineteenth-century America. According to this tradition, poets who do nothing but write poetry are frivolous persons inclined to frequent taverns. The New England poets, to be sure, were not revelers, but they were moral teachers as well as poets. The American, knowing them, saw Poe in contrast, as the Englishwoman in the theatre contrasted the ruin of Cleopatra with "the 'ome life of our own dear Queen." And Poe, always unfortunate, offers a confirmatory half-fact by beginning to die in a gutter in Baltimore — a fact about which Holmes, the physician, can make a not unkindly joke. Besides, what can be expected of a poet who is said to have influenced French poets? We know what the French poets are, because they also wrote novels — or somebody with about the same name wrote them. Alas for Poe that, in addition to his other offences against respectability, he should have got a French reputation and become, not only a son of Marlowe, but a son of Villon and brother of Verlaine.¹

¹ The biographer's province may extend far enough into literary criticism to note a curious confusion of literary judgments with bio-

And Poe, meanwhile, with these brilliant but somewhat defamatory reputations, lived, worked, and died in such intellectual solitude that Griswold could write immediately after his death that he left few friends. It is the unhappy truth. Those who promptly denied it, Graham and Willis, showed commendable good nature, but were both incapable of being Poe's friends in any warm sense. Whether they were at fault or Poe, the fact is that Poe distrusted one and was contemptuous of the other.

What writer besides Poe, whose life is copiously recorded and who lived to have his work known in three nations, has left no chronicles of notable friendships? Think how the writers of England and France, with some exceptional outcasts, lived in circles of mutual admiration! Think how in America the New Englanders clustered together, how even the shy and reserved Hawthorne was rescued from a solitude that might have been morbid for the man and damaging to his work, by the consciousness that in Cambridge and Concord, in the rear of Fields's shop, were cultivated men who delighted to talk to him about his work, whose loyalty was gently critical and cherishing. Lafcadio Hearn — who has been compared to Poe — had friends whom he could not alienate by any freak of temper. And those friends encouraged him to self-expression in private letter and work of art.

Some such encouragement Poe received from J. P. Kennedy, a generous

friend of young genius, and from the journalist, F. W. Thomas, whose admiration for Poe was affectionate and abiding. But among his intimates were few large natures, few sound judgments, to keep him up to his best. Long after his death, Poe was honored in Virginia as a local hero. The perfervid biography of him by Professor Harrison, of the University of Virginia, contrives to include all the great names and beautiful associations of the Old Dominion. But during his life Poe was not a favorite of the best families of Richmond. As well think of Burns as the child of cultivated Edinburgh, or of Whitman as the darling of Fifth Avenue. At the height of his career in New York, between the appearance of "The Raven" and the time when poverty and illness claimed him irrecoverably, Poe appears as a lion in gatherings of the literati. But, among them, his only affectionate friends were two or three women.

To the intellectual man who has no stalwart friends, who consumes his strength in a daily struggle against poverty and burns out his heart in vain pride, there remains another refuge, a home warmed with family loyalty, full of happy incentive to labor, able perhaps to co-operate with the genius of the household. Such refuge was not given to Poe. No man ever had a more cheerless place in which to set up his work-table. His wife was a child when he married her, and was still young when she died of lingering consumption. His aunt and mother-in-law, who no doubt did her best with the few dollars which "Eddie" put into her hands, was an ignorant woman and probably had no idea what the careful rolls of manuscript were about, beyond the fact that they sometimes fetched a bit of money. Poe would have been excusable if he had sought and found outside his home some womanly consolation of a finer intellectual quality than his wife and aunt were able to afford. His writings are graced with poetic feminine spirits that suggest vaguely the kind of

graphic. Colonel Higginson, in his *Life of Longfellow*, says that "Poe took captive the cultivated but morbid taste of the French public." The words "but morbid" are not only a singular indictment of France, but a more singular indictment of America, for Poe took captive the American reading public before France heard of him. Let us deliver Poe's work, if we cannot deliver his life, from provincial controversy. But even his work, accepted, individual, indisputable, is troubled by another biographic question — his debt to one Chivers. Chivers could not write poetry. Poe could. The debt is evident.

soul with which he would have liked to commune. But he never found such a soul. He made several hysterical quests after swans, but they turned out geese, if not to him, certainly to the modern eye that chances to fall on their own memoirs of the pursuit. None was of distinguished mind, and all were either innocent or prudent. If Poe, with his Gascon eloquence and compelling eye, rushed the fortress of propriety, nothing serious came of the adventure and nothing serious remains, — only trivial gossip, silly correspondence, and quite gratuitous defenses. It is a Barmecide feast for hungry scandal.

What has just been written may seem a negative and deprecating comment on Poe's story. But it gives truly, I believe, the drab setting in which his work gleams. And by depressing the high false lights that have been hung about his head, we make more salient the virtue that was properly his, the proud independence of mind, the fixity of artistic purpose, the will which governed his imagination and kept it steadily at work in a poor chamber of life, creating beautiful things. However much or little we admire Poe's work, we must understand as a fact in biography that, from the first tales with which he emerged from obscurity to the half philosophical piece with which, the year before his death, he sought to capture the universe and astound its inhabitants, his writings are the product of an excellent brain actuated by the will to create. He was a finical craftsman, patient in revision. He did not sweep upward to the heights of eloquence with blind, undirected power. He calculated effects. His delicate instrument did not operate itself while the engineer was absent or asleep. Deliberate, mathematical, alert, he marshaled his talents; and when he failed, failed for lack of judgment, not for want of industry.

To labor for an artistic result with cool precision while hunger and disease are in the workshop; to revise, always with

new excellence, an old poem which is to be republished for the third or fourth time in a cheap journal; to make a manuscript scrupulously perfect to please one's self, — for there is to be no extra loaf of bread as reward, the market is indifferent to the finer excellences, — this is the accomplishment of a man with ideals and the will to realize them. Let the most vigorous of us write in a cold garret and decide whether, on moral grounds, our persistent driving of our faculties entitles us to praise. Let us be so hungry that we can write home with enthusiasm about the good breakfast in a bad New York boarding-house; and after it is all over, let us imagine ourselves listening earthward from whatever limbo the moralists admit us to, and hearing a critic say that we have been untrue, not only to ourselves, but to our art. For so Dr. Goldwin Smith's ethical theory of art disposes of Poe, Poe who was never untrue to his art in his slenderest story, or lazy-minded in his least important criticism.

This confident man, who will measure the stars with equal assurance by the visions of poetry and the mathematics of astronomy, and set forth the whole truth of the universe in even, compact sentences such as no man can make by accident, lacks bedclothes to cover a dying wife — except the army overcoat which he had got at West Point sixteen years before. Says Trollope, the most self-possessed day-laborer in literature, "The doctor's vials and the ink-bottle held equal places in my mother's rooms. I have written many novels under many circumstances; but I doubt very much whether I could write one when my whole heart was by the bedside of a dying son. Her power of dividing herself into two parts, and keeping her intellect by itself, clear from the troubles of the world and fit for the duty it had to do, I never saw equalled. I do not think that the writing of a novel is the most difficult task which a man may be called upon to do; but it is a task that may be supposed

to demand a spirit fairly at ease. The work of doing it with a troubled spirit killed Sir Walter Scott."

If Poe's work consisted of brilliant fragments, disconnected spurts of genius, the relation between his labors and his life as it is usually conceived would be easy to trace. His biography furnishes every reason why his work should be ill thought and confused; it does not sufficiently credit him with sturdy devotion to his task. That must be his merit as a man, and the ten volumes establish it. His tales may be "morbid," and his verses "very valueless." They required, to produce them, the sanest intelligence continuously applied.

On Poe's uneventful and meagre life there has been built up an apocryphal character, the centre of controversies kept awhirl by as strange a combination of prejudices and non-literary interests as ever vexed an author's reputation. Some of the controversies he made himself and bequeathed to posterity, for he was a child of Hagar.¹ But the rest have been imposed on him by a world that loves art for talk's sake. Since he was a Virginian by adoption and in feeling, he has been tossed about in a belated sectionalism. Southerners have scented a conspiracy in New England to deprive him of his dues, even to keep him out of the Hall of Fame because he was not a northerner. Englishmen and Frenchmen, far from the documents, have redeemed his reputation from the neglect and miscomprehension of the savage nation where he had the misfortune to be born. Only last year Mrs. Weiss's "Home Life of Poe" threatened to become an international issue. It was to certain British admirers of Poe the banal and slanderous voice of America against the greatest

of American writers. As has been said, the very newest fashion in biography, the pathological, makes Poe a star case and further confuses the facts. Echoes of neuropathological criticism find their way to American Sunday papers which serve Poe up as a neurotic, with melancholy portraits and ravens spreading tenebrous wings above the columns of type.

If Poe's spirit has not forgotten that in its earthly progress it perpetrated hoaxes, courted Byronic fame, advertised itself as an infant prodigy, made up adventures in Greece and France which its earthly tenement did not experience, took sardonic delight in mystifying the public, it must see a kind of grim justice in the game the world is playing with its reputation. Nevertheless, it is unfitting that a man who did little worth remembering but write books, who lived in bleak alleys and dull places, should be haled up and down the main streets of gossip; that a poet who was, as one of his critics says, all head like a cherub, should have volumes written about his physical habits.

The reason for Poe's posthumous misfortune it is worth while to examine, for an understanding of it is necessary as an introduction to any of the lives of Poe, and it lies at the very heart of the institution of biography. We have seen that Poe was a friendless man. Griswold so affirmed just after Poe had left, amid shadowy circumstances, a life that was none too bright to the eye of the moralist nor clear to the eye of the world. And Griswold proved his assertion, for he was by his own declaration not Poe's friend, and yet he was the appointed biographer and editor of the collected works. There is no other relation so strange, so unfortunate, in literary history as this.

Griswold was an editor and anthologist of no mean ability. Upon one of his collections of poetry — now an interesting museum of antiquity where archæologists may study the literature of ancient America — Poe made acerbating,

¹ As late as 1895, fifty years after the event, Thomas Dunn English, writing from the uncontroversial atmosphere of the House of Representatives to Griswold's son, showed that he still regarded as alive a quarrel almost as comic as Whistler's quarrel with Ruskin, though far less witty.

and no doubt discriminating, comments in a lecture. The report of the lecture angered Griswold. Poe's printed commentary is favorable, and we do not know just what he said in the lecture. He apologized to Griswold, for he was alert to the advantage of his own appearance in later clusters of literary lights which Griswold might assemble. Once, after an absence from his office in Graham's Magazine, he returned to find Griswold at his desk. He resigned immediately, so the story goes, in one of his costly outbursts of pride. Yet he thought Griswold was his friend. He borrowed money from him, and when, the year before his death, he left New York for Richmond he wrote to Griswold appointing him literary executor. Griswold's letter in which he accepted the office must have been friendly, for there is something like unwitting testimony on this point. When Poe read the letter in Richmond, a young girl, Susan Archer Weiss, was with him and noted that he was pleased.

After Poe's death Griswold published a severe but not untrue article in the *Tribune*, the famous article signed "Ludwig." Willis and Graham came to Poe's defense in good spirit. Griswold, rather piqued than chastened, prefixed to the third volume of Poe's work his memoir, since unnecessarily suppressed. And long afterward appeared his letter to Mrs. Whitman, written just after the *Tribune* article. In that letter he says, "I was not his friend, nor was he mine." Therein lies Griswold's perfidy, and not in the memoir itself. For when, coming from one of the later lives of Poe, one turns in a heat of indignation to Griswold, one finds nothing very bad and little that is untrue. Griswold merely emphasized the wrong things, and in so doing he became a monster among biographers. Through him, the Muse of Biography violated one of the important laws of her dominion. This law prescribes that the best of a man's life shall be told fully, and told first.

When a man dies, his letters and papers are put into the hands of one

who loves and admires him, or who at least has no reluctance to celebrate him. The work of the first biographer is thrown to the world, where it undergoes scrutiny and correction. The mark of commentators in time turns it gray, but the original ground is white. The thousands of human stories together make a vast whiteness. In the midst of this background a black official portrait, even though the blackness be lines of fact, becomes a libel. The Devil's Advocate occupies the place where God's Advocate is expected to speak. If the champion tells a dark tale, people think the truth must be darker still, for does not the champion put the best possible face on his hero? Proper tone is impossible to restore. Injustice is done irrevocably. What the friend admits the world doubly affirms.

The life-story that grows brighter with time is very rare. Joan of Arc is metamorphosed from a witch to a saint. Machiavelli is proved after centuries to have been not very "machiavellian." Bacon, another upholder of legal autocracy, is seen at last to have been a just and generous man, and not the figure which rising Puritanism made of him at the moment of his death and its triumph. But these are restorations of characters that flourished before the age when official biographies are looked for within a year or two of a man's death. Of the recently dead we are not yet scientific enough to tell the whole truth. The rights of friendship are recognized, and its duties taken for granted. If its support is withdrawn the structure is awry. One has only to remember Henley's protest against Balfour's Stevenson, Purcell's life of Cardinal Manning, and Froude's Carlyle, to be reminded how strong is the obligation upon the friend, or the one holding the friend's office, not to emphasize the hero's blemishes.

Yet Henley said nothing against Stevenson except that Balfour's portrait was too sugary to be a true image of a man. Purcell only showed that Manning played politics, disliked Newman, and

was anxious about what posterity should think of him. Froude, so far as we can discover, now that we no longer make Carlyle an object of that kind of hero-worship which he thought was good for us, said nothing damaging at all. He only protested too much in his prefaces that he was doing the right thing to draw Carlyle as he was. Yet, as late as 1900, I heard an editor of Carlyle say that Froude had blackened the Maister.

Such men as Carlyle and Stevenson and Manning settle back amid any biographic disturbance. They knock malicious or incompetent biographers off their feet, and burst the covers of little books. It is the poor fellow with an unheroic soul that the biographer can confine and distort. It is the man of a middling compound of virtue and sin who can be sent down for a half century of misrepresentation by the hand of a treacherous friend. Biography, especially when it deals with the artist who has no part in the quarrels of creeds and politics, is wont to bear its hero along "with his few faults shut up like dead flowerets." Griswold startles the peaceful traffic by turning and running against the current of convention.

Later biographers have not served Poe by falling foul of Griswold. For he had the facts and is an able prosecuting attorney. And much harm has been done, too, by emotional souls who, as Mark Twain says of Dowden's Shelley, "hang a fact in the sky and squirt rainbows at it." The error of Griswold, and of Poe's defenders, is an error of spirit, the delusion that Griswold's

"charges" are momentous. After Griswold the story of Poe becomes a weaving and tangling of very small threads of fact. Every succeeding biographer has to take his cue from a powerful man who cannot be disregarded; and each biographer, in order as a faithful chronicler to do his part to straighten the story out, must put rubbish in his book. Even Mr. Woodberry, whose *Life* is incomparably the best, shows the constraint imposed on him by wearisome problems, and loses his accustomed vitality and his essential literary enthusiasm.¹

It is too much to hope that the nebular Poe will be dispelled and the Poe of controversy be laid. Perhaps one should not hope for this, because it may be that, even as the Shakespeare myth is a necessary concomitant of the poet's greatness, the mythic Poe is a measure of his fame, and to attempt to destroy it may have the undesirable effect of seeming to belittle Poe. Nevertheless Poe's centennial year, falling in an age of grown-up judgments, affords a good occasion for the world to cease confounding his magnificent fame with petty inquisitions and rhetorical defenses. If sudden cessation is impossible, we can at least hope that more and more the trivialities of his life may recede, and the supreme triumph of his art stand forth unvexed and serene.

¹ I am sorry that I cannot see the revised edition of Mr. Woodberry's *Life of Poe* before sending this paper to press. No one who has not labored through the Poe bibliography can appreciate how fine and sound is Mr. Woodberry's work of twenty-five years ago. No doubt the revision has resulted in an ultimately satisfactory life of Poe.

RHYME OF THE VOYAGER

BY EVELYN PHINNEY

Lady. SHIPS that crowd in the offing, what do ye bring to me?
Voices of ships. *We bring the soul of a sailor in from sea.*

Lady. Tell me what of the voyage? journeyed he near or far?
Voices of ships. *Farther he sailed than lands or oceans are!*

*Where our adventure ended, onward he clove his track;
On till the round road led the wanderer back.*

Lady. *Still in his dreams he murmurs of countries vast and free.*
Ships, O what can that sailor be to me?

Voices of ships. *Still in his dreams he wanders, as they who endless roam;
Calling, as call the dying, on his home.*

Lady. Mariners none I own to, nor hold the sea for kin.
Voices of ships. *Yet would that fevered stranger bide within.*

Lady. My task to set my household and make my hearth to shine.
Voice of ships. *Lady, prepare thy lintage and thy wine.*

*And see thou scant not welcome, nor regulate thy dole.
Lady, that wayworn traveler — 't is thy soul!*

*See him disowned and outcast, and driven from thy door:
Yet he returns! — wilt thou refuse him more?*

A BEGGAR'S CHRISTMAS

A FABLE

BY EDITH WYATT

ONCE upon a time there was a beggar-maid named Anitra, who lived in a cellar in the largest city of a wealthy and fabulous nation.

In spite of the fact that the country was passing through an era of great commercial prosperity, it contained such large numbers of beggars, and the competition among them was so keen, that on Christmas Eve at midnight, Anitra found herself without a single cent.

She turned away from the street-corner, where she had been standing with her little stack of fortune-cards, and hurried through the alleys to the shelter of her cellar. These fortune-cards of hers were printed in all languages; and, had the public but known, it could not go wrong among them, for every single card promised good-luck to the chooser. But, in spite of all this tact on Anitra's part, and her complete dependence upon universal chivalry, qualities which are woman's surest methods of success in the real world, in the wealthy and fabulous kingdom she now found herself not only hungry, ragged, and penniless, but also without a roof over her head. For when she reached her cellar-door it was nailed shut: and, as she had not paid her rent for a long time, she knew she could not persuade her fabulous landlord to open it for her.

She walked away, holding her little torn shawl fast around her, and shaking her loose black hair around her cheeks to try to keep them warm. But the cold and the damp struck to her very bones. Her little feet in their ragged shoes and stockings were as numb as clubs; and she limped along, scarcely able to direct them, to know where she was going, or to know anything in fact, except that

she would freeze to death if she stood still.

Soon she reached a large dark building with a broad flight of steps and a pillared entrance. Nobody seemed to be guarding it, and she managed to creep up the steps and in between the pillars out of the snow.

Behind the pillars rose enormous closed doors. Under the doors shone a chink of light. Anitra stooped down and put her hand against the crack. There was a little warmth in the air sifting through. She laid her whole body close against the opening. That pushed the doors inward slightly, and she slipped inside the entrance.

She was in a tremendous gilded, carven, and pillared hall of great tiers of empty seats and far dark galleries, all dimly lighted and all garlanded with wreaths of mistletoe and holly. For a long time she sat on the floor with her head thrown back against the door, staring quietly about her, without moving a hair for fear of being driven away. But no one came. The whole place was silent.

After about an hour, she rose softly, and stepped without a sound along the dark velvet carpet of the centre aisle and up a flight of steps at the end, to a great gold throne with cushions of purple velvet and ermine. She rested her wrists on the gold ledge of the seat, and with a little vault she jumped up on the cushions. They were warm and soft. She curled up among them, and pulled her little shawl over her, meaning to jump down the instant she heard the least noise. And while she was listening she fell fast asleep.

She was awakened by the cool gray light of the December daybreak falling

through the long windows, over all the gold-carven pillars and high beams and arches, all the empty seats and dark velvet cushions and high garlands of holly.

She held her breath. Three men, who had plainly not seen her, had entered at a side-door. She recognized them all from their pictures in the papers. They were the aged Minister, the middle-aged Chancellor, and the young King of the kingdom. The King carried a roll of parchment in his hand and seemed very nervous, and the Chancellor was speaking to him about "throwing the voice," as they all came up the centre aisle, and then straight up the steps, toward the throne.

Dumb with fright, Anitra raised her head from the cushions. The three men suddenly saw her. The young King started and dropped the parchment, the Chancellor stumbled and nearly fell, and the aged Minister darted toward her.

"What are you doing here?" he cried angrily.

"Nothing," said Anitra, sitting up, with her shawl held tightly around her, and her little ragged shoes dangling from the throne.

"Who are you?" said the Chancellor suspiciously, staring at her. He was very short-sighted.

"Nobody," said Anitra.

"She is just a stray who has got in here somehow," said the Minister rather kindly. "Run away, my child," he added, giving her a coin. "Can't you see the King wants to practice his speech here, now?"

But the Chancellor seemed to be considering. "Do you know," he said softly to the Minister, as the King, who had picked up the parchment, stood absorbed, whispering his speech over to himself, "an idea has struck me. I don't know but that we might let her stay there till the reporters come to photograph the new hall. It would look rather well, you know, if something like this should get into the papers, 'Mighty Monarch Finding Stray Asleep on Throne, on Christmas Morn, Refuses to Break Slumbers.'"

The old Minister looked a little doubtful. "You can't tell what she might say afterwards," he said.

"We can easily arrange that," replied the Chancellor; and he turned towards Anitra and said sternly, "If we let you stay here will you promise not to say one word to anyone about the matter or about anything you see or hear in this hall, without our permission?"

"Yes," said Anitra readily.

"Consider what you are saying, my child," said the Minister mildly. "Do you know this means that if you say one word the administration dislikes you will be hung?"

"No, indeed," said Anitra in misery. "How could I know that?"

"You should not have promised so rashly," said the Chancellor. "But now that it is done, we will trust that everything will fall out so that it will not be necessary to hang you."

"What do you want me to do?" said Anitra.

"Simply remain here now, just as you were when we came in, except with your eyes shut," said the Chancellor, "and then when we tell you to do so, go down and sit on the throne-steps until the audience-hall is filled with all the populace who are coming to see the new audience-chamber, and to listen to the judgments of the King, on Christmas Day. If anybody asks you how you came to be here, you might mention the fact that you had strayed in from the cold, and tell about the royal clemency shown in permitting you to remain. Then, at the end of the day, if you have done as you should, you can go out with the rest of the people."

"Go to sleep again, now," said the aged Minister, "just as you were when we came in."

Anitra put her head down on the cushion again, but she could not sleep, for the King began to read his proclamation at the top of his lungs, so that it could be heard in the furthest galleries, where the Chancellor stood and kept calling, "Louder! Louder!" The speech was

all about the wealth and prosperity and happiness and good fortune of the kingdom, and how no one needed to be hungry or cold or poor in any way, because there was such plenty.

When the King had finished, he said rather crossly to the Chancellor, "Well, are you suited?"

The Chancellor expressed his content, and they talked over the prisoners who were to be judged, which ones were to be hanged, and which ones were to be pardoned, till the Chancellor had to hurry away to attend to some other matters. The King left moodily soon afterwards. The Chancellor's opinions and methods were often obnoxious to him; but he disliked greatly to wound or oppose him in any way. He had been an old and intimate friend of the King's father, and besides he was very powerful in the country.

All this time Anitra had kept her eyes closed; and she now lay still, while strange footsteps sounded on the marble floors and she heard the reporters coming to photograph the new audience-hall, heard them asking the aged Minister why she was there, and heard him telling them about the early visit of the King to inspect the new audience-chamber, and his wish that the slumber of the beggar-girl should not be disturbed till the arrival of the audience made it absolutely necessary. Then she heard them tip-toeing away to a little distance, heard their fountain-pens scratching and their cameras clicking through the empty galleries, and at last she heard them going away.

"Now you can jump down, and run around for a little while," said the Minister, waiting a minute before following them. "Some of the Democratic papers will have extras out, by three o'clock this afternoon, with photographs of you asleep on the throne, and there will be editorials in the Republican papers about the King's tact and grace in the matter."

Although Anitra wished to answer that she was too faint from hunger to jump down and run around, she made no reply

for fear of being hung. But she slipped down from the throne, and sat on the throne-step, on the tread nearest the floor, in the hope of not being seen and questioned by the entering audience, for some time at least.

For it was ten o'clock now. The great doors had swung wide open and a tremendous crowd of people surged into the hall,—men, women, and children, laughing, talking, exclaiming over the beauty of the new audience-chamber, and wondering what would happen to the three murderers the King would judge that day. It was a prosperous, well-dressed city crowd, and it poured in till it had filled the hall, the galleries, the aisles, and the staircases, and till the latest comers had even climbed upon the shoulders of the others, to the window-sills and the ledges of the wainscoting. With the rest came two old, wrinkled, clumsy shepherds from the country, with staffs in their hands and sheepskins on their backs, and sharp, aged eyes looking out from under their shaggy eyebrows, as though they could watch well for wolves. Although they came among the last, they somehow made their way up to the very front of the hall. Except for these old shepherds and Anitra, all the people wore their very best clothes. The sun sparkled over everything. Outside, the Christmas bells rang, and Anitra looked at it all, and listened to it all, and hoped she would not faint with hunger, and wondered whether she could go through the day without saying something the Chancellor would dislike and being hung for it.

The people in the first row stared hard at her, and one usher wished to put her out because she was sitting inside the red velvet cordon intended to separate the royal platform from the populace. But another usher came hurrying up to say that he had received official orders to the effect that she was to be permitted to remain just where she was.

Before any one in the first row had time to ask her how she came to be there inside the red velvet cordon, the heralds

blew on the trumpets, and everybody turned to see the entrance of the prisoners.

They were a man, a woman, and a boy. The woman was a cotton-spinner, Elizabeth, a poor neighbor of Anitra's, who had left a fatherless child of hers upon a doorstep where it died. The boy was a Moorish merchant's son, Joseph, who had stabbed another boy in a street-brawl. The man was a noble, Bernardino, who had killed his adversary in a duel. The turnkeys marched on either side of the prisoners and marshaled them into their seats on the platform.

No one in the court knew about Elizabeth or the Moorish boy Joseph, or paid any attention to them, except that Joseph's father stood with haggard eyes close to the cordon, and he looked at his son and his son looked back at him with a deep glance of devotion when the prisoners marched by to judgment. Six or seven rows back in the audience sat Elizabeth's little sister, and when the prisoners were standing at the bar, she leaned far forward and threw a little sprig of holly down at Elizabeth's feet, and Elizabeth stooped and picked it up.

But there was a great buzz in the crowd when Bernardino, the nobleman, marched by. He was well known at court. His best friends sat together, and they cheered, and there was constant applause as he passed, and he bowed grandly to everybody.

Then there was another flourish of trumpets, and the pages and ladies-and-lords-in-waiting and knights and chamberlains came in, and the Minister and the Chancellor, and last of all the young King. The whole room rang with applause and cheers. All the heralds blew on the bugles. The bells rang and the young King took his seat on the throne between the Minister and the Chancellor, and waited till the audience-chamber was still.

The herald came forward and cried, "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Bernardino, Duke of Urba, Lord of Rustica, come into

the Court!" Bernardino, with his fur cape swinging from his broad shoulders and his plume tossing, stepped forward from the bar, and his trial began. The King heard evidence upon one side and heard evidence upon the other for a long, long time: and at last he pardoned Bernardino. The bells rang, and the trumpets sounded again, and Bernardino's friends went nearly wild with joy. And Bernardino kissed the King's hand and walked down the throne-steps a free man.

Only, the two aged clumsy shepherds turned and looked at each other, as if they felt some contempt for what was happening. And while Anitra watched them, as she thought how hungry she was, it seemed to her that they were far younger than she had noticed at first. They appeared to be about fifty years old.

Bernardino's trial had occupied a great length of time; and just after it was over, and the applause and tumult after the decision had died down, and the herald had called, "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Joseph, son of the merchant Joseph, come into the Court!" then Anitra noticed that every one was looking at her, and whispering. She saw papers passed from hand to hand, and knew that the extras the King had spoken of must have come out.

Everybody was so entertained and pre-occupied with comparing the newspaper pictures of Anitra with Anitra herself, and with reading, "Mighty Monarch Finding Stray on Throne on Christmas Morn Refuses to Break Slumbers," that Joseph's trial seemed to slip by almost without public notice.

Only, Joseph's father hung on every word. The King heard evidence upon one side and heard evidence upon the other for a long, long time, and every few minutes, on account of the buzz about Anitra's being permitted to sleep on the throne, the herald would be obliged to ask for silence in the audience-chamber. For no one knew Joseph, and no one cared about his fate except in so far as

there was a general feeling that a murder committed by a Moor was more dangerous than a murder committed by anybody else. So that toward the end, when the evidence seemed to show more and more that Joseph had fought only to defend himself, the court was more silent, and there was a certain tenseness in the air. The King turned white. He condemned Joseph to death; but he did not look at him, he looked away. Joseph stood proudly before him, without moving an eyelash, without moving a muscle. Joseph's father looked as proud as his son. But his face had changed to the face of an old man, and in his eyes burned the painful glance of a soul enduring an injustice.

Every one else seemed to be satisfied, however. Only, the two aged, clumsy shepherds turned and looked at each other as though they felt a certain contempt for what was happening. And while Anitra watched, as she thought how hungry she was, it seemed to her that they were not aged at all. They appeared to be about forty years old.

Then the herald called, "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Elizabeth, spinner of cotton, come into the Court!" And everything turned so black before Anitra that she could hardly see Elizabeth come out and stand before the King. For she loved Elizabeth and Elizabeth's sister, and she knew that Elizabeth had deserted her baby when she was beside herself with sickness and disgrace and poverty, and she knew that the father who had deserted her and deserted the baby was one of those trumpeters of the King, who had just been blowing the blasts of triumph for him, to the admiration of the whole court.

Then the King heard evidence upon one side, and heard evidence upon the other. But almost everything was against Elizabeth; though the King in his mercy changed her sentence from death to imprisonment and disgrace for her whole life. Every one applauded his clemency. But the little sister sobbed and cried like a crazy thing, though Elizabeth raised

her chin and smiled bravely at her, to comfort her.

The shepherds turned and looked at each other with a glance of contempt for what was happening. And now they were not aged or clumsy at all. They were strong, straight young men, more beautiful than anything else Anitra had seen in her whole life; and they looked at her beautifully as though they were her brothers.

Then the heralds all came out and blew upon the trumpets to announce the King's proclamation; and the King read about all the wealth and prosperity and peace and good fortune and happiness and plenty of the nation; and every minute Anitra grew more and more faint with hunger.

When the proclamation was done the people screamed and shouted. The Christmas bells rang. The fifes and bugles sounded. Everybody cheered the King, and the King rose and responded. Then everybody cheered the Chancellor, and he bowed and responded. Then everybody cheered the aged Minister, and he bowed and responded. Then there were cries of "Long Live Bernardino!" and the bugles were sounded for him; and he bowed and responded. And then some one called "Long Live Anitra the Beggar-girl!" And there was an uproar of cheers and bugles and applause and excitement.

Anitra rose and stood upon the throne-steps. But she looked only at the shepherds, who were more beautiful than anything else she had ever seen in her whole life, and who looked at her beautifully as though they were her brothers. She thought, "I must have died some day at any rate. So I will die to-day and speak the truth."

When the audience-chamber was still she said, "I am Anitra the Beggar-girl. But I do not praise the King for his kindness, for though he let me stay on his throne he is letting me die of hunger. And I do not praise the King for his justice, for in his court the man who deserts

his child and his child's mother walks free, and the woman who deserts her child must die in prison. And in his court the King pardons one man and condemns another for exactly the same fault."

Then the two shepherds walked up the steps of the throne. Everything was still. Not a bell rang. Not a trumpet blew. But as the shepherds walked, the audience-chamber seemed to vanish away; and all around, beyond the pillared arches, and beyond the prosperous people, stood all the poor people, all the hungry people, all the unjustly-paid and overworked and sick and struggling people in the nation. And in the judges and the judged, and the prosperous people and the poor people, there rose like the first quiver of dawn a sense simply of what was really true for each one and for every one.

The younger shepherd said, "In this Court to-day stand those who are more strong than all the triumphs of the world. We are the Truth and Death."

And as he spoke, all thought of judgment and of condemnation and pardon

and patronage vanished away; and in everybody's soul the thought simply of what was really true for each one and for every one opened like the clear flower of daybreak.

Not a bell rang. Not a trumpet blew. "We are the Truth and Death," repeated the older shepherd.

And the thought simply of what was really true for each one and for every one, and the thought that all were common fellow mortals thrilled through everybody's soul more keenly and more fully than the light of morning and the tones of all the trumpets of the world.

After that, the shepherds did not again turn and glance at each other as though they felt a contempt for what was happening. For from that time on, everything was done in the Court only with the thought of what was really true for each one and for every one, and the thought that all were fellow mortals; and before the next Christmas, there were no beggars at all in the fabulous nation. And the Truth and Death, there, always looked at everybody beautifully, as though they were their brothers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SCROOGE'S GHOST

No, I don't mean Marley's ghost. I know what I'm talking about. It's Scrooge's ghost I mean. And of all the spirits that go wandering up and down this earth, on the nights approaching Christmas, I don't believe there is one that will feel more genuine and well-earned pleasure, in the place where he used to keep his heart, than the ghost of old Scrooge of the firm of Scrooge & Marley.

For what does he see, every year as the holiday season comes round, but hundreds of people who, for the eleven

months previous, have been harrowing their souls with desperate struggles after righteousness, in company with the married heroes and heroines of modern fiction, now taking down from their shelves their well-worn copies of Dickens's *Christmas Stories*, and settling themselves for a solid evening's enjoyment — before a wood-fire, we will hope — re-reading for the fourth or fifth or twentieth time the inimitable *Christmas Carol*?

And what happens to every blessed one of them?

They go through the same tension of feeling, as Scrooge, with the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, sees the terrible

results that must follow from his narrow, selfish, sordid life, as they did at the first reading, before they knew it would turn out all right; and they experience the same relief and joy that he did, to realize that it is n't too late, that there is still a chance — a glorious chance to add to the happiness of every person with whom they come in contact.

And what happens next?

Maybe they were good fellows to start with. They undoubtedly were; but there is a possibility that down in the bottom of their hearts they know that they might still be improved a trifle; perhaps they are a little more self-centred, a little less open and frank, not so thoroughly mellow and gracious, as in youth they had thought to find themselves in middle life.

But bless Scrooge's ghost, who stands smiling and rubbing his hands at their well-tailored elbows. Does n't he see what his own vicarious sufferings have done for them, and does n't he glow with pleasure, or whatever answers for a glow to a ghost, when he notices that they are, every man of them, a little more genial the next day with the office-boy and the janitor and the street-car conductor, and, most notable of all, — with the uninteresting elderly maiden cousin, who has come on the annual visit that tries the patience and hospitality of every member of the household?

And the good work does n't stop there.

Scrooge's ghost can see it all: how the ripples of kindly feeling keep on widening, and how his own influence is at the centre of the circle!

He knows what makes the office-boy turn a somersault, after "the boss" has gone into his sanctum, the next morning; and how the office-boy's mother takes more pride in him than ever that noon, as she notes a certain new air of confidence and ambition in the lad. Scrooge's ghost knows, too, why the janitor holds up his not too manly head with a little more dignity than usual; and why the street-car conductor helps off the fidgety spinster

with real gallantry, after the courtly gentleman, who always does such things in a natural way, has bidden him "Good-morning," with a true ring of comradeship in his voice; and why the maiden cousin, realizing suddenly that she is a gracious lady and not a disappointed, cross-grained old woman, blooms with something of the radiance of unquenchable youth in her face.

Who — but Scrooge's ghost, indeed — can tell how far all of these influences reach, and how many hearts are quickened by the impulse going out from one of these readers, sitting so cozily in his quiet study, reading the old story, with its ever-living gospel?

And how many old fogies, like myself, for instance, do you suppose there are, who re-read *The Christmas Carol* every December? And how many new readers does it have?

Scrooge's ghost alone can answer that question, also; but I am at least certain of this, — that not one of the readers puts down the book without a little additional sense of warmth about his heart, and without, consciously or unconsciously, meeting all his neighbors the next day with a little more geniality in his voice and smile, than if he had n't read it.

And so I aver, and I defy any one to prove to the contrary, that there won't be a happier ghost wandering up and down this good old earth, this good old Christmas-time, than the ghost of Scrooge — Scrooge, I say, of the firm of Scrooge & Marley!

OUR VENETIAN LAMP

It was made in the fashion of the lamps of Saint Mark's, a flat disk of bronze openwork holding a cup of dull red glass for olive oil, with a pineapple-shaped pendant below, all hung by wrought bronze chains. When we looked at it first, it seemed as if it would bring into our New England home something of the dim glory of the old cathedral, glowing faintly, like the inside of some

ancient jewel, with the clear small light of its sacred lamps just breaking its lasting twilight. Doubtless we thought, too, of the impression that it would make upon our village, which has newly awakened to a sense of the aesthetic. There were a few dollars left after purchasing, in a little shop behind the cathedral, the lace doilies which have lately caused so deep a sensation among our neighbors, and we eagerly purchased the bronze lamp. Our vote, made up of two voices, is almost never a tie.

It was a curious walk that we took to get it, along the side of green canals, over miniature carved bridges, led by the undying charm of Old Venice: not the Venice of the Grand Canal, overrun by foreign folk, desecrated by steamboats, but the ancient city, whose sequestered life still goes on in her piazzette and in tiny shops peeping out from under dark-browed houses. To her belong white-haired cobblers, busily tapping in their tiny spaces six feet by five; brown, wrinkled, ageless dames guarding tiny stores of peaches, cherries, plums, in almost imperceptible markets. It seemed to us, as we bargained for the lamp in a dusky little shop all agleam with bronze and things of brass, that a glimpse of it would at any moment summon before us the beauty of fading colors and fretted outlines in this city of the sea.

How we packed it, with its chains, the curving, bulky pendant, so beautiful when hanging from the ceiling, so impossible in a trunk; how it wrinkled our garments and made holes in them, I leave to the imagination of the reader. All seemed of small account when we saw it hanging in our hall, where it lent, we thought, a grace of other worlds and earlier days — though it was palpably new — to a rigid American stairway, and a wall-paper a bit antique without being therefore lovely. It gave an air of permanence to the place, even to the oaken coat-hanger which had been put up by feminine hands and which invariably came down with the coat. What though our fingers were

often sticky with olive oil, as we dived vainly with a pair of inadequate tin pincers for the floating wicks that would not float? A dimly red, religious light pervaded our hall, and, if we tried hard enough, it transported us to Venice.

The dim light had its disadvantages, nor did it always lead caller or hostess into a religious mood. Incoming and outgoing guests sometimes collided, and it fostered in us an already marked tendency to call people by wrong names. Sometimes it went out altogether, and our friends stepped from our lighted sitting-room into total darkness, kicked our little mahogany table, and ran into the umbrella-stand. The climax of trouble, however, came in the insane tendency developed by all comers to run into our lamp. No June bug is more persistent in bumping into electric-light bulbs than were one and all in heading for our sacred flame; and lard oil — for olive oil had been pronounced too expensive, and we never let our aesthetic longings betray us into rashness in our village — dropped upon more than one head, more than one hat. The clergyman went all too near, and drops of oil not sacred fell upon his head; an editor — and we esteem editors not less than clergymen — bore away unsightly drippings upon a silk hat too gallantly waved; young girls who were calling developed unexpected statures, — we could have sworn when it was hung that our lamp swung higher than any human head. This thing of bronze seemed to grow sensitive, vibrated to impassioned farewells, and spilled over, as our girl friends sometimes did. Yet we toiled over it gladly, — though wicks floated to the bottom, and matches broke and tumbled in, and the silly pincers would not work. Our maid, possibly because she was a Scotch Presbyterian, sternly refused to have anything to do with the object, except once when we found her secretly engaged with it in the kitchen: she had scoured all the manufactured look of age away from it with sapolio.

Then little Tommy came to spend a

few days with us. I can see him now, with his golden curls, white suit, and Roman silk stockings, as he stood upon the stairs and swung the pretty lamp and laughed aloud. A new stair carpet was the result. Tommy went away, and we returned to the quiet of our little home, and to our sacred gloom, which was now partly of the mind. We had grown a bit nervous in our musings; our low questions, — "Does n't it fairly make you see the green water in the canals?" or, "Can't you hear the gondolas gliding along?" — were likely to be interrupted by a shriek: "Is that thing spilling over?"

The crowning achievement of our Venetian lamp came one July night when we were awaiting two distinguished guests. It was burning softly, enveloping our whole cottage in an artistic atmosphere, and we congratulated ourselves, as we walked up and down in fresh white gowns, on how greatly our distinguished guests would appreciate it. The house was spotless: did we not always try to keep it so? But was an added touch of polish too much for such visitors?

At 9.30 we remembered that the mattress for the cot must be brought downstairs, our house — alas that I must confess the secrets of our housekeeping! — having, in reality, room for but one distinguished guest, it being thus necessary for one hostess to sleep in the library. The maid, like a sensible woman, had gone to bed; had she been awake she would have saved us from this, as from many another folly. A brilliant idea occurred to us, for we are as fertile in inventive processes as the Swiss Family Robinson or Robinson Crusoe, though our devices do not always work out with that automatic regularity to the advantage of the planner. The mattress, neatly curled, should roll downstairs. What is intelligence for, if not to save trouble? We started it; it leaped, sprang like a sentient thing, turned a somersault, stood upright, flung itself upon the lamp, which, as if touched to life, responded to the challenge. vital energy quivering along its speaking chains.

And now ensued a mortal combat, to which only the pen of a Victor Hugo could do justice. It was such a fight as would have occurred if his memorable runaway cannon had indeed gone overboard into the water and there had encountered the octopus of *The Toilers of the Sea*. Tentacles leaped out from the lamp; the mattress hit back with all the power of its uncoiled strength; the swinging bronze bulb responded with a blow, pouring out — alas, no dragon of fairy story could hurl forth from its throat anything worse than lard oil!

The distinguished guests arrived at this moment to find floor, ceiling, mattress, stairs, bespattered with oil. Villainous wicks from that villainous receptacle were lodged upon our best umbrellas, and even upon the backs of our necks, and greasy fragments of red glass were flung as far as the middle of the dining-room floor and out upon the walk.

It was after the distinguished guests were gone, after the kalsominers and the carpet-man had finished, that we took our Venetian lamp and a gardening trowel and went to the far corner of our green yard, where already many precious things lie buried. There we dug a hole. There the Venetian lamp lies buried, by Fluff, who died in the prime of cathood, by her two kittens, who perished at five days old, by the baby bluebird that Rex caught, and by the squirrel, brought home from a snowbank, wounded to the death, to fade away upon our hands. Some future investigator, thousands of years hence, may dig it up, and exclaim over the beauty of taste of the aborigines. Perhaps he can afford æsthetic sensations; we cannot.

SOMETHING SAVED

ALTHOUGH I am not so very old, not yet forty, I am quite old enough to have been ineffaceably impressed with the transitoriness of things. The thick woods through which as a child I straggled home from school, browsing on young

beech-leaves, ground-nuts, and crinkle-root, are now but a ragged fringe of shabby trees. The great beeches at whose feet I was sure of finding the earliest hepaticas were long ago reduced to ashes, and the hepaticas, lacking their shelter, have died out. Even the hardy little spring beauties have become homeless wanderers, fleeing across the road to the farther fence corner, and camping there in bewilderment, with little chance of reaching the as yet unmarred belt of woodland across the unprotected pasture. It is not merely the shifted point of view of maturity that makes the brook where we fished more shallow and the hill where we coasted less high and steep. The great apple trees, nine feet in girth, from which the swing and hammocks hung, are gone, never to be replaced. The buckboard which bore us so buoyantly over miles and miles of country road went to the junk-heap long ago, and the little Morgan mare who pulled it is dead.

Already is apparent the first threat of the abandonment of the old home, a change to which all the other changes are as slight shadows to the falling of night itself.

I have seen this happen to many of my friends. I know the tragedy of it to the core — the inevitable sacrifice of the precious, worthless Things. Rubbish-heap, fire, corner auction, unappreciative friends, moth- and mouse-infested storage, — the last but an ineffectual delay, — these are the destinies of the Things that we have lived with. Perishable and transitory even while they had our familiar care, they become positively evanescent when deprived of it. And with them, I cannot but feel, goes some outlying portion of myself. *I* have not changed. The subjective part of my childhood is still intact in my soul. I could re-live it to-morrow if I had the Things to do it with. But Things are not as indestructible as souls. I have heard people complain that their friends "changed," but I have not found it so, even in the "great change" of death. Personalities are stable and immutable in

comparison with Things. I have little sympathy with Pierre Loti when he makes pathos of Jean's little ribboned hat existing after the death of the stalwart young soldier. It is when the little relic fades and moulders before the eyes of the lonely old mother that its pathos enters, as it always does, with the perishability of Things.

So strongly have I felt this that when I read, a few weeks ago, that the old Nutter House at Portsmouth was being restored to the precise condition and appearance which it possessed in "Tom Bailey's" childhood, I experienced a thrill of joy and triumph quite disproportionate to any obvious personal interest in the matter. Truly, now, the old house will "prove a tough nut for the destructive gentleman with the scythe and hour-glass," and the seaward gable may well defy the east wind for generations to come.

I shall never, in all likelihood, have a chance to visit it, and perhaps it is as well. Very likely the rehabilitation is more complete in my fancy than it is in fact. It is hardly likely that the six black-silk eye-patches, with their elastic strings, "still dangle from a beam in the attic," waiting for Tom Bailey to get into difficulties again; and the most scrupulous and devoted Memorial Association could not put Gypsy back in her old stall. But when I read that all is "restored in accordance with Aldrich's own descriptions," it is so I see it. Nor that only, for the ill-starred little Dolphin rocks beside the mouldering wharf, and Sailor Ben's ship-shape sky-blue cottage with its painted portholes is as real as the stage — specifically mentioned as extant to-day — upon which Pepper Whitcomb played so disastrously the part of the young Tell.

It was in a battered old volume of *Our Young Folks* that I met Tom Bailey, when we were both too young to have detected any differing validity in literature and life. My name was n't "Wiggins or Spriggins," and we did in very truth "get on famously together" and become

"capital friends forever." None of the boys ever minded my being a girl. Like a certain little flesh-and-blood playmate, they voted me "as good as a boy," and even Gypsy relaxed in my favor her discrimination against the sex.

Those were great days, in spite of the awful Sundays at the Nutter House and Conway's threatening presence at the Temple Grammar School. Shall I ever forget the night we burned the old stage-coach, and the snow fights on Slatter's Hill? Certainly not while I can think that the two hundred and sixty-eight crimson-spotted yellow birds, "not counting those split in two where the paper was badly joined," are still ready to take flight in a little boy's dreams from the walls of the hall room over the front door.

No, I would not choose to visit the Aldrich Memorial if I could; I should surely look for Kitty Collins in the kitchen, and expect Miss Abigail to descend the old staircase and offer me a dose of hotdrops. But there were happy tears in my eyes when I learned what the Memorial Association had decided upon. Here is one old home which will not be dismantled, here at last are Things which will be held from passing, Things that give me back a bit of my childhood and the playmate who shared it.

ON BEING A SCAPEGOAT

THE plea for the black sheep, in a recent *Atlantic*, has, by a not unnatural sequence of suggestion, emboldened me to enter a plea for the scapegoat. The most anomalous of creatures, the scapegoat is the prey of those who care most for it; it is the paradox of natural history, the most beloved yet the most persecuted of domestic pets.

According to Old Testament history, upon the scapegoat were laid the sins of the people, and then the animal was allowed to escape into the wilderness. The scapegoat of to-day differs slightly from the historical one, for the burden borne

is not quite the same and, most tragic fact, there is no final escape into the wilderness. She (note the feminine) finds laid upon herself not the sins so much as the blame for the sins of the people; she is not regarded as guilty, but she is made to suffer for the ill-doing of others simply because she is the very incarnation of virtue. The connection will not seem obscure, I trust, if I remark here that I am a scapegoat. Because I can listen with decent attention to another person's monologues, I am obliged to hear the denunciations that rightfully belong to others, who have erred in greater or less degree. Since I can understand the entire deplorable significance of certain misdemeanors, mistakes, or even crimes, I am subjected to scoldings, while the real offender goes free, gloriously free from the torments of complaint that fall upon my innocent head.

If these things happened in my own home, I could protect myself; but, alas, they happen when I am visiting and cannot cut short the lamentations of my hostess. By nature I love peace and quiet, I covet approbation, I do not enjoy the language of rebuke, yet my invariable summer experience is one of castigation. I am still writhing under the flagellation I received from my great-aunt because Mrs. White did not, upon her hands and knees, scrub the kitchen floor. Anathemas beyond description were uttered to me, with such thoroughness that, in order to have escaped them, I would gladly have done the scrubbing myself, and given my aunt an unequalled floral offering.

Last year I visited my cousin. I was barely inside the house when she took me to the pillory, where I heard all about her husband's growing indifference to her wishes, about her son's idleness, her daughter's extravagance, the extortionate charges of the dressmaker, and the insolent incompetence of Bridget. One of the punishments of non-conformists was to have their ears cut off. Oh, that I were an early Puritan! The next day, my cousin's husband confided to me, with copious

groanings of spirit, the fact that his wife is growing more and more querulous. I dread the day when the children find their tongues.

Then there was the drought this summer. Surely I had nothing to do with that, yet every man and woman who spoke of it to me uttered a most violent arraignment which would have been much better suited to the crops that needed it.

At home we have a neighbor, an attractive mother of children. She has the ruling voice in family affairs, and this supremacy has induced her to take singing lessons. Her hour for practice is after ten at night. The other neighbors do not sing, but they are vociferous in their complaints. To me they confide their wrath about this nocturnal music, in exasperated, abusive language, so my sufferings are more than trebled. Not one of these fault-finders will defy the lady's practices to her face; they prefer to make the scapegoat hear their condemnations of selfish, thoughtless, noisy citizens.

So it is, day after day. From the ravages of little Benny in our neighbor's raspberry patch to the shocking decadence of the latest novel, the sins of society are denounced in my presence, while I, a very craven, sit still. I have thought of many methods of saving myself. I could turn and rend my oppressor by summoning a richly-varied vocabulary of vituperation; I could invent a mechanical scapegoat which would have an engaging air of sympathy; I could teach a phonograph how to scold in the most ideally drastic manner, and rent it at so much an hour with a cylinder of maledictions for each one of the most notable iniquities: abuse of a person guilty of discourtesy on a street-car; complaint about a deceiving dressmaker; censure for a dull preacher; invective against corrupt politicians; thoroughgoing denunciation of the younger generation.

Best of my schemes is, I think, something that has been dimly becoming clear to me during hours of gloom. It is a plan.

in this era of great philanthropies, to found a new society, one which will devote itself to a service never before attempted in the history of civilization. This society shall be called "A Society for Visiting the Sins of Sinners upon the Sinners Themselves."

THE LITTLE CHURCH OF THOSE THAT STUMBLE AND RISE

THERE is a church loved by its members with a passion transcending all other affection which humanity may show toward the creeds which it professes. For this church is the only one above all creeds. Its religion is as universal and as intimate as the heart of man itself. Its animating spirit is too profound and cloistered too deeply within the consciousness of its communicants for them to rear temples to it in the light of common day. Its delicate, emulous spires are builded within the streets of the Forbidden City, the city of the soul. To most it is too shy a spiritual habitation ever to be named; but to some, who more plainly hear the silent cry of the human heart, it is known as The Little Church of those that Stumble and Rise.

It is at once the most catholic and the most vigorous of all faiths. In it believer and unbeliever bear an equal yoke. Its charity is so broad that it never bars its holy bread and wine from one who has once tasted of them. At the same time no other order lays so strait an exactment upon its professors. For, as its ideals are self-imposed, so no contrition under other laws can be so poignant as the agony of him who knows that he has broken its faith.

Unlike the case with special denominations, no man can ever say just when he becomes a member of this nebulous church. Nor can he at any time throughout life be confident of his membership therein. It is only at the end of life that one may be able to say with Paul, "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith." Its members' hearts are bruised

with repeated failures, and they have learned past forgetting the bitter lesson of their own uncertainty of strength.

But if he may not say till the end of life that he has "kept the faith," still no one of these utterly abandons hope before the end of life. The basal animus of the little nameless church is the unquenchable resolve to arise from each stumble and press on. This is the heroic aspect of humanity. Only in this attempt to reunite with the divine does the pitiable race of man show a divine attribute.

The greatest names among its members are those of the world's greatest sinners. Paul, the man of the world who fought his passions to the end, Peter, who repeatedly gave way to weakness; Wilde, Verlaine, and Dowson, who "were faithful in their fashion;" Webster, who fell, like Wolsey, from great honors; Renan and Ingersoll, who toiled in search of truth like soldiers detached from their commands and stumbling down darkening roads, Beecher, the maligned, Heine, the apostate Jew, — all these are on its thrilling roll, together with the names of those pure and saintly women who have been too humble and contrite in heart to guess their own spiritual beauty. The distinguishing characteristic of the servant of this faith is his sympathy for the sinning, knowing himself to be no stronger, and his prayer is that of the publican, — "God be merciful to me a sinner."

The rewards of service in The Little Church of those that Stumble and Rise are as secret as the mental growth which brings them. In reality they are nothing other than this growth itself. The hidden structure of character, built up day by day, of little acts, unexpressed longings, inexpressible yearnings, may in one moment be shattered and dashed to the ground; only its foundation remains, the dumb but unshakable grappling of the soul to the hand which heaven holds out to it. What reward is this, that one is given continually "to strive, but never to arrive"? It is that strange wage which the weary hospital nurse seeks who pins

upon the wall of her little room the sentence, "Give me the wages of going on and not to die." It is that strange wage, sublime in its utter disassociation from all earthly standards of reward, which the broken spirit finds in its painful, faltering progress toward the goal itself has set. Earth has nothing of its own to which these seemingly empty rewards are comparable, and nothing so beautiful as the hidden faith which drives its possessor persistently to desire them.

We have spoken of this church as one whose membership includes all humanity; in this sense it is indeed great; but in its more intimate aspect it is always a "little" church, for no man knoweth, or can know, that any beside him is worshipping at its secret shrine. Only in rare instances does the stuff of souls, transcending speech, pass silently from one to another, proclaiming that another breaks the sacramental bread and drinks the ghostly wine of The Little Church of those that Stumble and Rise.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE MIDDLE-AGED

THERE is one kind of emancipation that is never very jubilantly received. Yet it is emancipation of a peculiarly comfortable quality. No woman ever remembers the exact date when the order for release arrived, but some day she knows with sudden thankfulness that she is free. She goes shopping one morning and sees a joyous bevy of attractive young persons obviously absorbed in filling the rôle of pretty girl. And she sighs with relief and blesses the years that have begun to crowd rather thickly around her fireside. They bring such blessed immunity.

For the pretty girls, and all the faithful endeavorers to be pretty, are anxiously adjusting and readjusting their furs every other minute; and all the minutes between are spent in delicately drawing their veils a fraction of an inch lower, or patting away a wrinkle or two from the collars of their blouses, or putting their shoulders

forward or backward as the case may be, that their coats may hang faultlessly and express a drooping elegance or a buoyant litheness. The very backs of their heads, the swing of their skirts, the angle — or curve — of their elbows, the click of their heels, betray a consciousness of their responsibilities, a consuming anxiety lest a hairpin or a skirt-fold or a shoe-lace may be behaving lawlessly. And if this thing should come to pass, it would be a cataclysmic calamity. No less! For some one might notice the fatal misadjustment. Some one? Nay, every one! The very shop windows would mock and torture with inquisitorial gaze. (We believe this with searing conviction when we are young.)

The older woman remembers it all, — how well! Until that day which she can never remember, when Time set her free without saying anything about it till afterward, she, too, had been bond-slave to the

duty of being pretty. But these tense days be overpast forever. A tranquil inconspicuousness Time hath vouchsafed her. Oh, the peace of knowing that a cinder may light upon her cheek — even upon her nose — without blighting her entire future; that if her most cherished tailor skirt is splashed with mud, this is not a blot on the family escutcheon, and that even the occasional wearing of goloshes does not necessarily mean that she must dwell in Coventry henceforward.

And when she reaches that state which is even more loftily calm, that high philosophy which teaches her to recover her balance after slipping on a muddy crossing without immediately losing it again at the unmistakable sound of a titter — then that serene woman-spirit may be said to have attained Nirvana, and thereafter even the most scathing allusions to the grapes that are sour cannot disturb her invincible content.

